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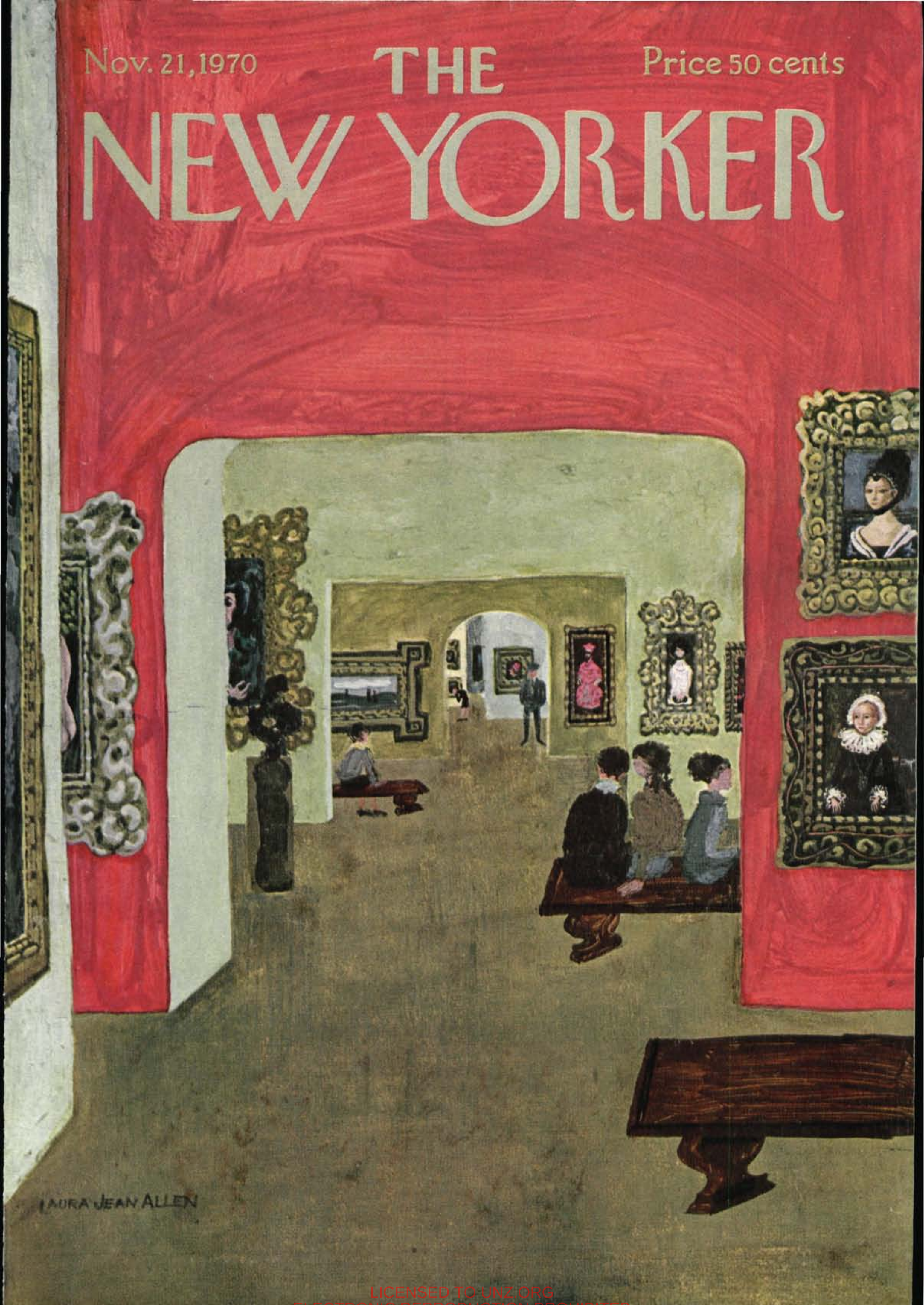
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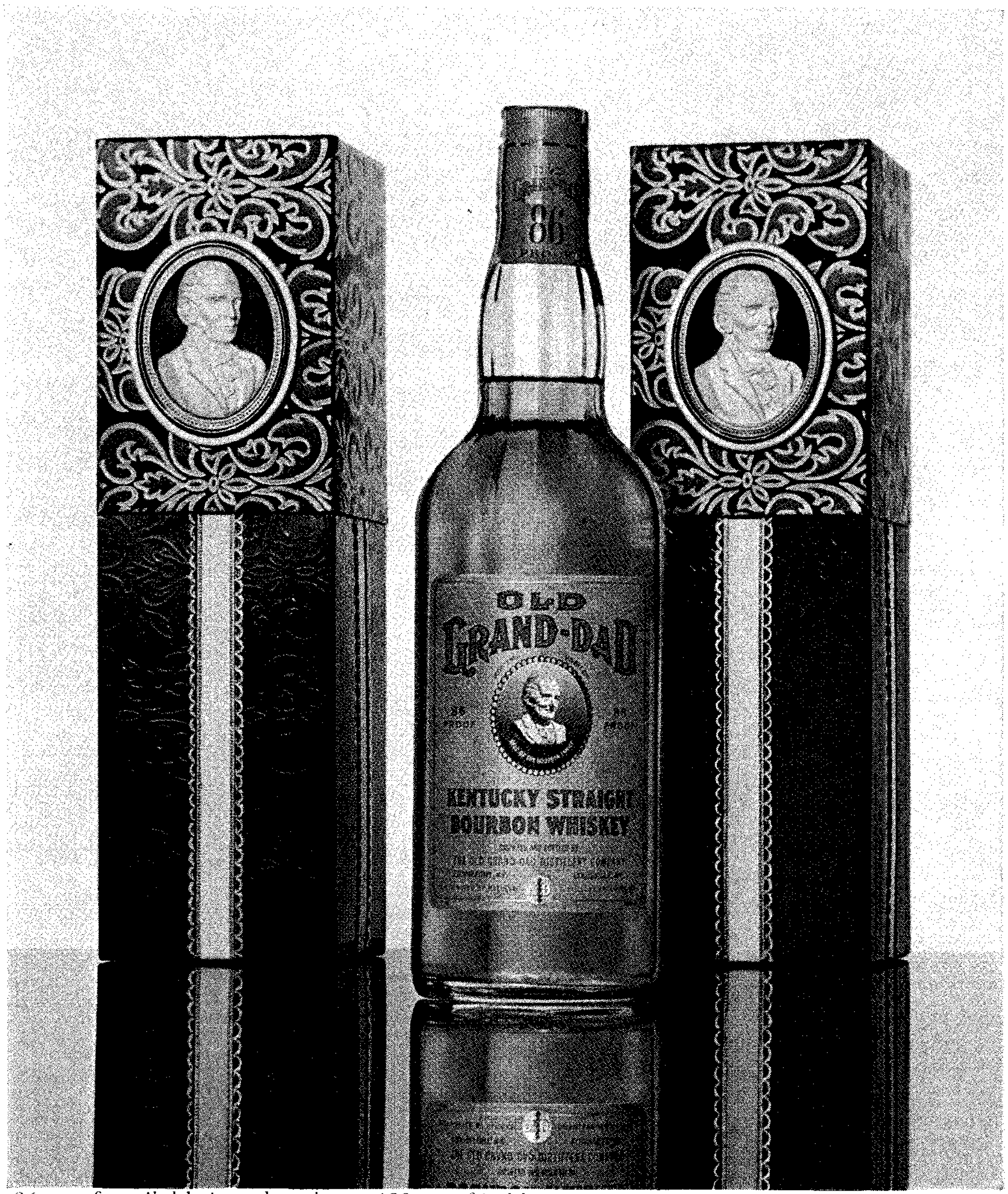
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(At the time of going to press, members of Off Broadway Actors Equity are on strike, which, needless to say, will alter theatrical schedules and openings drastically. . . . ¶ Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 26. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Alice in Wonderland—Alice's journey down the rabbit hole becomes an actual nightmare, here and now, with no Freudian implication overlooked and with many references to drugs. The result is a production that is often obscure and outrageous, but with a very funny Caterpillar scene and a truly mad Mad Tea Party. Cramped quarters and no reserved seats. (The Extension, 277 Park Ave. S., at 21st St. 254-5222. Thursdays through Sundays at 8.)

Les Blancs—James Earl Jones is magnificent in Lorraine Hansberry's doctrinaire play about white colonials and black revolutionaries somewhere in Africa. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays—except Nov. 25—at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2.)

Bob and Ray–The Two and Only—A delightful evening of skits about radio and TV by two stars of radio and TV, cunningly directed by Joseph Hardy. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Boesman and Lena—Ruby Dee and Zakes Mokae are quite extraordinary as a pair of dispossessed "Cape Coloureds" on the run in this bleak and stirring play by the South African dramatist Athol Fugard. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Die Brücke—A two-week engagement of three plays, in German. Heinrich von Kleist's AMPHYTRION: Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 18-20, at 8:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 21-22, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Bertolt Brecht's DIE KLEINBUERGERHOCHZEIT and Tankred Dorst's DIE KURVE: Tuesday, Nov. 24, at 8; Wednesday, Nov. 25, at 8:30; Thursday, Nov. 26, at 2:30; Friday, Nov. 27, at 8:30; and Saturday, Nov. 28, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. 245-9060. Closes Wednesday, Dec. 2.)

The Castro Complex—A three-character comedy by Mel Arrighi. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 18. (Stairway, 235 W. 46th St. 489-9380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Conduct Unbecoming—A melodrama falling somewhere between Kipling and Agatha Christie, set in nineteenth-century India and superbly acted by a large cast. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

The Dirtiest Show in Town—An inflated claim. "Most amateurish" might be closer. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Dream Out of Time—An overwrought and tiresome drama about a Jewish family in this city. With Sam Levene. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds—What matters most in this domestic play is the character of its scornful, wisecracking, funny, and very touching heroine. She is given a fine performance by Sada Thompson, who gets much assistance from Pamela Payton-Wright, Swoosie Kurtz, and Judith Lowery. The dramatist is Paul Zindel. Melvin Bernhardt directed. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Happy Birthday, Wanda June—The return of Odysseus brought up to date, with the hero as a murderous braggart. The play is usually comical when it tries to be comical and is always tedious when it tries to be anything else. It often tries to be anything else. Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., is the dramatist. The acting, by and large, is quite good. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hay Fever—A disappointing revival of the brilliant Noël Coward comedy. Shirley Booth heads the oddly assorted cast. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

Home—John Gielgud and Ralph Richardson in London's Royal Court Theatre production of a play by David Storey. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 47
"SLOW DOWN—DANGEROUS FOOTLIGHTS AHEAD" . . . . . . *S. J. Perelman* 53
"GIGOLO" (POEM) . . . . *Sylvia Plath* 54
"RISK" . . . . *Rachel MacKenzie* 56
"THE ALIENS" (POEM) . . . . *W. H. Auden* 58
THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 103
FOOTBALL . . . . *J. W. L.* 105
LETTER FROM PARIS . . . . *Genêt* 111
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 116
"ECHO FOR THE PROMISE OF GEORG TRAKL'S LIFE" (POEM) . . . *James Wright* 125
AROUND CITY HALL . . . . *Andy Logan* 126
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE (CHRISTMAS GIFTS) 141
U.S. JOURNAL: NEW HAVEN . . . . *Calvin Trillin* 170
"THE WOMAN ON THE MALL" (POEM) . . . . *Robert Dana* 177
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 178
OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS (BRITISH DECIMAL CURRENCY) . . . . *John Brooks* 182
THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 203
BOOKS . . . . *Edmund Wilson* 206
BRIEFLY NOTED 224

COVER: *Laura Jean Allen*

DRAWINGS: *Frank Modell, George Price, William Steig, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Robert Day, George Booth, Alan Dunn, Henry Martin, Noel Watson, Warren Miller, Barney Tobey, Everett Opie, Syd Hoff, William Hamilton, Donald Reilly, Eldon Dedini, Dana Fradon, Edward Frascino*

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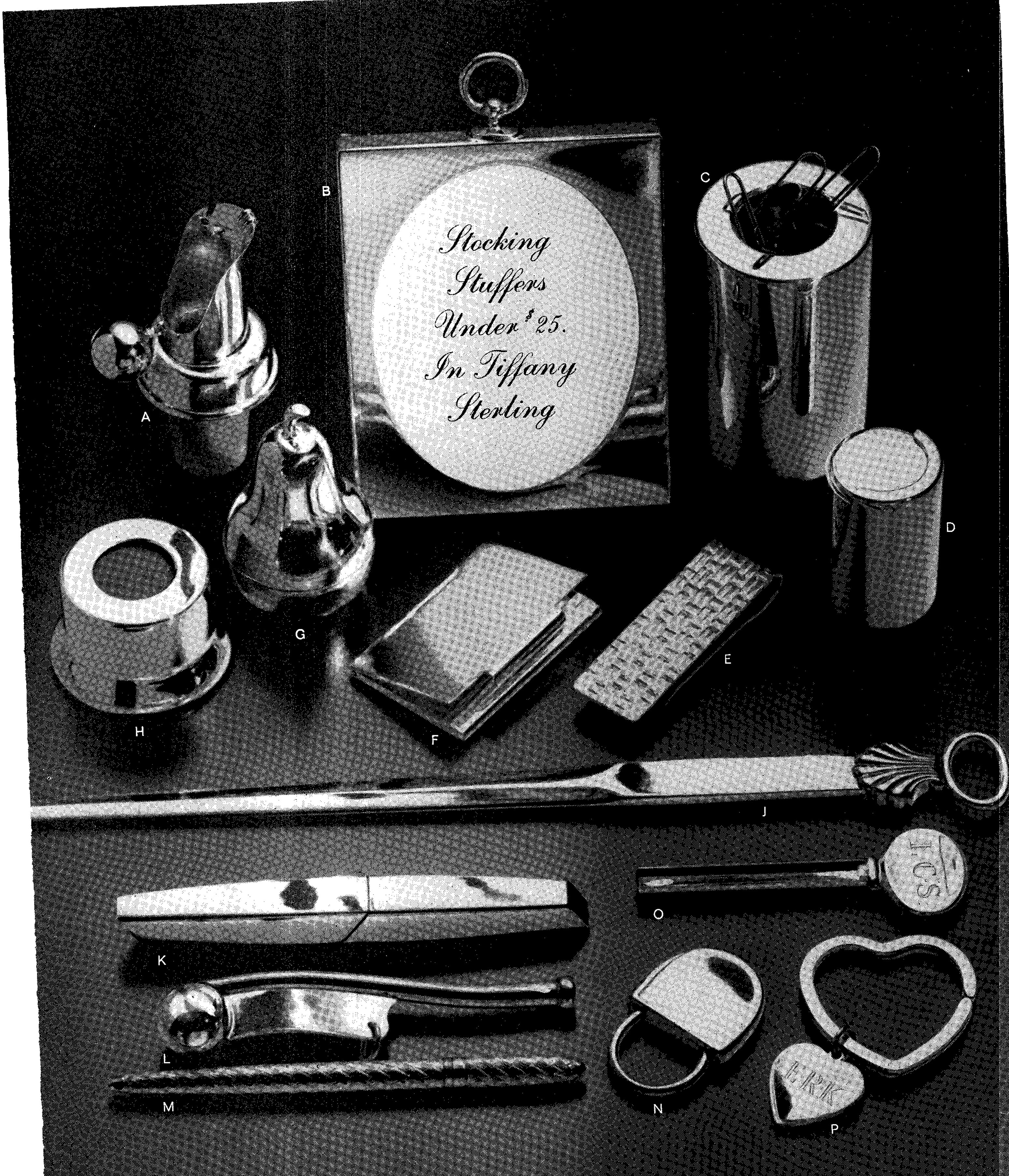

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 18, and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Jack MacGowran—In a one-man show taken from Samuel Beckett's plays, poems, and novels. Preview Wednesday, Nov. 18. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 19, at 7:30. (Newman, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

One Night Stands of a Noisy Passenger—A play by Shelley Winters. (Actors, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 675-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Orlando Furioso—More curioso than furioso, and all the better for it. An Italian cast shouting Italian in a production as violent as pro football. (Bryant Park Bubble, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St. 594-4340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 6; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Bertolt Brecht's **THE GOOD WOMAN OF SETZUAN**, made leaden where it ought to have been light. Starring Colleen Dewhurst. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Saved—Edward Bond's searing, witty, and horrifying comedy of English working-class life, which was briefly banned in London five years ago, is here given the good production it deserves. The actors do very well, but the play's the thing. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sleuth—A witty games-playing mystery by Anthony Shaffer about games-playing, with Anthony Quayle and Keith Baxter acting their talented heads off, or very nearly. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

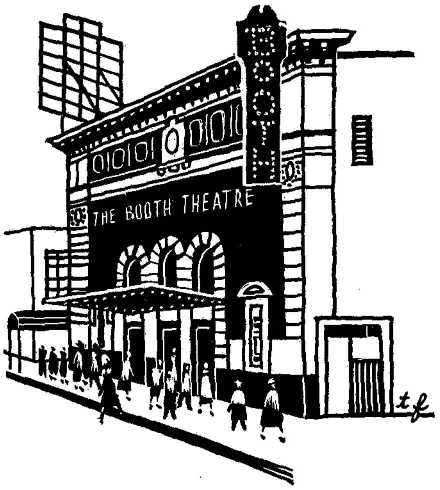
Story Theatre—In which talking animals and talking peasants are shown to be funnier than most of us suppose. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Sunday Dinner—A play by Joyce Carol Oates. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesdays, Thursday, Saturday, and Tuesday at 8; Friday at 9; and Monday at 7. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Wednesday, Nov. 25.)

Trelawny of the "Wells"—This revival of Pinero's delightful play about an English theatrical troupe back in the eighteen-sixties is disappointing, but it is not a total miss. Sasha von Scherler's fine performance in a supporting part almost saves the day. (Anspacher, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

What the Butler Saw—A devilishly wicked and devilishly funny farce, by the late Joe Orton, about a psychiatrist whose troubles begin when he tries to seduce a young applicant for the job of his secretary. The production, as directed by Joseph Hardy, is appropriately nutty and always clear. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** Rosemary Murphy, Kipp Osborne, and Kathleen Miller in a little comedy that may make you laugh in spite of yourself. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.). . . **CHILD'S PLAY:** Demonic hanky-panky in a Catholic boys' school, written by Robert Marasco and starring Fritz Weaver, Pat Hingle, and Ken Howard. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.). . . **LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS:** Another Neil Simon certitude. James Coco as a fat, middle-aged man in search of dalliance is assisted by Rita Moreno, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts, who don't dally much. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)



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22	23	24	25	26	27	28

MUSICALS

Applause—Lauren Bacall, Len Cariou, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart in a rip-roaring version of the movie "All About Eve." Miss Bacall burns energy like the sun, and to something like the same effect. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Company—A prize-winning musical, and it richly deserves to be. With Larry Kert, Susan Browning, Elaine Stritch, and lots of others romping their sweet/sour way through Stephen Sondheim's engaging music and lyrics and George Furth's succinct book. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Golden Bat—The humor and good humor, the delightful score and dancing, and the intermingling of ritual with openness of feeling combine to make this musical from Japan one of the most original, charming shows in town. The troupe, which calls itself the Tokyo Kid Brothers, fortunately includes quite a number of Kid Sisters. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light, Lively and Yiddish—Ben Bonus in a musical with a book by J. Nemirover, lyrics by A. Shulman, and music by Eli Rubinstein. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

The Me Nobody Knows—A musical that is both bracing and sobering, and almost always beautiful. It is based on an anthology (same forgettable title) of the writings of children from the slums of this city. Gary William Friedman is the composer and arranger, and the young cast—black and white—performs to a fare-thee-well under the direction of Robert H. Livingston. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mexicans Are Coming!—Mexican folklore in a revue with about seventy dancers, singers, comedians, and instrumentalists. Previews Sunday, Nov. 22, at 2:30, and Tuesday, Nov. 24, at 8:30. Opens officially on Wednesday, Nov. 25. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Mondays and Thanksgiving, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

The President's Daughter—Another Yiddish musical, with music by Murray Rumshinsky, a book by H. Kalmanov, lyrics by Jacob Jacobs, and a cast headed by Chayele Rosenthal and Mr. Jacobs. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays—except Nov. 25—and Sundays at 2, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

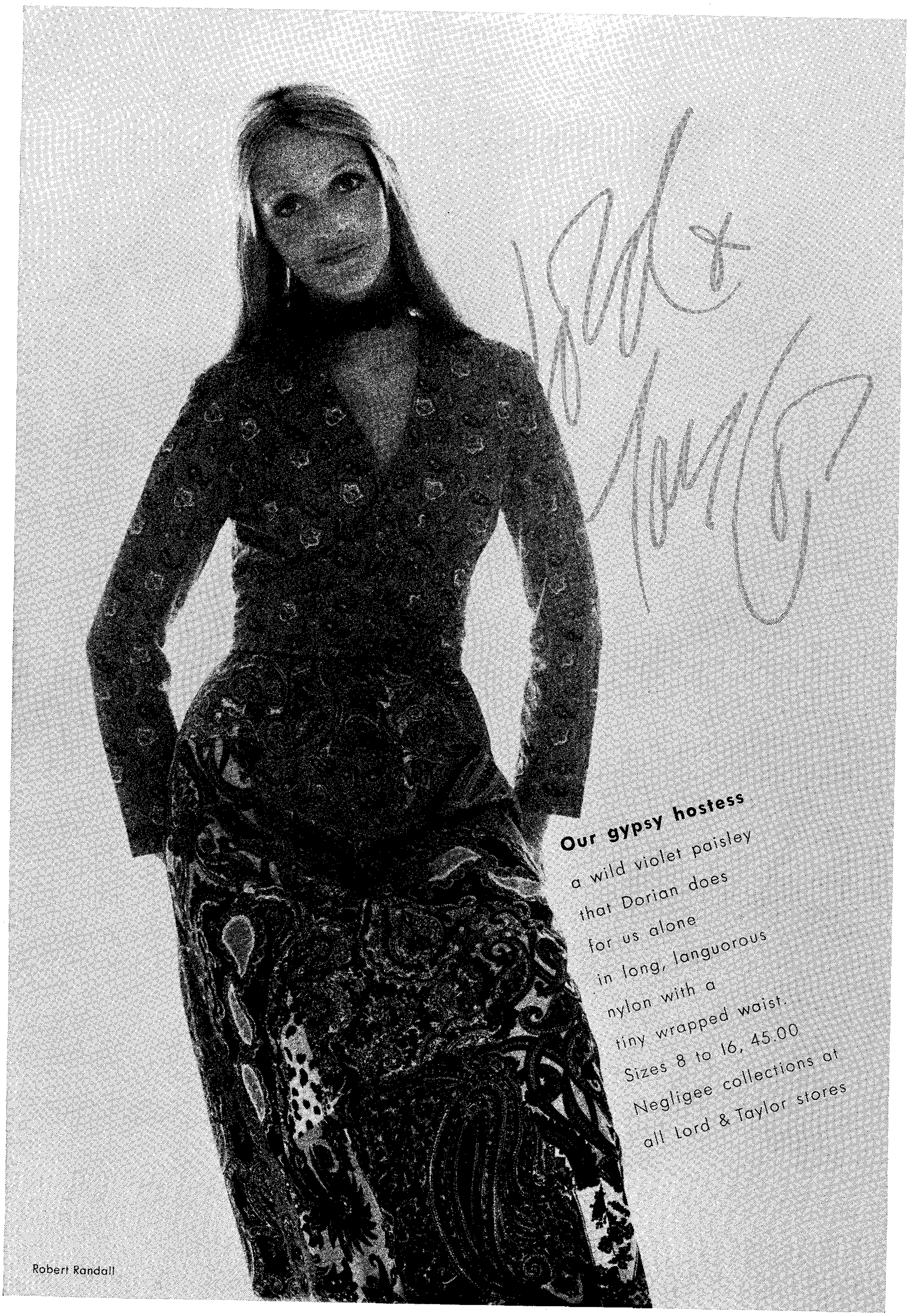
Purlie—Cleavon Little and Melba Moore are the best reasons for seeing this dated adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious." (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays—except Nov. 25—at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

The Rothschilds—One man's family. Ugh. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Touch—A folk-rock musical about communal living, performed by a group called the Plowright Players, from Warren County, Pennsylvania. The book is by Kenn Long and Amy Saltz, the music by Mr. Long and Jim Crozier, and the lyrics by Mr. Long alone. (Village Arena, 62 E. 4th St. 254-8190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Two by Two—Even Danny Kaye at his feverish best cannot make Noah and the Ark anything but tiresome. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Crouching by a patient cow at daybreak in the lush field, a witch on her toadstool, her wrinkled fingers quick at the squirting dugs. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** They lowed about her whom they knew, dewsilky cattle. Silk of the kine and poor old woman, names given her in old times. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.). . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** A wandering crone, lowly form of an immortal serving her conqueror and her gay betrayer, their common cuckquean, a messenger from the secret morning. To serve or to upbraid, whether he could not tell: but scorned to beg her favour. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 25, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.) . . . **HAIR:** A psychedelic pandemonium that ought to make anybody feel twenty years old and full of promise. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **THE LAST SWEET DAYS OF ISAAC:** A musical that tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounter with a couple of droll, pretty girls. With Austin Pendleton as the hero, and a rock group called the Zeitgeist. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Gideon Singer plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. Jack Dabdoub substitutes for Mr. Singer at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays—except Nov. 25—at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.). . . **OH! CAL-**



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CUTTA!: A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **PROMISES, PROMISES:** A musical starring Tony Roberts and Jill O'Hara. The book is by Neil Simon, and the music and lyrics are by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Nov. 25, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.) . . . **1776:** A musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress. William Daniels is John Adams. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 18-19, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5; special performances Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 2, and Thursday, Nov. 19, at 11:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 8:15: "Divertimento No. 15," "La Sonnambula," "Pas de Deux," and "Western Symphony." . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8:15: "Jewels." . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 20, at 8:15: "Divertimento No. 15," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Allegro Brillante," and "Western Symphony." . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 21, at 2:15: "Swan Lake," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Dances at a Gathering." . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8:15: "Serenade," "Episodes," and "Who Cares?" . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 22, at 1:15: "Serenade," "La Sonnambula," and "Symphony in C." . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 22, at 7:15: "Jewels." . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 24, at 8:15: "Scotch Symphony," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Dances at a Gathering." . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 25, at 8:15: "Jewels." . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 26, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "In the Night," and "Who Cares?" . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 27, at 8:15: "Jewels." . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 28, at 2:15: "Swan Lake," "Agon," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 28, at 8:15: "Jewels." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 14.)

PAUL SANASARDO—With his company, in a program of works by Manuel Alum. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

YVONNE RAINER AND THE GRAND UNION—A single avant-garde work, "Continuous Project—Altered Daily." (North Lobby and Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Sunday, Nov. 22, at 3. For tickets, call 598-2116.)

KATHAKALI—Three programs of dance-drama by the all-male Kerala Kalamandalam Company from India. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Nov. 25, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BARNEY GOOGLE'S, 225 E. 86th St. (722-9819)—Clarinettist Woody Allen (the protean) will take time off from his other activities to lead a seven-man band here on Wednesday, Nov. 18, from nine until four. The sound is traditional, and the musicians all hold down other jobs when not involved in this enterprise. The Allen outfit alternates with a rock group, which is more typical of this large and sinewy place, where people mill a lot. Dancing. Dining.

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Elephant's Memory comes on big and eclectic two or three times a night, throwing a little whimsey and a little balderdash into its rock sound. Comic Milt Kamen and folk singer Don McLean take over on Wednesday, Nov. 25. Coffee and tea are the beverages. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting entertainers.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Easy living, listening to the electrified music of Charlie Brown, guitar; Tom McFall, piano; and Bill Takas, bass. They keep things nattily syncopated until Tuesday, Nov. 24, when Herbie Lewis, bass, and Hal Galper, piano, arrive. Music runs from eleven to three. Dinner, from an adequate kitchen, is served until one. On Mondays, author Frank Conroy—temporarily switching muses—turns up with a bass player to sub for the regulars.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Barney Josephson, who made nightlife history with Café Society Uptown and Downtown, returns to the trade on Friday, Nov. 20, by seating Mary Lou Williams at a piano. With Michael Fleming on bass, she'll play from eight to one, except Sundays. Cookery is an established restaurant.

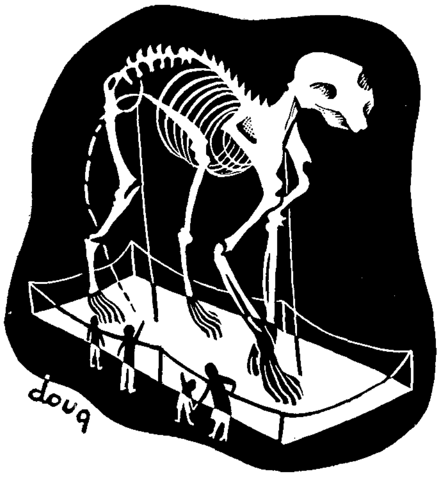
GUITAR, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Dedicated to the proposition that the jazz guitar occupies an important category of its own. The proposition is being demonstrated currently by Chuck Wayne and Joe Williams, who manage to turn two guitars into one persuasive and often pensive sound. A couple of A-No. 1 artists—guitarist Jim Hall and bassist Ron Carter—will start here Wednesday, Nov. 25. Music Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty until three or four. A Southern menu.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Sturdy and dependable, wise in the ways of jazz, tenor saxophonist Zoot Sims leads a quartet that includes Ross Tompkins on piano, Mousey Alexander on drums, and Victor Sproles on bass. Friday through Sunday, Nov. 20-22, Maxine Sullivan sings along. Some light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

JACQUES, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Eddie Thompson, a pianist from England, and Dr. Lyn Christie, a bass player from Australia, are playing in this dark bar whose chief virtue (other than the music) would seem to be its freshly popped popcorn. Mr. T.'s piano is Tatum-founded and Monk-influenced. The bass of Dr. C., who is an M.D., is rhythmic and strong. The duo plays Fridays through Sundays. Mr. Thompson plays alone Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. On Tuesdays, another skilled piano man, Lance Hayward, fills in. Nine until closing.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Times change, but lovers of the traditional can hear some sturdy Dixieland played by a group that includes Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, Claude Hopkins, and Oliver Jackson. Closed Sundays.

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay department, straw-hat division. Beer and peanuts are staples, and the décor includes stuffed polar bears and a fire engine. A banjo band—imbued with enthusiasm and a certain amount of talent—plays nightly. On Sundays, from six to nine, a Dixieland band plays spiritedly. Closed Mondays.



RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Put on your old plastic boater and chuckle, and maybe you'll believe it's not 1970 at all but some never-never time before social problems began and everything was hunky-dory, striped like a barber pole, and accompanied by two banjos and a piano. Peanuts. Closed Sundays.

SLUGS', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Art Blakey's drums propel but never overwhelm the Jazz Messengers, who will be here through Sunday, Nov. 22. If there is to be fusion between jazz and rock, guitarist Larry Coryell has got to be where it's at. He arrives with a quintet on Tuesday, Nov. 24. This old room is dark and a bit frayed at the seams, and the neighborhood is more than frayed, but the sound draws a crowd. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Bill Evans continues to play a jazz piano that is glittery, thoughtful, and technically adroit. He leads a trio, starting at about nine-thirty. Limited dining. . . . ¶ Downstairs, a rock-and-folk policy continues: Through Saturday, Nov. 21, J.F. Murphy & Free Flowing Salt; Sunday, Nov. 22, 7th Century and the Rubber Duck Company; Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 24-25, Silosophy; Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 26-29, the Clancy Brothers and Raun McKinnon. Mondays are of a different fibre, with music provided by Latin bands. Dancing.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—John Blair, who fancies an electric violin, leads a quartet through Sunday, Nov. 22. After that, Rahsaan Roland Kirk's highly motivated quintet moves in, with Mr. K. performing on his remarkable collection of reeds, some of which are as weird as can be. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Mondays through Wednesdays, and Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt play Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight-thirty. The locale, however, is drab, and taxis are scarce.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'EST MOI, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—An urbane but relaxed place whose interior is designed to remind you of the movie "Casablanca." Downstairs is a restaurant named Sam's. The upstairs room, which has a lot of arches, is open for dancing to discs from nine until three-thirty every night.

DIRECTOIRE, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—*Où sont les neiges*, etc., the period being that between the years 1795-99, with appropriate décor. One can dance to records on a small dance floor from nine-thirty to three or four. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

HIPPOPOTAMUS, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—The latest of the ego-gratifying pleasure domes, where you are supposed to feel glad they let you in. The décor is British-in-India. Dancing to records from nine-thirty. Reservations are required for dining. No food Sundays.

L'INTERDIT, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—Nothing startling, which may be its attraction for the largely collegiate crowd that comes here. Dim lights, small tables, and low-profile recorded music. Reservations are advisable on weekends. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SALVATION TOO, 30 Central Park S. (752-4365)—An aerie-level club whose location is part of its cachet. The view is fine and the trappings colorful. The records, whose beat remains pretty constant, begin at ten. Reservations are recommended.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—The Cairo caper, reinforced by sphinxes, Pharaonic statues, and

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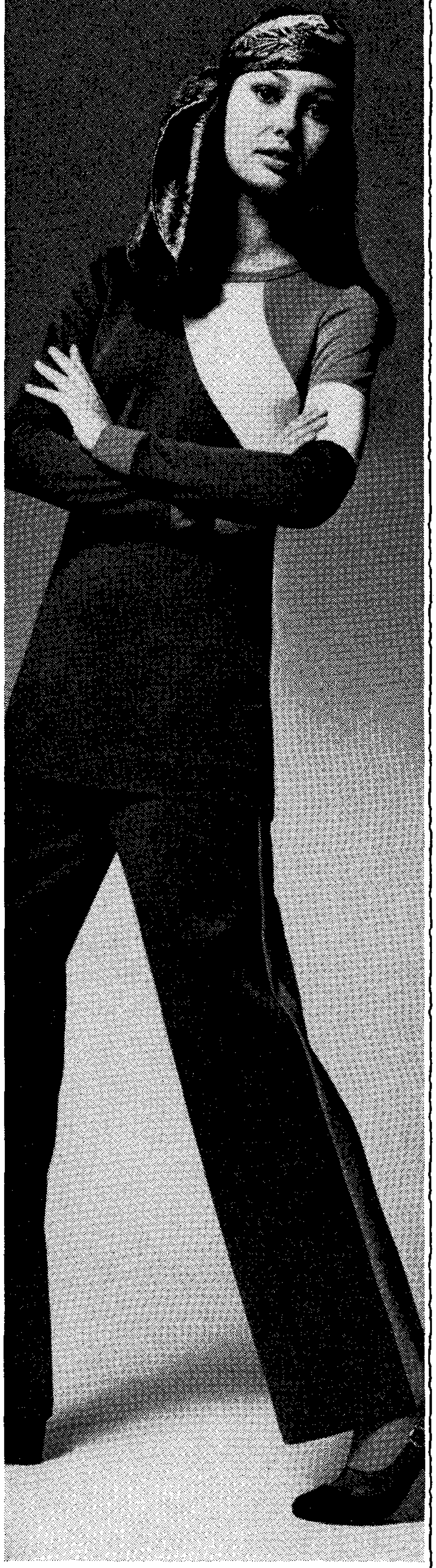


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ceiling fans. The records are varied and loud. Three times nightly, six people known as the Collage come out and rehash some songs that other people made popular. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—The idea behind this new establishment is to provide round-the-clock enjoyment. So far, this Las Vegas principle is operative only on Fridays and Saturdays, when the doors stay open twenty-four hours a day. There are two restaurant floors, two bars, and a dance floor situated on a kind of floating mezzanine. Dancing to tape recordings. A fairly full menu. Fancy lamps and artificial plants.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—*Strong live groups alternate with* records here, making this a good spot for serious dancing and listening by people who love rock. Dress is casual—come as you wish. Interior design is of the Detroit school. Emmis is on the bandstand. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Grooviness merges with aplomb, and hip attains a state akin to quiet well-being. Elysium for those who are pulchritudinous, and even for many who are not. Reservations are recommended, although the doorkeeper is apt to be forgetful.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—From Tuesday through Saturday, it's a Bavarian *Brauerei*, thinly disguised as an operetta: merry villagers, dancers, singers, brass-bandsmen, on permanent and powerful duty from seven to one. The provender is garnished with red cabbage and draft beer. . . . ¶ Sundays, though (from six to ten), and Mondays (from seven to eleven), pilgrims of another sort—Americans upon whose hearts the word "Bermuda" is engraved—come to hear the Talbot Brothers, those mild-mannered crooners and players, make music, often for dancing. They will occupy the Alpine Cellar on Nov. 22 and the McAlpin Grill on Nov. 23 and Nov. 29-30.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Los Chavales de España, partly Spanish folklore, partly just plain folks, are carolling and trumpeting away night after night. Because it's all from the heart, as well as from the heart of Spain, it works beautifully. . . . ¶ Down the hall is **CHÂTEAU DISCO** (371-5155), a small haven filled with divans and Latin lyrics in several tongues, all of them forked into the air by an efficient but not too effulgent sound system. Mostly listeners, a few dancers. Nine to four every night.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—On Thursday, Nov. 19, Jack Jones arrives, his songs filled (as ever) with the proper amount of catnip. His young-man-about-town sessions take place twice a night in general, thrice on Saturdays. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, after ten, the sound effects (both human and electronic) come by direct wire from Las Vegas. The eight-strong Blue Notes and the three-strong Dunhills are the responsible parties. No quiet nights here, either.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—Diners can butt their heads against a solid wall of rock, erected by the sextet billed as Third Rail. The romp runs from six-thirty until two. Dancing; closed Sundays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—A shift in the backfield of Burt Farber's orchestra has given it a new outlook on life and the Persian Room more euphoria. Mark Monte's band fills in all the coffee breaks except when, during dinner and supper, Patti Page is singing. Closed Sundays. . . . **PLAZA 9 MUSIC HALL** (PL 9-3933)—Don't stop them if you think you've heard it before, because the frolicsome cast of "Dames at Sea" are parodying, and perfectly, the Dick Powell-Ruby Keeler movie musicals. Jim Wise, George Haimsohn, and Robin Miller are the creators of this laudable feat of total recall; Carol Morley, Janie Sell, and Kurt Peterson lead the efficacious players; Baldwin Bergersen, who has written some memorable songs himself, is at the entr'acte piano. At eight-thirty Tuesdays through Thursdays; at seven and ten Fridays and Saturdays; at four and seven-thirty Sundays. A reasonable amount of dining, but absolutely no dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ For diners and winers in the grand old Edwardian Room, the traditional violin weaves its way from seven until ten-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ In the Palm Court, there is daily teatime violin, from four-thirty until six-thirty, and again from nine to one, except Sundays. Gunnar Hansen, the best of all our court musicians, does the Wednesday-Saturday night shift.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—When in America, do as the Americans do, so Frankie Vaughan, shipped over from London, sings as though Tin Pan Alley were his permanent address. His set of dinner and supper séances ends on Saturday, Nov. 21; on Monday, Nov. 23, Peter Nero and pianoforte move in for a series of recitals on the same schedule. Dancing. Sundays are dark.

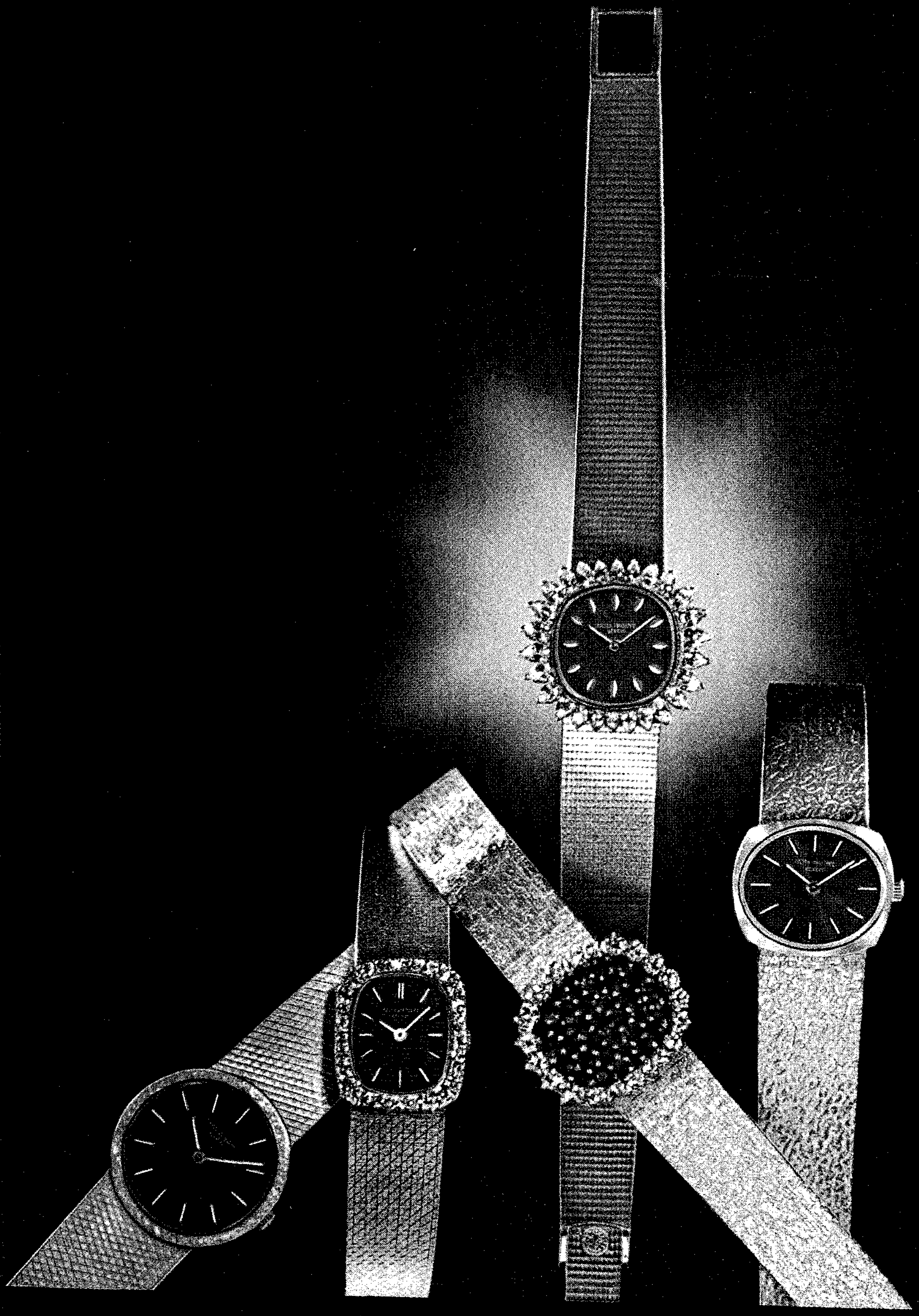
St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette this season is foregoing its custom of mild dinner-and-supper singers of songs, as well as its Manhattan menu, for which it is substituting something more Viennese. The familiar dance music, though, plays on, plays on, as before. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ In the neighboring Boite, Ray Hartley, whose piano can improve any surroundings, performs in a setting for which any improvement would be supererogatory. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ The St. Regis Lounge, likewise experimenting, has installed the team of Barbara & Ernest to play and sing songs that they may just be making up as they go along. The effect is odd, maybe even mystic, and probably worth a go. Nine-thirty to one-thirty, with drinks and a bit of supper. No Sunday sound.

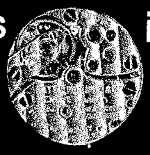
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Empire Room, in which Johnny Mathis exercises his introspective, otherworldly, compelling voice during dinner and supper, shuts down on Saturday, Nov. 21. Dancing.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): It might as well be called Café Congreve, for the ways of the wicked world we would all like to live in are merrily set forth by the words and music of the small wonder called Bobby Short, nine-thirty until two, every night but Sunday. His accomplices are the perennial Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Closed Thanksgiving Day. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): Less tongue in cheek and more tongue *and* cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. It's Las Vegas in a way, but without a lot of the handicaps. Steaks and what goes with them. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL AVRAM,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): Any port of the Eastern Mediterranean in a storm, but the storm is all a matter of weird and vigorous instruments. The going is best when Avram Grobard, prop., is soliloquizing, but the ambience never flags anyway. Ron Eliran, who returns on Thursday, Nov. 19, makes Israeli pop sound every bit as good as our pop. The dining can be as Israeli as you wish, and so can the dancing. Mondays are holidays. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The foursome at the next table, unable to restrain itself as the circumnavigating fiddlers ply their trade, will suddenly go operatic in the midst of your bœuf à la mode—or operettic, at least—but it's all part of the act. This can happen as late as two o'clock in the morning. No Sunday activity. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): A really original Greek-letter fraternity, translated, and literally, from the original Greek. Eat, dance, and be merry from nine until very, very late every night, and admire the scenery. . . . **LA PAELLA,** 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Meet the neighbors in this Iberian neighborhood. This arborway is buoyantly fitted out for a fiesta; a strong-arm squad of flamencan guitar, voice, and claphands is constantly active; and the chef knows his onions—Spanish, naturally. Seven-thirty until two, but no squad on Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): *En famille* with Rita Dimitri, a fine figure of a soubrette, who, surveying her small world from the top of a piano, sings during dinner through the week, and additionally during supper on Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing, too, in this neat pocket park. Closed Sundays, Mondays, and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773):



But this  is the real beauty of a Patek Philippe.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Every course of the determinedly Italianate dinner or supper is on a collision course with a determinedly operatic staff and clientele. No harm done, though; just fun. Closed Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **DELMONICO'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Ernie Warren's dance band stakes out its claim on the floor of the restaurant, where it sets to at seven most nights, at eight Fridays and Saturdays, and not at all Sundays and Mondays. Taps generally at midnight, but a bit later on the weekends. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. Bubber Johnson plays piano from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In this well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The *mise-en-scène* is circa 1975, but the music (voice and guitar) belongs to a fine Old World. Seven until one, except on Thanksgiving Day. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The travelling violin plied by George Cardini and the retrospective piano plied by Herman Arminski are in service Tuesdays through Saturdays. Another pianist fills in on Mondays; no music Sundays. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rumbustious. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The ancient watering place. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, there is piano by Dick Hankinson, who cedes the piano to other hands on Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Maison de style* and music room, too, for there is piano (five-thirty to eight, nine to twelve-thirty) every night except Sunday and Monday. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The Grand Tour of Spanish architecture. The accompaniment is the guitar, classic in its simplicity and authenticity, of Rogelio Reguera, who sets to between seven and twelve during the week, between seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays; the nourishment is both American plan and Andalusian. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Just about the perfect host and just about enough grandeur. The enterprise is presided over by George Feyer, whose piano recalls both the Austrian and the Hungarian aspects of Empire. He operates from eight-thirty until one-thirty, and he is invisible on Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ PIERRE**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000): *Grand-prix*, and distinctly not *prix-fixe*, are the night and the nourishment. Polite dancing every night, eight-thirty to two-thirty, but beginning and ending an hour earlier on Sundays and Mondays. Except on those two nights, perpetual Phil Wayne again leads the band. Moreover, there are Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty, whose musical sounds (violin and piano) are all tributaries of the Danube, from five-thirty until ten-thirty every evening but Sunday and Monday. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A busy-bee and Romanesque enterprise, through which Theo Fanidi often trails an entourage of prowling fiddlers. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, a country cousin from down South, gives the piano in the bar an air of being very well educated. He is in session from six until midnight, though not on Sundays. . . . **BLUE WHALE**, 1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (838-6501): Beach house, with fully equipped kitchen, quiet neighborhood. May be seen every evening but Monday. Buddy Barnes, who checks in around eight, keeps reminding his piano of everything worth recalling, back to Kern and Porter and Duke. . . . **WINE CELLAR**, 531 Hudson St., at Charles St. (242-6769): Dream life that is more San Francisco or Sausalito than Manhattan, both visually and spiritually. The staff includes (on the saloon

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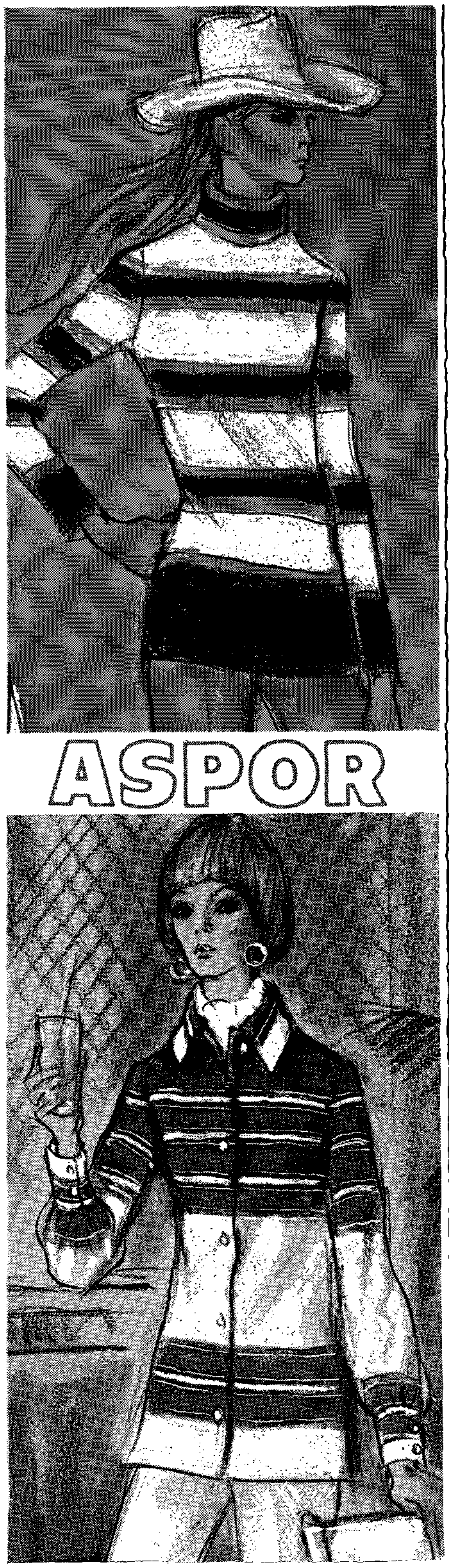
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ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES

Abe Ajay—Constructions of geometrical shapes in complex modular arrangements; through Dec. 5. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Darrel Austin—Animals and landscapes with symbolic overtones; starting Tuesday, Nov. 24. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Milton Avery (1893-1965)—Drawings of figures, still-lifes, and landscapes; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Walter Darby Bannard—Color-area paintings; through Dec. 3. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rudolf Bauer (1889-1953)—Geometrical abstractions by a German artist who was featured at the Guggenheim in the thirties; through Dec. 19. (Hutton-Hutschnecker, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Max Beckmann (1884-1950)—Paintings, sculptures, prints, and drawings by this German Expressionist who taught in the United States; through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

Arnold Belkin—Paintings of figures in series; through Dec. 12. (Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alan Bermowitz, Sharon Brant, and John Salt—Programmed colored lights by Mr. Bermowitz, Abstract paintings by Miss Brant, and paintings of automobile interiors by Mr. Salt; through Dec. 5. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway, at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

Louis Bouché (1896-1969)—Thirty-six landscapes, still-lifes, portraits, and figures in interiors by a prominent realist; through Dec. 12. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Antoine Bourdelle (1861-1929)—Bronzes, many of them portrait busts, by a French sculptor; starting Thursday, Nov. 19. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Warren Brandt—A ten-year survey of abstractions, figure studies, and still-lifes in oil, gouache, and watercolor. Also drawings and photographs. Through Nov. 30. (Pratt Institute Manhattan Center, 46 Park Ave., at 37th St. Mondays through Fridays, except Nov. 27, from 10 to 7.)

Claudio Bravo—"Hyper-realistic" paintings of packages and still-life drawings; through Dec. 5. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Breer—Plastic objects in various shapes and sizes that move imperceptibly; through Dec. 5. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexander Calder—Recent gouaches, ranging in subject from flower pieces to abstractions, and mobiles, including some early ones; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Enrique Castro-Cid—Figure and still-life studies on canvas and paper; through Dec. 9. (Feigen, 141 Greene St., at Houston St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, noon to 6.)

Robert Dash—Landscapes of eastern Long Island; through Dec. 5. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Max Ernst—Paintings, drawings, collages, sculptures, and graphics done between 1917 and 1963 by this Surrealist; through Dec. 2. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Herbert Ferber—Large sculptures, together with models of projects; through Dec. 2. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Dan Flavin—Several new compositions in neon dedicated to Barnett Newman; starting Saturday, Nov. 21. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sam Francis and Sam Richardson—A representative selection of oils and gouaches by Mr. Francis, an Abstract Expressionist, and fragments of "made" nature in plastics by Mr. Richardson; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Freiman—Scenes of Nantucket, New York City, and Paris; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Price, 30 W. 57th St.)

Ruth Gikow—Paintings of contemporary life, most having to do with the young generation; through Friday, Nov. 20. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Sidney Goodman—Figurative oils, watercolors, and drawings suggesting emotional situations; starting Saturday, Nov. 21. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Balcomb Greene—Semi-abstract figure paintings by a well-known New Yorker; starting Saturday, Nov. 21. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Grillo—Geometrical paintings; starting Saturday, Nov. 21. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Duayne Hatchett—Abstract sculptures in polished stainless steel or aluminum; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

David Hockney—Etchings illustrating Grimm's fairy tales by a well-known British artist; through Dec. 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gary Hudson and Alan Sonfist—Lyrical color paintings by the former and demonstrations of biological, chemical, and physical processes by the latter; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Palley, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Kaupelis—Paintings and drawings based on the figure; through Dec. 3. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Robert Kipniss—Paintings, drawings, reliefs, and lithographs of landscape themes; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Leon Kroll—Paintings from 1908 to 1929; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Marcia Marcus—Large simplified portraits, also landscapes; through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

Brice Marden—Paintings consisting of panels in single colors; through Wednesday, Nov. 25. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Walter Meigs—Romantic landscapes; through Dec. 3. (Nordness, 236 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Isamu Noguchi—Fifteen recent sculptures, mostly in marble and granite; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ann Norton—Sculptures, chiefly bronze, some stone, in Abstract forms hinting at figures; through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Doug Ohlson—Three huge Abstract paintings; starting Saturday, Nov. 21. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jerry Okimoto—Hard-edged paintings attached together in such a way that, when seen at a distance, they resemble chairs, tables, boxes, and so on; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Claes Oldenburg—Large outdoor pieces and smaller sculptures, models, and drawings of comically handled everyday objects; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

Philip Pearlstein—Nudes and some portraits; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Picasso—Thirty-seven works on paper in various mediums, done between 1967 and 1970, in a show that is running concurrently with one at the Museum of Modern Art; through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Hobson Pittman—Still-lifes and interiors; through Wednesday, Nov. 25. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Leslie Powell—Watercolors of subjects encountered on trips in this country and abroad by a veteran New Yorker; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Walcott-Fields, 14 Fifth Ave., at 8th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 9; open Thanksgiving Day.)

Robert Rauschenberg—Twenty new drawings in color, and collages; through Dec. 16. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4. Closed Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 25-27.)

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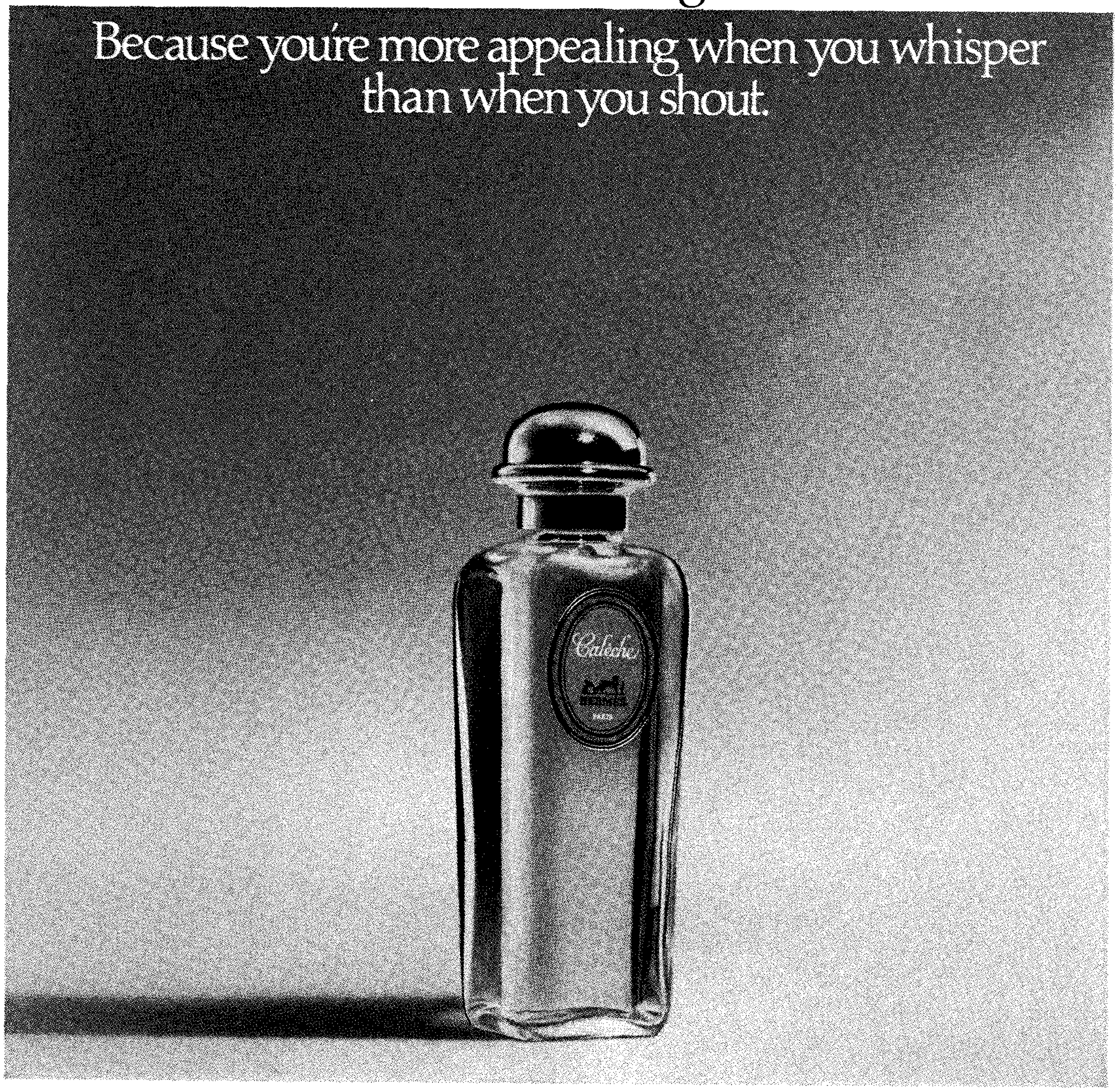

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Rayographs" commemorating the artist's eightieth birthday; starting Saturday, Nov. 21. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Odilon Redon (1840-1916)—A benefit show of fifty-seven paintings, mostly oils of flower subjects, from this master's late period; through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Robert Reid—Numbers and letters of the alphabet in landscapes; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Mark Rothko (1903-70)—A major exhibit of twenty-one paintings, dated from 1947 to his death; through Dec. 5. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Egon Schiele (1890-1918)—An exhibition of lithographs, etchings, woodcuts, and rubbercuts, plus gouaches, watercolors, drawings, and documentary material related to the prints; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Georges Schrieber—Recent watercolors; starting Tuesday, Nov. 24. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

Richard Segalman—Figures and still-lifes; through Dec. 5. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ben Shahn (1898-1969)—Sixty brush drawings covering the whole range of this artist's work and including political motifs, stage designs, book illustrations, poster studies, and sketches for murals; through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St.)

Leon Polk Smith—Paintings from 1945 to 1953 by an American pioneer of "hard edge;" through Dec. 31. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hyde Solomon—Abstract seascapes; through Dec. 10. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Moses Soyer—A comprehensive exhibit of work done in the past ten years by this leading painter of the New York scene; through Saturday, Nov. 21. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Margot Stewart—Paintings of oversized flowers; starting Saturday, Nov. 21. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Storrs (1885-1956)—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings from the twenties and thirties; starting Saturday, Nov. 21. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Turku Trajan (1887-1959)—Painted sculptures of the figure, also paintings and drawings; starting Tuesday, Nov. 24. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

Louis Tytell—Landscapes; through Wednesday, Nov. 25. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Robert Vickrey—Realistic figure paintings, also landscapes; starting Tuesday, Nov. 24. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Ruth Vollmer—Mathematical forms in wood, Plexiglas, aluminum, and other materials; through Saturday, Nov. 21. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Max Weber (1881-1961)—A large selection of this New York Cubist's lithographs; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.)

Group Shows—At the **ACA**, 25 E. 73rd St.: Paintings by leading twentieth-century Americans; starting Tuesday, Nov. 24. . . . **LA BOETIE**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, drawings, watercolors, and prints by German Expressionists—included are Kandinsky, Kirchner, Schmidt-Rottluff, Nolde, Feininger, Jawlensky, and Pechstein; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Thirty-five paintings by five young Mexican artists; through Jan. 3. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **DORSKY**, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and works in various mediums; through Nov. 30. . . . **FEIGEN**, 27 E. 79th St.: Paintings by Monet, Rousseau, Beckmann, Matisse, and Dubuffet; through Dec. 31. . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by ten of the gallery artists, among them Alechinsky, Horst Antes, Pol Bury, and Jorn; through Dec. 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and constructions by thirteen younger California artists who work in color effects; through Dec. 2. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: French paintings, sculptures, and drawings of the nineteenth century by Bonnard, Renoir, Monet, Maillol, Degas, and many others; through Jan. 29. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **SABARSKY**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings and watercolors by German Expressionists—Jawlensky, Klee, Kokoschka, Nolde, Pechstein, Schiele, and Schlemmer, for instance; through Saturday, Nov. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SAMUELS**, 18 E. 76th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by artists of the late nineteenth century inclined toward symbolism—Moreau, Redon, Puvis de Chavannes, Burne-Jones, Ryder, LaFarge, and a number of others; through Dec. 12. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.) . . . **SELIGMANN**, 5 E. 57th St.: Thirty drawings from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth by Guido Reni, Tiepolo, Delacroix, Puvis de Chavannes, and the like; through Saturday, Nov. 21. . . . **SONNABEND**, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.: Works in black and/or white by twelve artists (Arman, Lichtenstein, Reinhardt, Stella, Warhol, and Wesselman, for example); through Dec. 5. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show of a famous British collection of Italian master drawings by Leonardo, Michelangelo, Raphael, Correggio, Bernini, Tiepolo, and Piranesi, among others; through Saturday, Nov. 28.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than three hundred sculptures in stone, ceramic, wood, mosaic, gold, jade, and other materials, produced in the region from central Mexico to Panama and the West Indies during nearly three thousand years before the arrival of Cortes; through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ A major exhibit presented in connection with the Museum's centennial celebration, entitled "Masterpieces of Fifty Centuries"—it consists of nearly five hundred outstanding works from the earliest times to the present, most of them from the Museum's own collection; through Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Prints and drawings of fireworks and royal, religious, and popular festivals, ranging from Medici Court scenes to contemporary fireworks displays; through Jan. 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5. A contribution, optional in amount, is required for admission.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The famous series of three hundred and forty-seven etchings done by Picasso in 1968 (some visible on request only), plus two hundred and twenty-five prints and illustrated books from various sources; through Nov. 29. A good complement to this exhibit is the Picasso show (ending Saturday) at the Saidenberg Gallery, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (Mondays, 1 to 8; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving, until 9; Sundays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ Every Thursday at noon, the Museum is showing documentary films that comment on various topics of the day.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective consisting of a hundred and forty works by Francis Picabia, a major early-twentieth-century modernist who worked in several modes; through Dec. 6. . . . ¶ A survey of the works from 1958 to the present of Carl Andre, a sculptor known for his floor pieces in brick and steel plates, plus examples of his "concrete" poems; through Sunday, Nov. 22. . . . ¶ Thirty-five paintings, sculptures, and works on paper responding to war and crisis by Dix, Duchamp, Ernst, Grosz, Kandinsky, Kokoschka, Léger, Marc, Mondrian, and others of the First World War generation; through Dec. 2. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Thomas Eakins, America's leading realist of the nineteenth century; through Nov. 29. . . . ¶ A hundred and twenty-one paintings, watercolors, and drawings covering fifty-five years of work by Georgia O'Keeffe; through Nov. 29. . . . ¶ Sculptures, paintings, drawings, and prints by Louise Nevelson, including large walls, bronze reliefs, movable terra-cotta figures, Plexiglas sculptures, boxes, and early paintings; through Dec. 14. (Weekdays, 11 to 6,

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1 oz. Liquore Galliano
2 oz. White Creme de Cacao
1 oz. Cream
Place with small quantity crushed ice in blender. Use low speed for short time. Strain into champagne glass.

GALLIANO MIST
Fill old fashioned glass with cracked ice. Pour 1 oz. Liquore Galliano over ice and squeeze ¼ section fresh lime into glass. Drop lime shell in. Stir and serve.

HARVEY WALLBANGER
Fill tall glass with ice cubes
Fill ¾ full with orange juice
Add 1 oz. Vodka. Stir
Float ½ oz. Liquore Galliano on top.

GALLIANO DAIQUIRI
¾ oz. Liquore Galliano
¾ oz. Light Rum
Juice of ½ Lime
1 Teaspoon Powdered Sugar
Add one cup crushed ice and put in blender for 30 to 60 seconds.

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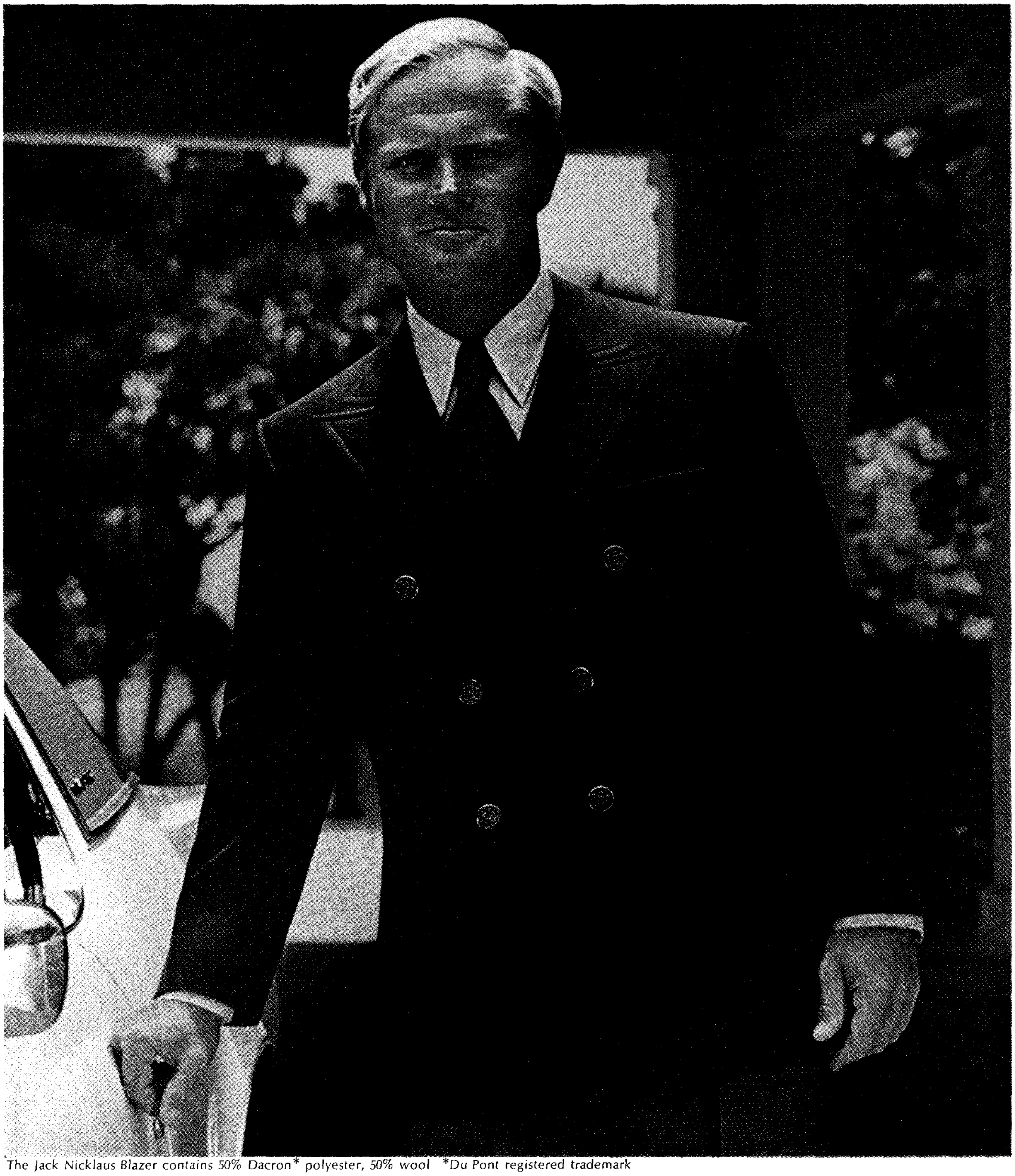

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and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Seventy-five prints done in Edo, Japan, between 1650 and 1850 by, among others, Hokusai and Hiroshige; through Jan. 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Mexico and Central America houses a vast collection of sculpture, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Sixty-six paintings by such artists as Lee Krasner, Benny Andrews, and Ben Cunningham, eligible for purchase under the Childe Hassam Fund for presentation to museums in the United States and Canada; through Dec. 13. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 4.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A collection of musical manuscripts, autograph letters of composers, printed music, and portraits; through Jan. 30. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9:30 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred works in a variety of mediums, commissioned by the Container Corporation of America over the past thirty years from such artists as Magritte, Shahn, Guston, Man Ray, Rosenquist, Trova, and Bayer, and published as advertisements in national magazines; through Jan. 3. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Over four hundred photographs of New York City, from 1840 to 1900, which offer a study of its architecture, business and industry, waterfront and street activities, and its citizens; through Jan. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A hundred and twenty paintings, sculptures, and graphics by members of a black artists' coöperative; through Jan. 31. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Montserrat Caballé, Reri Grist, Nell Rankin, Carlo Bergonzi, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Jeannette Pilou, Frederica von Stade, Sándor Kónya, Mario Sereni, and Robert Schmorr. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 20, at 8: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Irene Dalis, Richard Tucker, Cornell MacNeil, Ezio Flagello, and Edmond Karlsrud. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 21, at 2: "Don Pasquale," with Roberta Peters, Fernando Corena, Alfredo Kraus, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 21, at 7: "Parsifal," with Christa Ludwig, Helge Brilioth, Cesare Siepi, Thomas Stewart, Ezio Flagello, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 23, at 8: "Tosca," with Régine Crespin, Carlo Bergonzi, Cornell MacNeil, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 24, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Martina Arroyo, Roberta Peters, Irene Dalis, Richard Tucker, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 25, at 7: "Parsifal," with Christa Ludwig, Helge Brilioth, Cesare Siepi, William Dooley, Ezio Flagello, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 26, at 8: "Don Pasquale," with Reri Grist, Fernando Corena, Alfredo Kraus, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 27, at 8: "Elektra," with Birgit Nilsson, Leonie Rysanek, Regina Resnik, Helge Bril-

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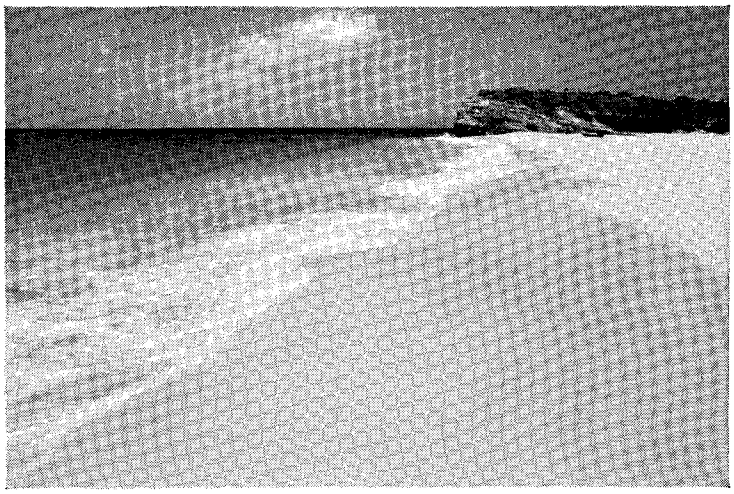

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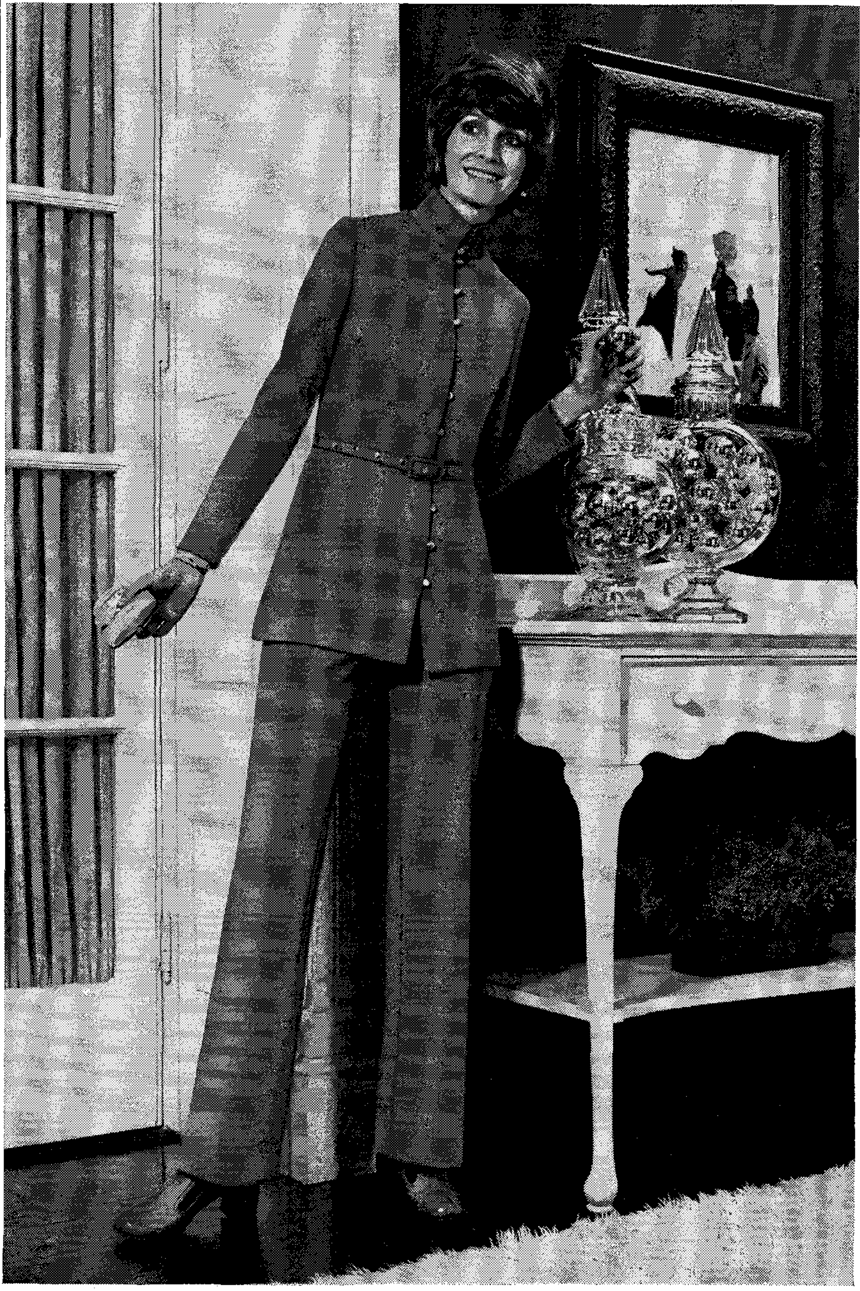

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ioth, and Thomas Stewart. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 28, at 2: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Christa Ludwig, Richard Tucker, Cornell MacNeil, Ezio Flagello, and Edmond Karlsrud. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 28, at 8: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Alfredo Kraus, and Mario Sereni.

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall—Robert Shaw directing an all-Brahms program on Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 20, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 23, at 7:30 (all with Judith Raskin, soprano; Tom Krause, baritone; and the Camerata Singers). . . . ¶ Dean Dixon conducting an all-Beethoven program on Wednesday, Nov. 25, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 27, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 28, at 8:30; and Monday, Nov. 30, at 7:30 (all with Henryk Szeryng, violin).

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 18, and Friday, Nov. 20, both at 8:30; no soloists. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8:30, with Maurizio Pollini, piano.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting the last in a series of concerts, this one with Jeanne-Marie Darré, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 8:30.)

Virtuosi di Roma—Renato Fasano conducting. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Eugene List, piano, and Carroll Glenn, violin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

Benefit Concert—Paul Makanowitzky conducting an orchestra, with violinists James Oliver Buswell IV, Jaime Laredo, and Pinchas Zukerman. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 25, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Rosalyn Tureck—The second of two keyboard lecture-concerts on the work of Bach, this one entitled "The Art of the Fugue," with Gerald Tarack and Herbert Sorkin, violins; John Graham, viola; and Robert Sylvester, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 8:30.)

William Masselos—Piano. (New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. LT 1-2311. Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 8:30.)

Eugene Istomin, Isaac Stern, and Leonard Rose—Piano, violin, and cello, in three in a series of eight concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano chamber music. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 18; Wednesday, Nov. 25; and Saturday, Nov. 28, all at 8:30.)

Jean and Kenneth Wentworth—Piano, four hands. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8:30, twentieth-century music. . . . ¶ Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8:30, eighteenth- and nineteenth-century music.)

Rudolf Firkusny and the Czech Quartet—A program of two piano quartets and a piano quintet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 20, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Robert Casadesus—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

Walter Trampler—Viola, with assisting artists. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

Claude Frank—The third in a series of eight concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano sonatas. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Nov. 22, at 2:15.)

Anne Ayer—Mezzo-soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 22, at 3.)

Daniel Barenboim and Jacqueline du Pré—The first of two concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of works for piano and cello. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Nov. 22, at 3.)

Bowling Green String Quartet—Chamber music.

(Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 23, at 8:30.)

MONTSERRAT CABALLÉ—Soprano. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 24, at 8:30.)

NATHAN MILSTEIN—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 24, at 8:30.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—With Walter Trampler, viola. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Nov. 25, at 8:40.)

VLADIMIR KRAINEV—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Nov. 27, at 8:30.)

RAVI SHANKAR—Sitar, with Alla Rakha, tabla. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 27, at 8:30.)

EDEN AND TAMIR—Duo piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 28, at 8:30.)

GUARNERI QUARTET—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 28, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

NOTE—The Bernede Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Nov. 29, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Nov. 23, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

MISCELLANY

AN ENTERTAINMENT FOR ELIZABETH—An Elizabethan masque presented by the New York Pro Musica. The cast of twenty-seven includes singers, dancers, and instrumentalists. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, Nov. 20, at 8:30, and Saturday, Nov. 21, at 2:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

TRAFFIC, CAT STEVENS, AND HAMMER—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 18-19, at 8 and 11:30.

VIC DAMONE—With Pat Henry. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

LEON RUSSELL, ELTON JOHN, AND MCKENDREE SPRING—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 20-21, at 8 and 11:30.

JEFFERSON AIRPLANE, BUDDY GUY-JUNIOR WELLS BAND, AND GLENN MCKAY'S HEAD LIGHTS—Plus, at the late show on Friday and Saturday, a Marcel Marceau film. (Fillmore East. Wednesday, Nov. 25, at 8, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28, at 8 and 11:30.)

RICHIE HAVENS AND KATHY SMITH—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 26, at 8.

SLY AND THE FAMILY STONE, GLADYS KNIGHT AND THE PIPS, RARE EARTH, AND 61X—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 26-27, at 8.

JACQUES LOUSSIER TRIO—An all-Bach program, with present-day improvisations. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Nov. 27, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Nov. 19, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Cincinnati. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 21, at 8: Knicks vs. Cleveland. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 24, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Atlanta. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 28, at 8: Knicks vs. Milwaukee.

BOXING—George Foreman vs. Boone Kirkman, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 9:30; a closed-circuit telecast of the Joe Frazier-Bob Foster heavyweight championship bout in Detroit will start at about 10:30.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, NOV. 21 (all games at 1:30): Columbia vs. Brown, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Dartmouth, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Cornell, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Colgate, at New Brunswick. . . . **SATURDAY, NOV. 28:** Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 1:20. . . . ¶ Boston College vs. Holy Cross, at Chestnut Hill, at 1:30.

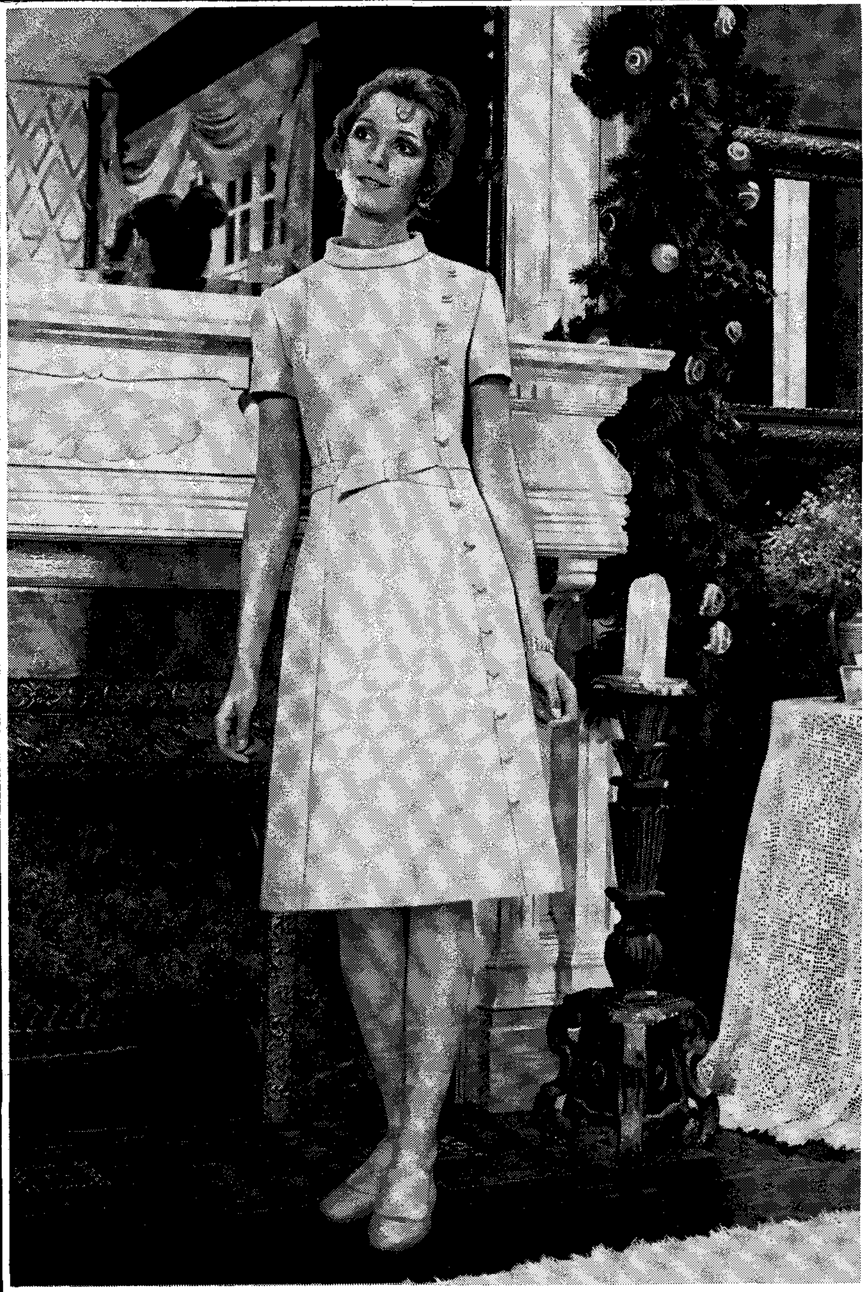
PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Jets vs. Boston Patriots. (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Nov. 22, at 1.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Nov. 22, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Minnesota. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 28, at 1:35: Rangers vs. Boston.

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 12:30;

Holidays ahead, right?

Right!



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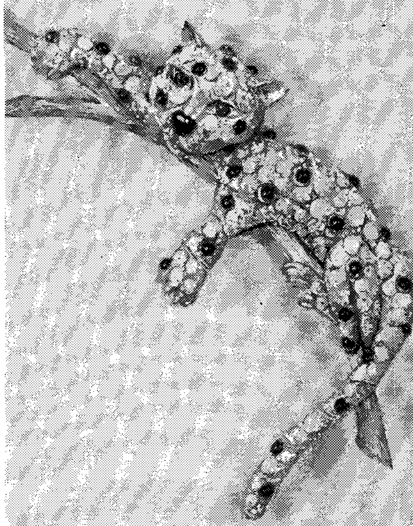

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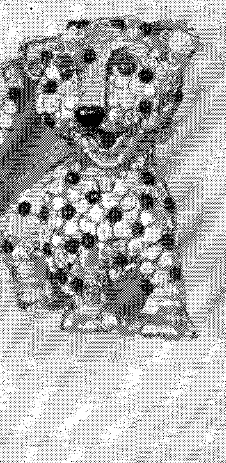

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Monday, Dec. 7. Post time will be 11 on Thanksgiving Day. The Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 21; the Firenze Handicap, Thanksgiving Day; the Remsen, Friday, Nov. 27; and the Stuyvesant Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 28.... **LAUREL**, Md.: Weekdays; last day Thursday, Dec. 31. Post time will be 1 through Wednesday, Nov. 25; after that it will be 12:30.

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, Dec. 15. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 6:12.)

FOR CHILDREN

MACY'S THANKSGIVING DAY PARADE—If only Miles, Priscilla, and John could have seen it. A thousand costumed marchers, nine giant balloons, thirty-one floats, and fifteen bands. Starts at 9:30 A.M., at Central Park West and 77th Street, moves down Central Park West to Columbus Circle, and thence along Broadway to 34th Street, arriving at Macy's at about 10:15.

CELEBRATION OF THE ARTS FOR CHILDREN—The first programs in a series of three weekend shows. Saturday, Nov. 21, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 27-28, at 12:30 and 3:30: "Moon Walk," a rock musical....¶ Sunday, Nov. 22, at 12:30 and 3:30: "Moonrock #10," a British animated short film; "Baron Munchausen," a Czechoslovakian film; and Tom Glazer, ballad singer. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

CONCERTS—Thomas Scherman conducting the Little Orchestra Society in a program that will include the première of William Mayer's ballet, "The Snow Queen," danced by Ursula Melita's Ballet des Jeunes, and narrated by Gilbert Mack. The opening children's concert of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Nov. 21, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call PL 7-3460.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES**: "The Whistling Wizard and the Sultan of Tuffet." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays, Sundays, and Friday, Nov. 27, at 1 and 3:30, and Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)... **DRAGON MARIONETTES**: "Cinderella." (13th Street Theatre, 50 W. 13th St. WA 9-4336. Sunday, Nov. 22, at 2.)... **SALVATORE GUIDA**: "The Magical Red Fan," Saturday, Nov. 21, at 2:30....¶ "A Very Special Clown," Sunday, Nov. 22, and Saturday, Nov. 28, at 2:30. (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291.)... **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS**: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1....¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.)... **MERI MINI PLAYERS**: "Peter Pan." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952. Saturdays at 2:30.)... **PERFORMING ARTS REPERTORY THEATRE**: "Babes in Toyland," Wednesday, Nov. 18....¶ "Snow White Goes West," Thursday, Nov. 19.... ¶ "Young Mark Twain," Friday, Nov. 20. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Mornings at 10:30.) ... **PIXIE JUDY TROUPE**: "The Littlest Clown." (Stairway Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. 489-9380. Saturdays and Friday, Nov. 27, at 11 and 1, and Sundays at 1.)... **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE**: "Rip van Winkle." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Friday, Nov. 27, at 1. Children under five not admitted.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Universe of Atoms." Starting Tuesday, Nov. 24, there will be a new show, "The Christmas Sky." (Mondays through Fridays, except Nov. 27, at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Friday, Nov. 27, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted. The Planetarium will be closed on Thanksgiving Day.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Saturday and on Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 27, from 10 to 12.

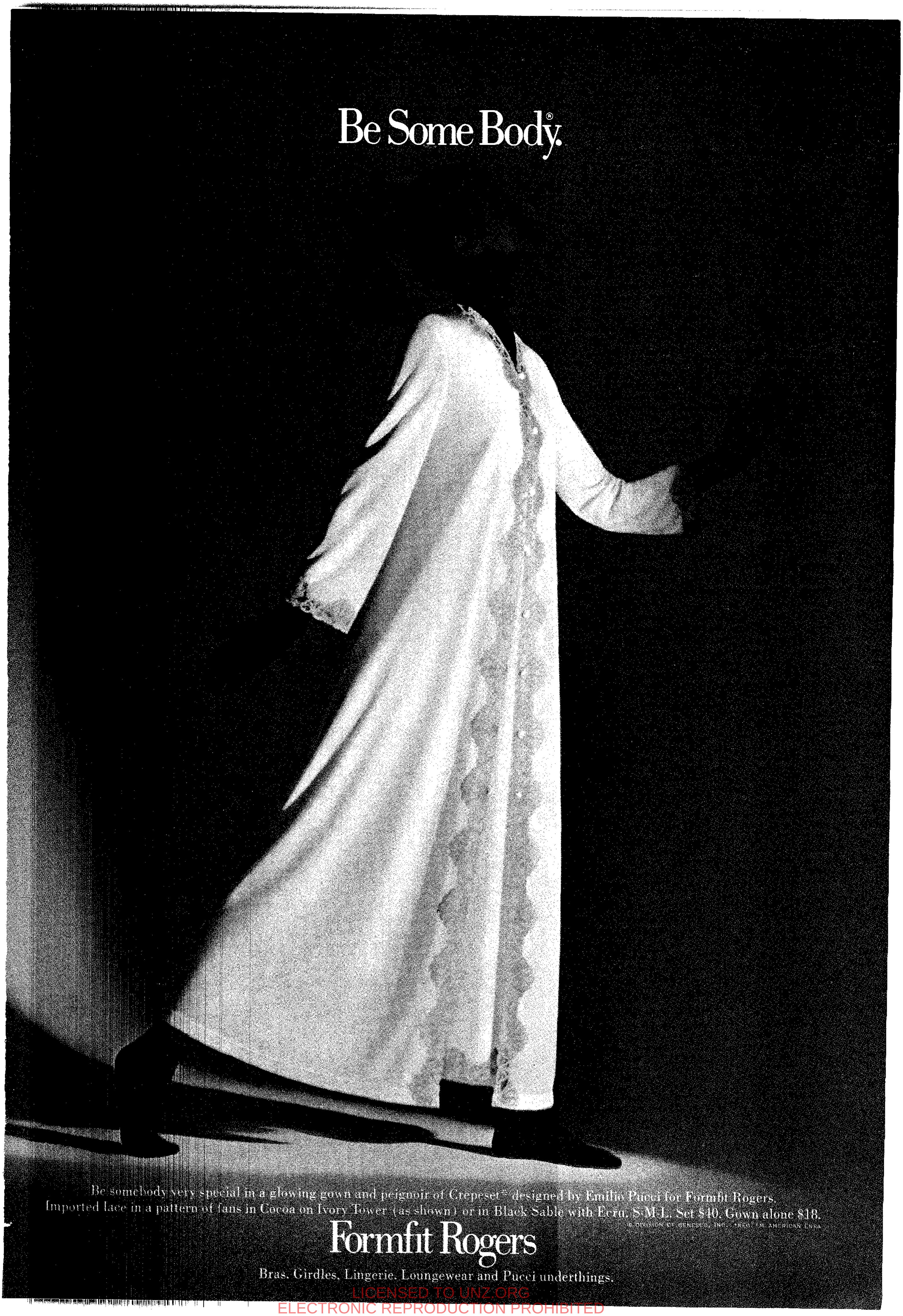
ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

NATIONAL POSTAGE STAMP SHOW—The theme this year is "Peace, Justice and Progress," and it will be carried out by special displays of stamps celebrating armistices and peace treaties. On the first day of the show, the United States Post Office Department and the United Nations Postal Administration will issue new stamps commemorating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the United Nations. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 20-21, from 10 to 9, and Sunday, Nov. 22, from 1:05 to 8.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Nov. 18, at 8: Contemporary paintings by such artists as Jasper Johns, Roy Lichtenstein, and Franz Kline; the property of Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Scull and others. ...¶ Thursday, Nov. 19, at 2: *Objets de vertu*, watches, and miniatures, from the estate of Consuelo U. Ford and from other sources....¶ Friday, Nov. 20, at 2: Gold boxes, belonging to the Covington/ReQua Family Trust....¶ Saturday, Nov. 21, at 2: Furniture and decorations, from many owners....¶ Tuesday, Nov. 24, at 2: Oriental art, including Chinese ceramics, and jade and other hardstone carvings; from various collections. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 20.... **NOTE**: On Friday, Nov. 20, at 1:30, there will be an auction of Cornelius Greenway's collection of nineteenth-century inscribed photographs at PB-84, 171 E. 84th St. Among the subjects represented are Abraham Lincoln, Queen Victoria, Robert E. Lee, Pope Leo XIII, and Franz Liszt. (Exhibition hours: Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 18-19, from 10 to 5.)

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nov. 18 at 2 and 5:30: "The Dawn Patrol" (1930), with Richard Barthelmess....¶ Nov. 19 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Little Caesar" (1930), with Edward G. Robinson and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr....¶ Nov. 20 at 2 and 5:30: "The Mystery of the Wax Museum" (1933), with Lionel Atwill and Fay Wray....¶ Nov. 21 at 11:30: "The Saga of Anatahan" (1953), directed and narrated by Josef von Sternberg....¶ Nov. 21 at 3 and 5:30: "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" (1932), with Paul Muni....¶ Nov. 22 at 2 and 5:30: "Footlight Parade" (1933), with James Cagney....¶ Nov. 23 at 1:30: "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" (1932)....¶ Nov. 23 at 3:30: A program of two short films.... ¶ Nov. 23 at 6 and Nov. 24 at 2: "90° South" (1913), a reconstructed version of Captain Scott's 1910-13 expedition to the South Pole, photographed and narrated by Herbert George Ponting....¶ Nov. 24 at 5:30: A program of films by Aldo Tambellini....¶ Nov. 25 at 2 and 5:30: "The World Changes" (1933), with Paul Muni....¶ Nov. 26 at 2: "Gold Diggers of 1933" (1933), with Ruby Keeler and Ginger Rogers. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)... **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through Nov. 22: "The Agony and the Ecstasy" (1965), with Charlton Heston and Rex Harrison....¶ Starting Nov. 25: "The Titan: Story of Michelangelo" (1950), directed by Robert Flaherty, narrated by Fredric March. (Showings at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Nov. 24: "The Virgin and the Gypsy."
From Nov. 25: "Fantasia."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"The Sterile Cuckoo" and "Goodbye, Columbus."

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Nov. 24: "In Cold Blood" and "The Professionals."
From Nov. 25: "The Virgin and the Gypsy" and "The Ballad of Cable Hogue."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Lovers and Other Strangers."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Nov. 24: "Gone with the Wind."
From Nov. 25: "Fantasia."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Nov. 24: "Joe."
From Nov. 25: "The Act of the Heart."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Nov. 26 (tentative): "Five Easy Pieces."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Catch-22."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Pizza Triangle."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through Nov. 26 (tentative): "Cromwell."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Nov. 24: "WUSA."
From Nov. 25: "Singin' in the Rain."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Nov. 26 (tentative): "The Great White Hope."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Nov. 26 (tentative): "Where's Poppa?"

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Nov. 24: "The Virgin and the Gypsy."
From Nov. 25: "Joe."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Little Fauss and Big Halsy."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Trash."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Diary of a Mad Housewife."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"This Man Must Die."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"The Twelve Chairs."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Perfect Friday."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Nov. 26 (tentative): "Lovers and Other Strangers."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Five Easy Pieces."

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Threesome."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Owl and the Pussycat."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Dirty Dingus Magee."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Nov. 18: "The Rise of Louis XIV."
Nov. 19-25: "Chappaqua."
From Nov. 26: To be announced.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 24: "Performance."
From Nov. 25: "WUSA."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Groupies."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Borsalino."

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Nov. 19: "Through a Glass Darkly" and "Brink of Life."
Nov. 20-22: "The Seventh Seal" and "Hour of the Wolf."
Nov. 23-24: "A Lesson in Love" and "Port of Call."
Nov. 25-26: "Winter Light" and "Monika."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"Lovers and Other Strangers."

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Tora! Tora! Tora!"

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Song of Norway."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Lovers and Other Strangers."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Nov. 18: "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes."
From Nov. 19: "Scrooge."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Nov. 26 (tentative): "Ryan's Daughter."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Nov. 26 (tentative): "I Never Sang for My Father."

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Five Easy Pieces."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Nov. 26 (tentative): "Bombay Talkie."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Goin' Down the Road."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Tristana."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"First Love."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Catch-22."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Nov. 24: "Burn!"
From Nov. 25: "The McKenzie Break."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Nov. 24: "The Virgin and the Gypsy."
From Nov. 25: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Nov. 24: "Women in Love" and "Support Your Local Sheriff."
From Nov. 25: "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World" and "The Silencers."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Nov. 20: "Arsenal" and "The Idiot."
Nov. 21-23: "The End of St. Petersburg" and "Bwana Toshi."
Nov. 24-26: "Mother" and "Floating Weeds."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 24: "The Revolutionary" and "Rider on the Rain."
From Nov. 25: "The Lion in Winter" and "The Loves of Isadora."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Nov. 19: "A Night at the Opera" and "A Day at the Races."
From Nov. 20: "Grand Hotel" and "Dinner at Eight."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
"Borsalino."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

The Act of the Heart—With Genevieve Bujold and Donald Sutherland. Directed by Paul Almond. (Murray Hill; starting Nov. 25.)

Arsenal (1929)—Alexander Dovzhenko was the poet of the great Russian revolutionary film movement—not a mushy-headed poet but a poet whose startling imagery had a heat and pitch that Eisenstein and Pudovkin never approached. This classic film is an original and experimental celebration of social revolution. (New Yorker; through Nov. 20.)

The Ballad of Cable Hogue—Sam Peckinpah is in a relaxed and playful mood in this rambling comedy Western with Jason Robards (in fine form) as a desert rat who discovers a mudhole and turns water merchant, Stella Stevens as an ambitious whore, and David Warner as a lecherous self-ordained preacher. (Charles; starting Nov. 25.)

Bombay Talkie—A film about an Indian movie star, with Shashi Kapoor and Jennifer Kendal. Directed by James Ivory. (Little Carnegie; through Nov. 26, tentative.)

Borsalino—Alain Delon and Jean-Paul Belmondo camping it up in a thriller set in Marseille in the thirties. The spoof doesn't hold, but there is a nice scene about a bad fish. Directed by Jacques Deray. In French. (Greenwich and Midtown.)

Brink of Life (1957)—Ingmar Bergman directed this study of women in a maternity hospital—and a gory, dreary film it is. With Eva Dahlbeck, Ingrid Thulin, and Bibi Andersson. In Swedish. (Elgin; through Nov. 19.)

Burn!—Gillo Pontecorvo's emotionally charged epic about a slave revolt on a fictitious Caribbean island. Marlon Brando is the cynical representative of the British oppressors who instigates the revolt and then crushes it. Controversial, flawed, passionate. An attempt to plant an insurrectionary fuse within a swashbuckler. (Cinema Studio; through Nov. 24.)

Bwana Toshi (1956)—The talented Japanese director Susumu Hani made this film in Kenya. In Japanese. (New Yorker; Nov. 21-23.)

Catch-22—Joseph Heller's novel has been turned into a pretty good movie, directed by Mike Nichols. Alan Arkin is Captain Yossarian. (Sutton and Paramount.)

Chappaqua (1967)—Conrad Rooks stars himself in this hokey account of a spoiled rich boy's drug cure. Robert Frank shot the footage, which has been stunningly edited, but Rooks' acting consists mainly of shuffling around in his nightie. A psychedelic turn-on, mostly about the fun and glamour of addiction. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 19-25.)

Cromwell—A dry spectacle with a glum performance by Richard Harris, who delivers his lines in a cracked, rasping voice. The movie is like one of those high-school history texts that load you down with facts but omit the crucial data, so you come out understanding nothing. Ken Hughes wrote and directed. (Fine Arts; through Nov. 26, tentative.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers running a sanitarium. This is the one with Groucho as Dr. Hugo Z. Hackenbush, and it has some classic routines. With Margaret Dumont, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Allan Jones. (Thalia; through Nov. 19.)

Diary of a Mad Housewife—Well-heeled Manhattan in a very local sort of married trouble. A pretty masochist, played by Carrie Snodgress, is the wife of a good-looking sadist, played by Richard Benjamin. He is on the way up as a lawyer, and keeps her on the move about entertaining. She takes a lover, but her husband's teeth perfectly match the teeth marks on her shoulder, so all's well in the end. Frank Perry directed. (Beekman.)

Dinner at Eight (1933)—Jean Harlow, with her bee-stung pucker and her tinny voice, at her comic best. George Cukor directed this witty version of the Ferber-Kaufman play, with a fabulous cast that includes Marie Dressler, John Barrymore, Lee Tracy, Wallace Beery, and Edmund Lowe. (Thalia; starting Nov. 20.)

Dirty Dingus Magee—A comedy Western directed by Burt Kennedy. With Frank Sinatra and George Kennedy. (86th St. East.)

The End of St. Petersburg (1927)—The Russian

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22	23	24	25	26		

revolution, from the point of view of a peasant. Pudovkin made this melodramatic celebration film for the tenth anniversary of the revolution; it's hectic, romantic, and full of beautiful imagery. (New Yorker; Nov. 21-23.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others) and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has recently been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (Art and Kips Bay; starting Nov. 25.)

First Love—Nymphomania and moth-eaten passion and decadence poured on top of a fine Turgenev novella about an adolescent boy's growing up. Maximilian Schell directed this mélange, superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist but edited by a butcher's helper. With Dominique Sanda. (Paris.)

Five Easy Pieces—An account of the American black sheep. Bob Rafelson directs Jack Nicholson as the rancorous, witty, aging dropout of a musical family who can get no grip on his peculiar ethic of wasting himself. (U. A. East and Cinema 57 Rendezvous. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through Nov. 26, tentative.)

Floating Weeds (1959)—Machiko Kyo in a story about the jealousies and liaisons within a troupe of travelling actors. Directed by Yasujiro Ozu. In Japanese. (New Yorker; Nov. 24-26.)

Goin' Down the Road—Don Shebib is so good at blending actors into locations that one has to remind oneself that this is an acted film and not a documentary. The story is about the lives of two totally unhip boys from Nova Scotia who come to Toronto for the legendary opportunities of the big city. Perceptively acted, though the story is too familiar and the film turns out to be a somewhat hollow triumph of craft. (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Kips Bay; through Nov. 24.)

Goodbye, Columbus (1969)—Richard Benjamin as the sensitive young librarian and Ali MacGraw as the spoiled *nouveau-riche* college girl in Larry Peerce's updated version of Philip Roth's Jewish summer romance. (Cinema Village.)

Grand Hotel (1932)—Vicki Baum's concepts of character and fate are excruciating, but Greta Garbo strides about in a chinchilla polo coat and sets the movie vibrating with her first line—"I have never been so tired in my life." She plays a weary, disillusioned woman briefly reconciled to life by a passion for a shady nobleman—John Barrymore. She was only twenty-six when she played the role (Barrymore was fifty), but the fatigue and despair seem genuine. The movie is probably the best example of a certain kind of partly asinine, partly marvellous glamour that has vanished from new movies. With Joan Crawford—a startlingly sexy minx who barely resembles the current Crawford—Wallace Beery, Lionel Barrymore, and Lewis Stone. Edmund Goulding directed. (Thalia; starting Nov. 20.)

The Great White Hope—The movie, directed by Martin Ritt, clunks along like a disjointed play, and James Earl Jones is not able to hypnotize the audience into accepting Howard Sackler's hit-them-with-everything dramaturgy. (Baronet; through Nov. 26, tentative.)

Groupies—A documentary about the young girls who follow rock stars around the country. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

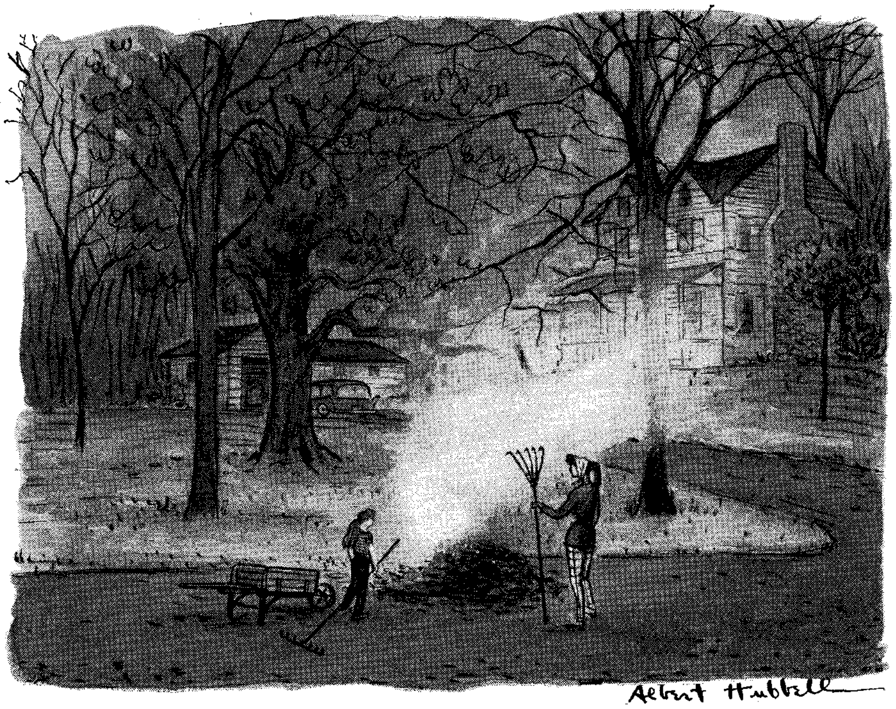
Hour of the Wolf (1968)—Max von Sydow as an obsessed painter and Liv Ullmann as his troubled wife. Ingmar Bergman, of course, and not at his best. In Swedish. (Elgin; Nov. 20-22.)

The Idiot (1951)—Kurosawa made this version of the Dostoevski novel right after "Rashomon," using the same two men—Masayuki Mori (the husband in "Rashomon") as Prince Myshkin, and Toshiro Mifune (the bandit in "Rashomon") as Rogozhin. It's a long, uneven, fascinating film, with such curiosities as a Nastasya Filipovna (Setsuko Hara) modelled on Maria Casarès in Cocteau's "Orpheus." In Japanese. (New Yorker; through Nov. 20.)

In Cold Blood (1967)—How two punks murdered four decent people and paid for their atrocious crime with their lives. Adapted from the Capote original by Richard Brooks. With Scott Wilson and Robert Blake. (Charles; through Nov. 24.)

I Never Sang for My Father—Robert Anderson's drama about the hell of trying to get along with one's parents. Banal as a TV problem play, yet by its surprisingly austere toughmindedness the movie transcends that genre. Gene Hackman is the son. Melvyn Douglas the self-righteous father. Gil Cates directed. (Festival; through Nov. 26, tentative.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World (1963)—Stanley Kramer's Cinerama comedy in which everything looks awfully big but isn't awfully funny. Spencer Tracy and lots of comics (Milton Berle, Jonathan Winters, Terry-Thomas, Sid Caesar, Buddy Hackett, and so on); rarely have so many done so little with so much. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Nov. 25.)



Joe—A blue-collar worker (Peter Boyle), who trots out every imaginable hardhat prejudice, links up in an alliance with a sixty-thousand-dollar-a-year adman. John Avildsen directed from Norman Wexler's script. (Murray Hill; through Nov. 24. . . . ¶ Ciné Malibu; starting Nov. 25.)

A Lesson in Love (1953)—A rather more middle-class marital comedy than one expects from Ingmar Bergman. The burned-out marriage of Eva Dahlbeck and Gunnar Björnstrand is rekindled when he becomes jealous of her. In Swedish. (Elgin; Nov. 23-24.)

The Lion in Winter (1968)—A comic melodrama, inflated by the prestige treatment, about the Plantagenets as a family of monsters. Peter O'Toole, Katharine Hepburn. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Symphony; starting Nov. 25.)

Little Fauss and Big Halsy—Michael J. Pollard acts like Harpo Marx but makes the mistake of talking; Robert Redford makes the mistake of acting cute and raunchy. The film, directed by Sidney J. Furie, is about motorcycle racers, and it's insufferably smirky. (Cinema I.)

Lovers and Other Strangers—The title of Cy Howard's comedy with Gig Young, Anne Jackson, and Bob Dishy is a fresh-minted way of putting the untrue cliché that we never know a thing about our intimates. The picture looks as if it were assembled from the installments of some sophisticated soap opera. (Gramercy, R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, and Guild. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Nov. 26, tentative.)

The Loves of Isadora (1969)—Karel Reisz directed this study of the life and character of the great Isadora Duncan, danced and acted by Vanessa Redgrave. (Symphony; starting Nov. 25.)

The McKenzie Break—Brian Keith in a competent adventure film about a group of German U-boat men trying to break out of a prisoner-of-war camp in Scotland. Directed by Lamont Johnson. (Cinema Studio; starting Nov. 25.)

Monika (1952)—Harriet Andersson in a great performance early in her career, in one of Ingmar Bergman's most interesting, least-seen movies. In Swedish. (Elgin; Nov. 25-26.)

Mother (1926)—Frequently selected by critics as one of the greatest films of all time. Pudovkin's masterpiece, based on Maxim Gorky's novel, which is set during the 1905 revolution, is not overtly political; it gives an epic sense of that revolution through the emotions of the participants, and sweeps one along by its fervor and a brilliant and varied use of the medium. Vera Baranovskaia plays the mother who is tricked by the police into betraying her son (Nikolai Batalov). Pudovkin (unusual among the great Russian directors, in his interest in acting) himself plays the officer who interrogates her. (New Yorker; Nov. 24-26.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers, doing to "Il Trovatore" what should be done to "Il Trovatore." (Thalia; through Nov. 19.)

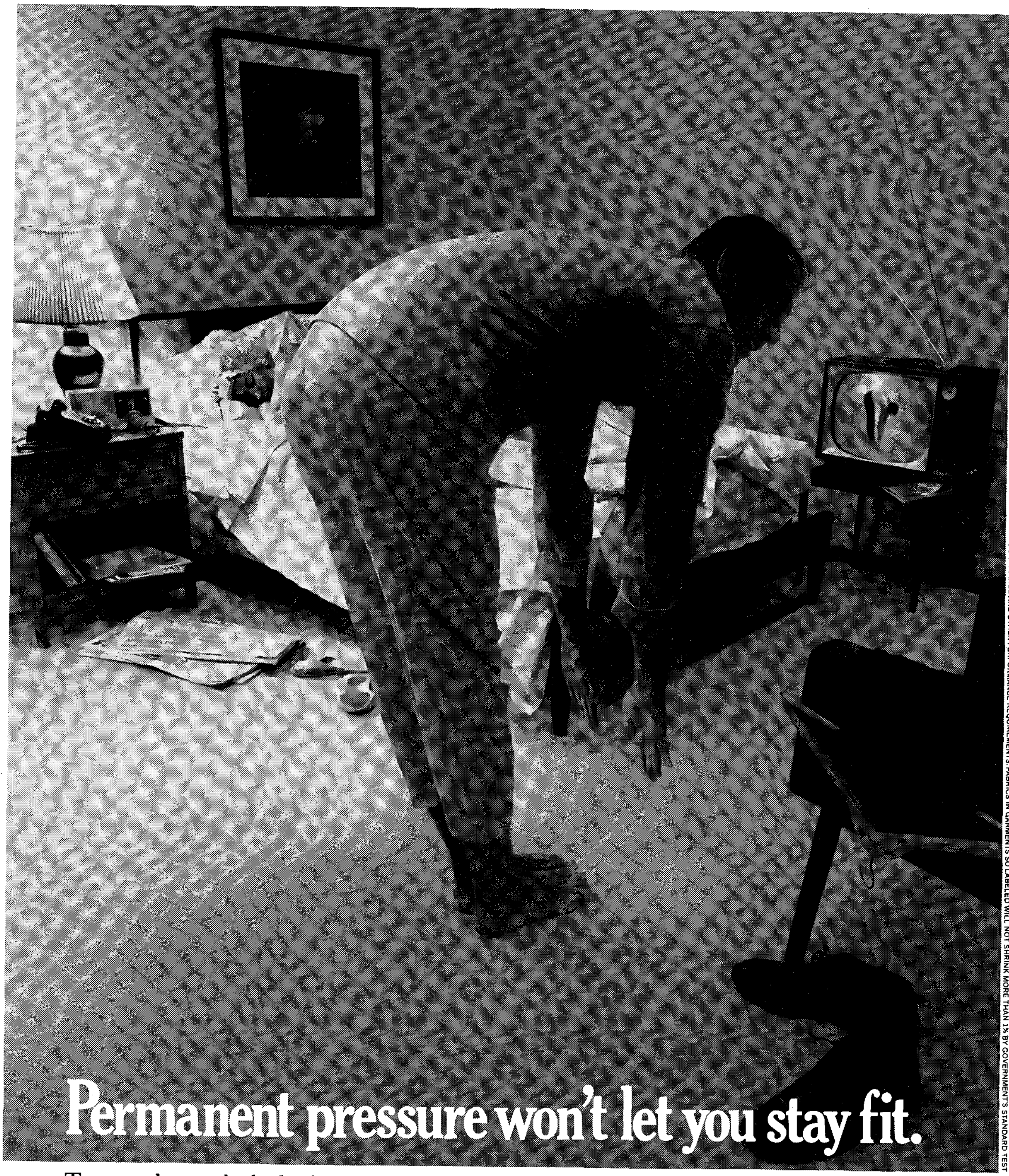
The Owl and the Pussycat—The teamwork of Barbra Streisand and George Segal has a beautiful worked-out professionalism, like Hepburn and Tracy at their best. As a pair, they give this romantic comedy about a book clerk and a hooker a good, fast, raucous spirit; it's just a doodle, but it's probably the most enjoyable comedy since "M*A*S*H". Herbert Ross directed. (Loew's Ciné.)

Perfect Friday—A British crime comedy with Ursula Andress, Stanley Baker, and David Warner, directed by Peter Hall. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

Performance—A soaringly humorless thriller, set in Mod London as no Londoner would recognize it, with Mick Jagger and James Fox in the middle of a plot that offers hallucinogenic mushrooms, face-slashing, transvestism. (8th St. Playhouse; through Nov. 24.)

The Pizza Triangle—A comedy with Marcello Mastroianni and Monica Vitti. Directed by Ettore Scola. In Italian. (Trans-Lux East.)

Port of Call (1948)—About a girl stranded in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a harbor city. An untypical Ingmar Bergman film, made when he was being influenced by Rossellini and was experimenting with documentary realism. In Swedish. (Elgin; Nov. 23-24.)

The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes—Handsome Victorian décor and some clever dialogue, but Billy Wilder's detective picture fails to get much suspense going. With Robert Stephens as Holmes, and Genevieve Page as the lady who outwits him. (Music Hall; Nov. 18.)

The Professionals (1966)—The title is accurate. This action-Western, directed by Richard Brooks, with Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin, Robert Ryan, Woody Strode, Jack Palance, and Claudia Cardinale, is as modern a product as a new car. There's no love or beauty in this kind of moviemaking, but it does a very efficient job of providing synthetic excitement. (Charles; through Nov. 24.)

The Revolutionary—A good film by Paul Williams, aged twenty-five, about the progression of a middle-class student from a bookish left-winger into a radical agitator. The film is set vaguely in present-day America, but there is also a tang of Europe and the Old Left, and the casting mixes yippies with people who look authentically like the C.P. members of the thirties. (Symphony; through Nov. 24.)

Rider on the Rain—A thriller by René Clément about a girl called Mélancolie, married to an Air France navigator whom she dares not tell about a terrifying rapist she murdered. The film is an account of panic; the girl, who is always dressed in white, starts to climb up the wall of your mind, like a pigeon flattening itself against a window trying to get out. There are stretches of the film that are mechanical and meagre-spirited, but it's worth seeing. In French. (Symphony; through Nov. 24.)

The Rise of Louis XIV—Rossellini's fine picture about a man whom he sees as the first French king to understand the motor of the class system. It is scripted by Philippe Erlanger, very intelligently. Full of impassive long takes and shrewdly placed dissolves, the film is a witty study of the squalor and cringing that went on in the world of *luxe* and *volupté*. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 18.)

Ryan's Daughter—The new David Lean film from a Robert Bolt script, with Robert Mitchum, Trevor Howard, Sarah Miles, and Christopher Jones. (Ziegfeld; through Nov. 26, tentative.)

Scrooge—With Albert Finney and Alec Guinness. Directed by Ronald Neame. (Music Hall; starting Nov. 19.)

The Seventh Seal (1956)—The aura of magic, the modern erotic and psychological insights, and the ambiguities all contribute to the stature of Ingmar Bergman's medieval morality play about man in search of the meaning of life. Max von Sydow is the tormented knight who plays chess with death; during the game, the knight observes scenes of cruelty, rot, and suffering that suggest the tortures and iniquity Ivan Karamazov described to Alyosha. In Swedish. (Elgin; Nov. 20-22.)

The Silencers (1966)—Crude but good-natured super-spy nonsense with Dean Martin (as Matt Helm) and Stella Stevens. Their best sequence together has been lifted from the 1948 "Julia Misbehaves." With Cyd Charisse, Daliah Lavi, and Victor Buono. Phil Karlson directed. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Nov. 25.)

Singin' in the Rain (1952)—This exuberant and malicious satire of Hollywood in the late twenties is perhaps the most enjoyable of all movie musicals. Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, and Debbie Reynolds are the stars, assisted by Jean Hagen as an imbecilic movie queen, Millard Mitchell as a producer, Cyd Charisse as a dancer, and Rita Moreno as a flapper-actress. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed the Comden-and-Green script. With music by Nacio Herb Brown, lyrics by Arthur Freed. (Plaza; starting Nov. 25.)

Song of Norway—The life and music of Edvard Grieg, turned into schlock. Written and directed by Andrew L. Stone. He should be hired immediately to do the musical version of "Tora! Tora! Tora!" (Cinerama. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays and Thanksgiving Day at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

The Sterile Cuckoo (1969)—A good, modest movie with two memorable characters—a desperate, funny, imaginative girl (Liza Minnelli) having an affair with an ordinary, nice boy (Wendell Burton). Alan J. Pakula directed, from Alvin Sargent's impeccable script. (Cinema Village.)

Support Your Local Sheriff (1969)—Burt Kennedy directed this Western spoof from a script by William Bowers. Joan Hackett tries to do something fresh, but the picture is stale, though amiable. With James Garner. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 24.)

This Man Must Die—Claude Chabrol's technique sags in this attenuated suspense story about a father's quest for the person who killed his son in a hit-and-run accident. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Threesome—An English-language film, made in Denmark, about a frigid American girl who gets involved in the usual porny-picture encounters. (Orpheum.)

Through a Glass Darkly (1962)—Ingmar Bergman's chamber film about a girl (Harriet Andersson) who is going mad, and her complex, ambivalent relations with her helpless father (Gunnar Björnstrand), husband (Max von Sydow), and brother (Lars Passgård). In Swedish. (Elgin; through Nov. 19.)

Tora! Tora! Tora!—An account of the attack on Pearl Harbor. Proof that planes and ships can be pedestrian. (Criterion. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30, and Thanksgiving Day at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Trash—Camp pathos. The home life of a knocked-out couple—an impotent junkie and a snaggle-toothed transvestite. The high points in this torpid Warhol production, directed by Paul Morrissey, are when people are bizarrely alive rather than just vacuous. (Cinema II.)

Tristana—Made by a master now at the easy height of his powers. Buñuel's story is about possessiveness: a bearded, dandyish guardian played by Fernando Rey is dankly in love with his ward (Catherine Deneuve), whom he tries to keep caged but who gradually gains the power in the combat. In Spanish. (Lincoln Art.)

The Twelve Chairs—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (Tower East.)

The Virgin and the Gypsy—Maurice Denham is an Anglican vicar with a taste for depressing hymns; he sends one of his virgin daughters (Joanna Shimkus) into the arms of a gypsy (Franco Nero). Christopher Miles' movie is intelligent, a bit studied, true to D. H. Lawrence. (Art, Ciné Malibu, and Regency; through Nov. 24. . . . ¶ Charles; starting Nov. 25.)

Where's Poppa?—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose of his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't really work—maybe because the mother has been made into a psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the whole thing gets too crazy. But it has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and a charming new comedienne, Trish Van Devere. (Coronet; through Nov. 26, tentative.)

Winter Light (1963)—Ingmar Bergman directs with simplicity and assurance a bleak tale of a minister (Gunnar Björnstrand) who feels abandoned by God and who, in turn, abandons his fellow-men. With Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Elgin; Nov. 25-26.)

Women in Love—Ken Russell's purple pastiche—a Gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence. It's frequently impressive, but if you want to know what the characters are about, you'd do well to read the book first. With Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 24.)

WUSA—A baroque, hysterical movie about a right-wing radio station in New Orleans; the picture is so overwritten and Stuart Rosenberg directed it so exhibitionistically that Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Tony Perkins, and Laurence Harvey sink without much trace. (Plaza; through Nov. 24. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; starting Nov. 25.)

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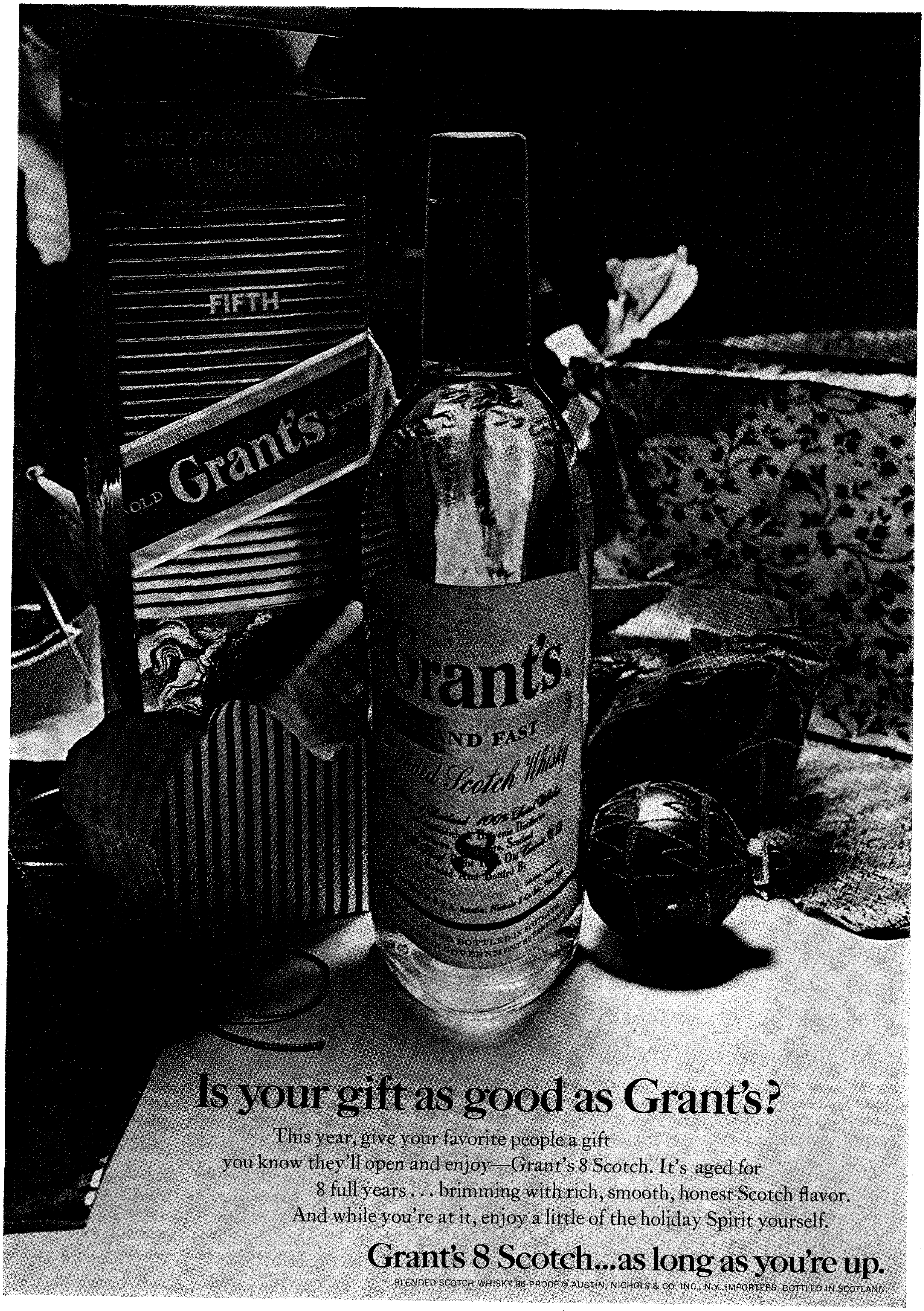
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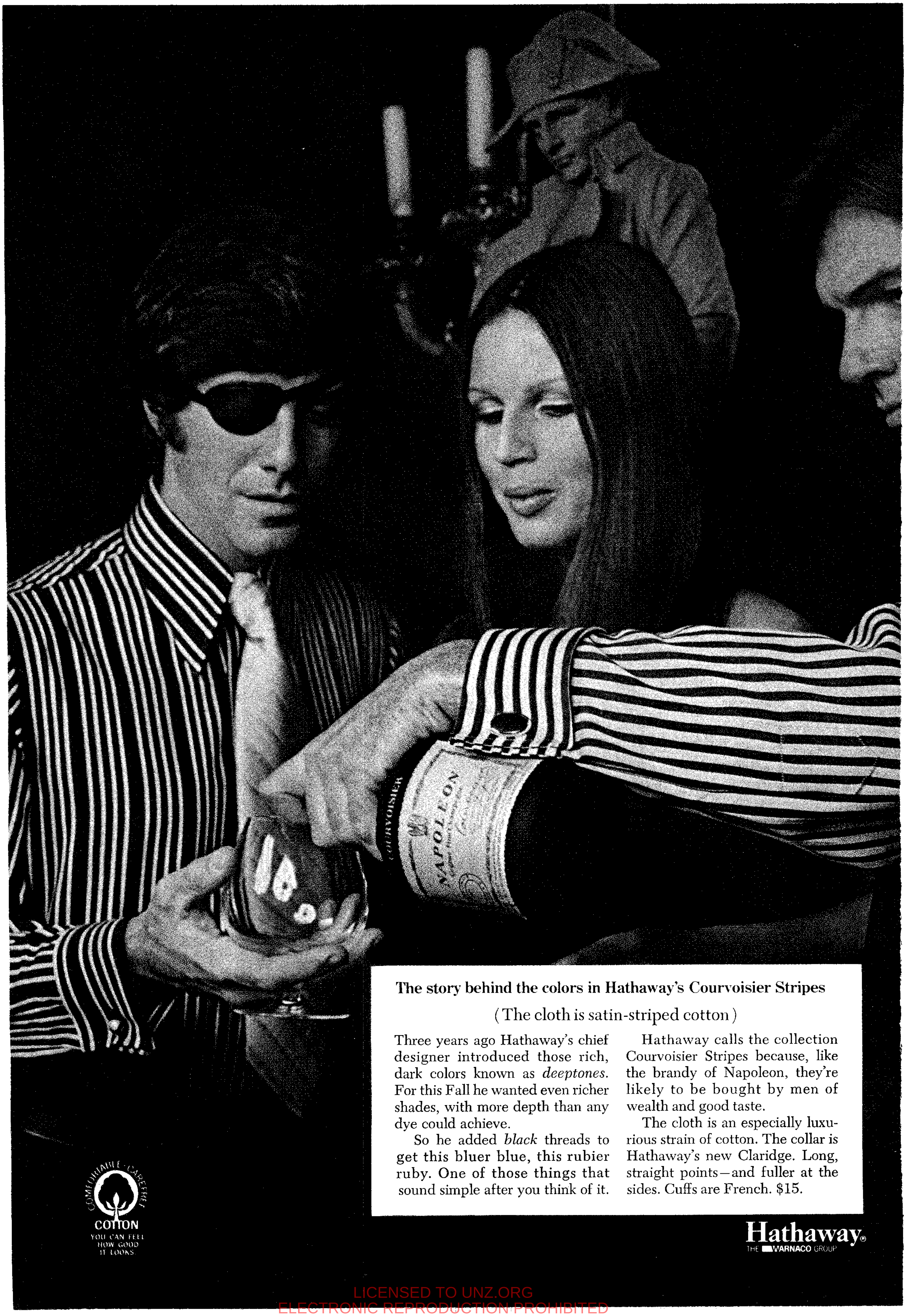

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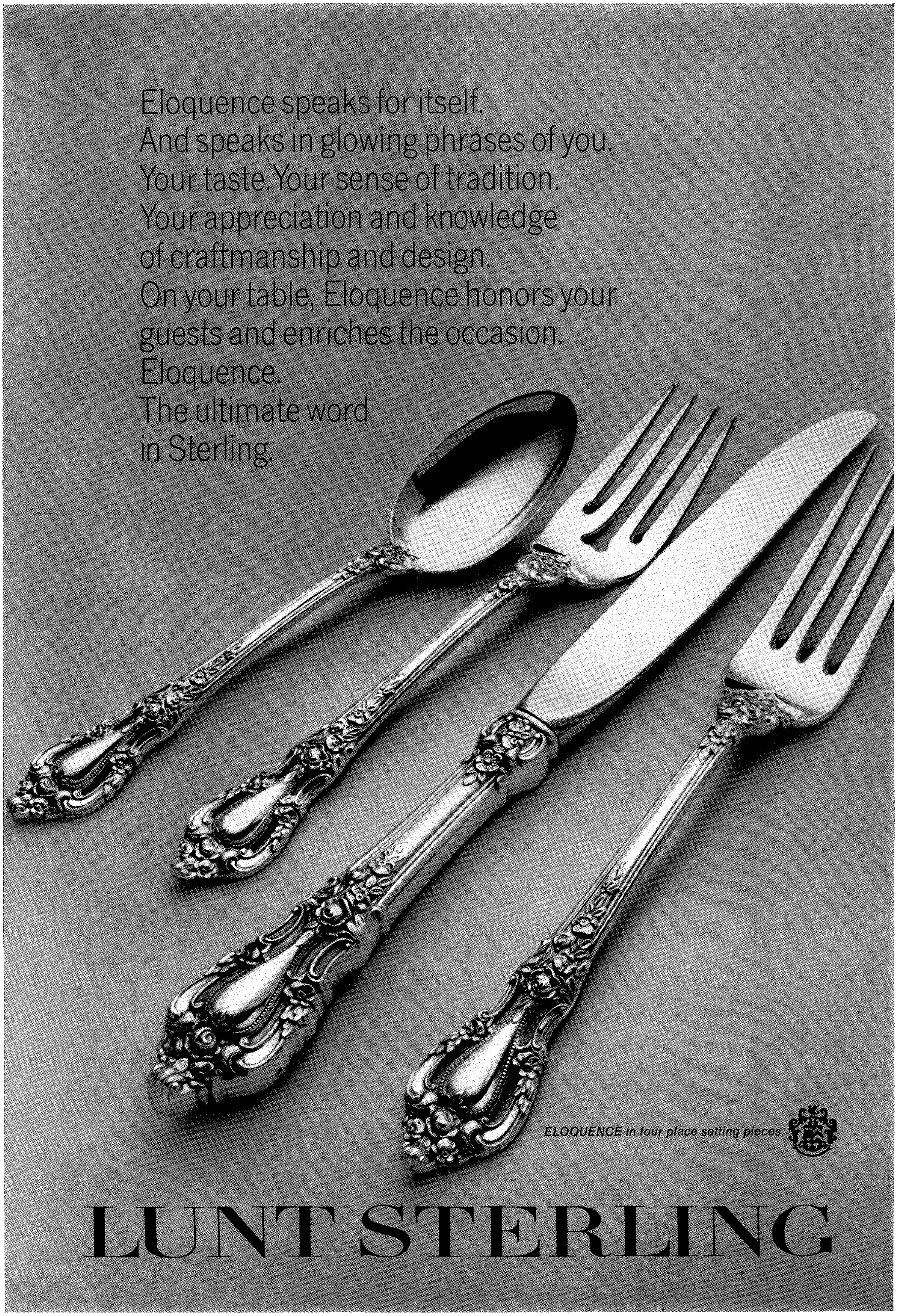

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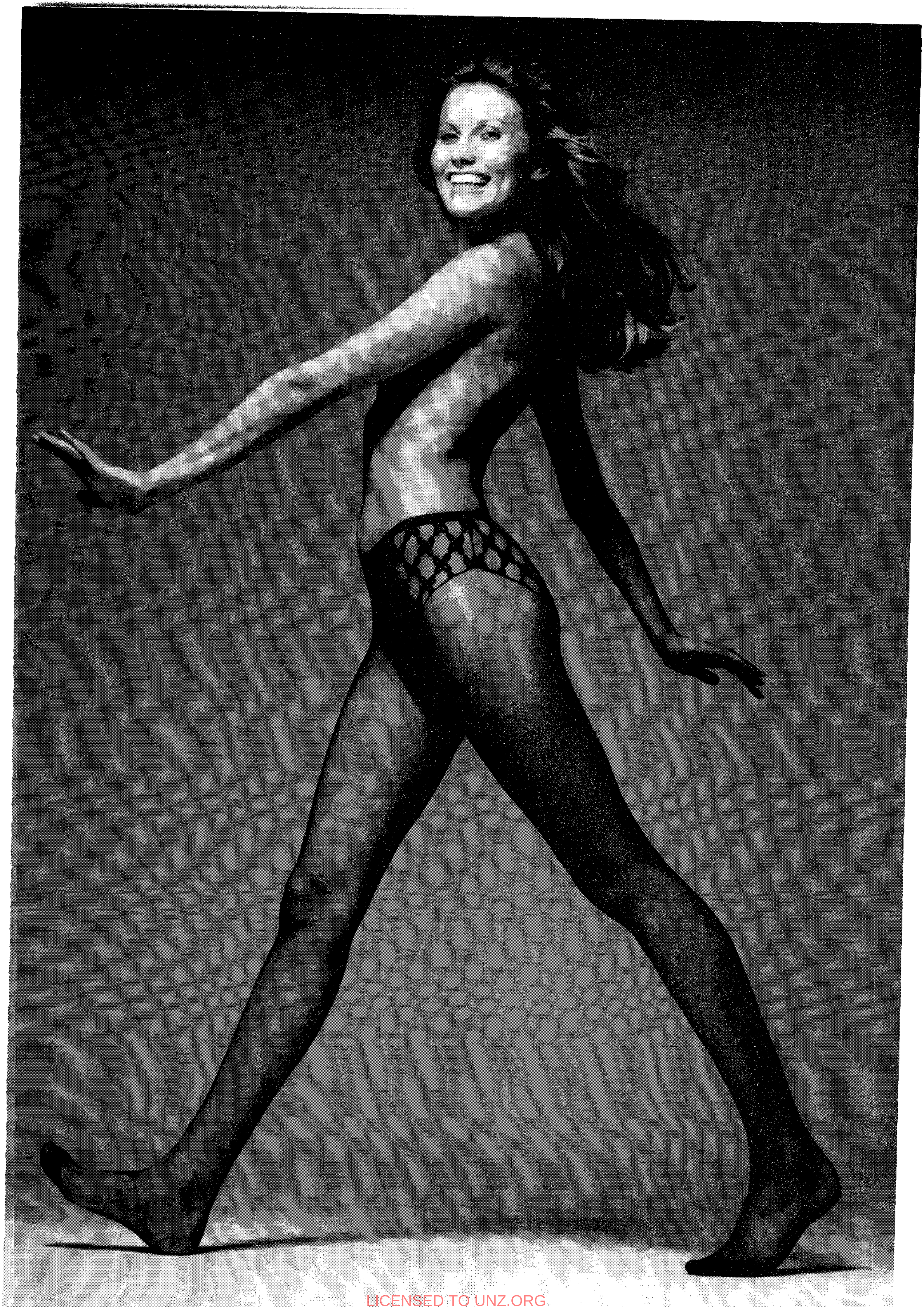

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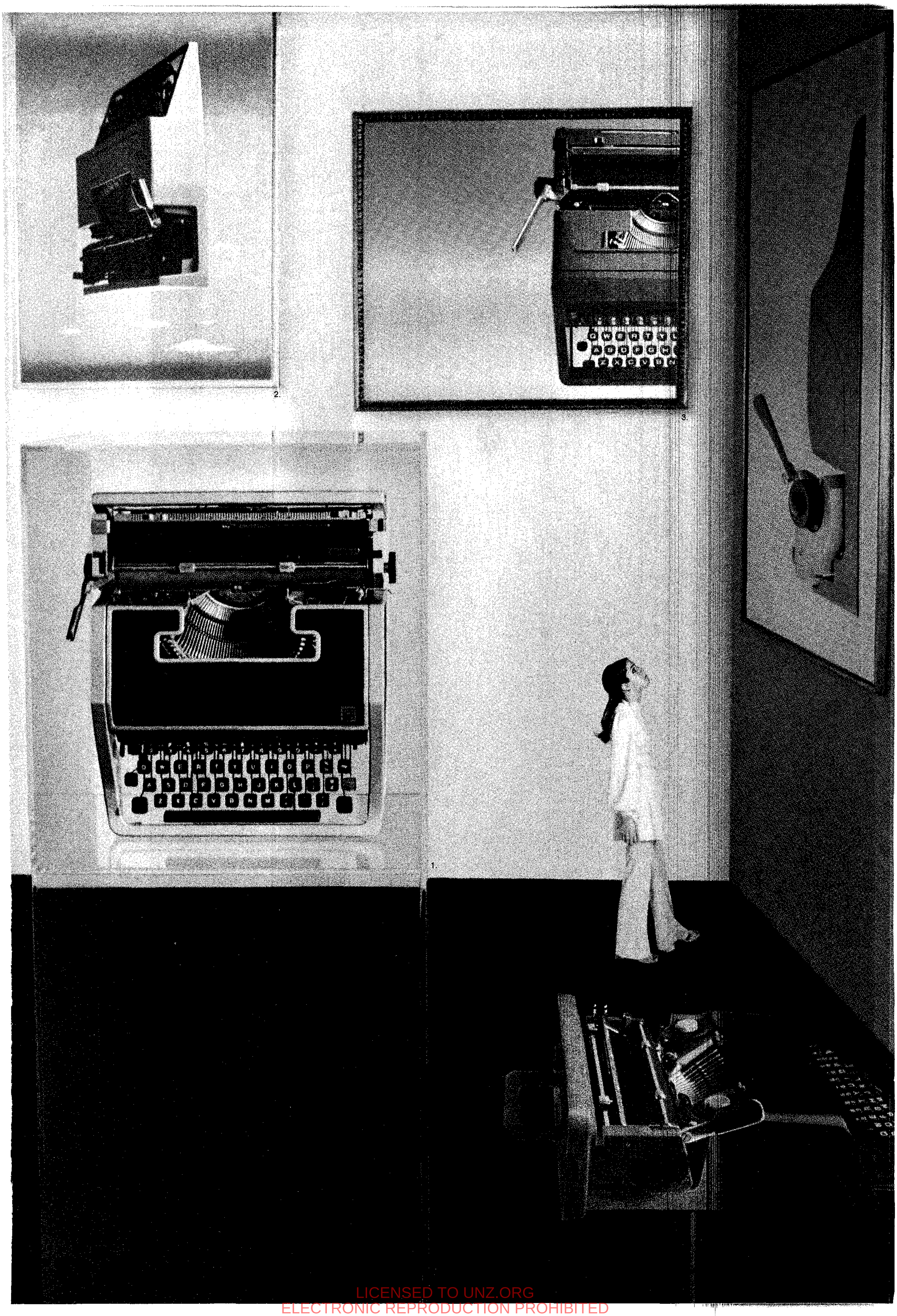
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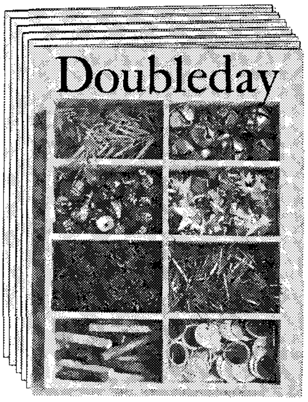

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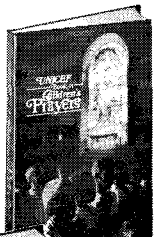

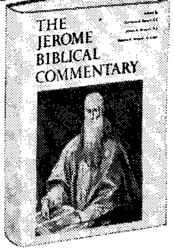

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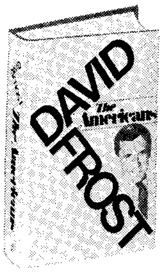

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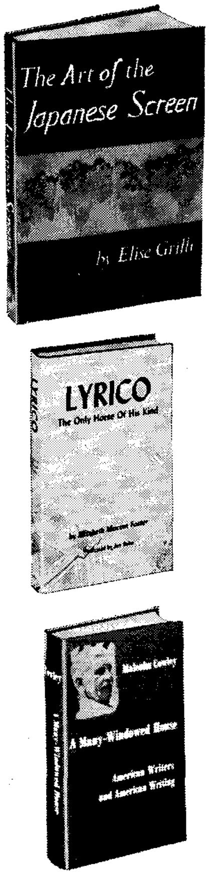

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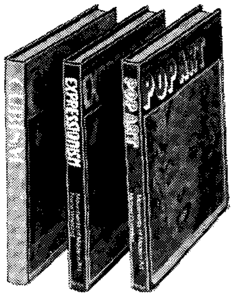
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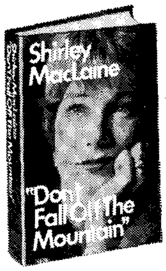
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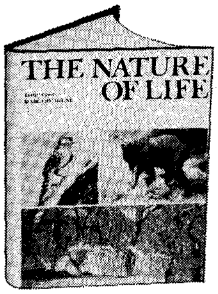
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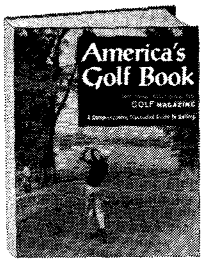
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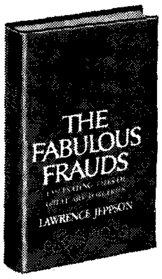
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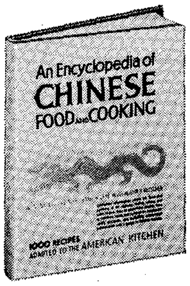
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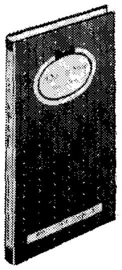

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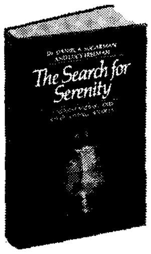
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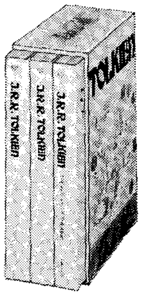
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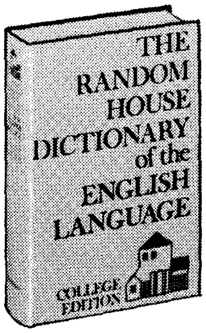
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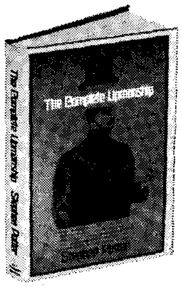

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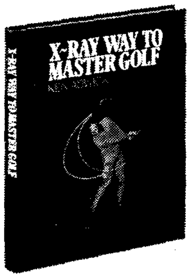
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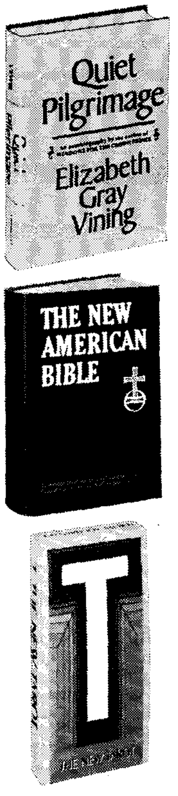

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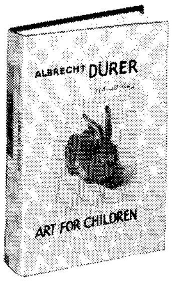
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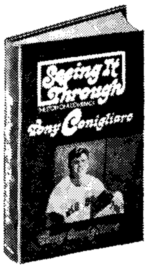
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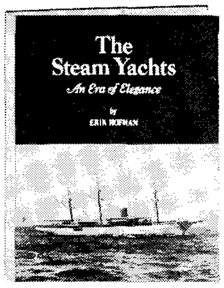
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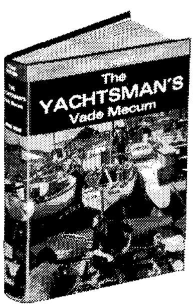
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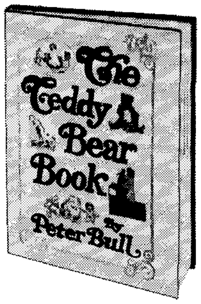
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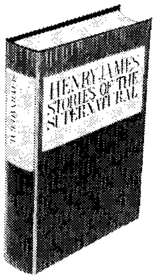
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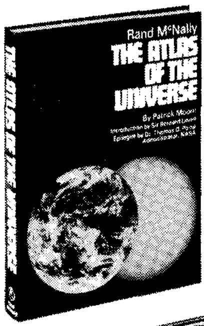
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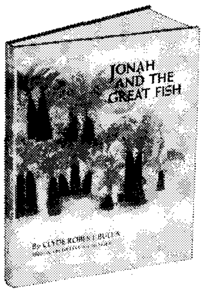
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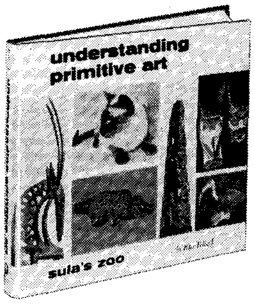
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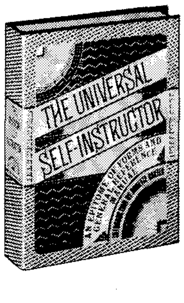
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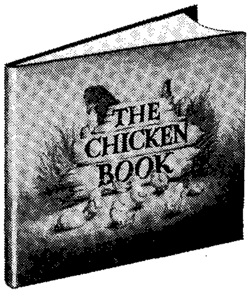
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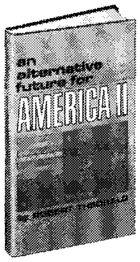
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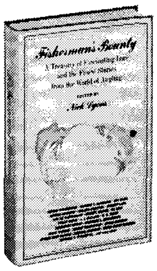
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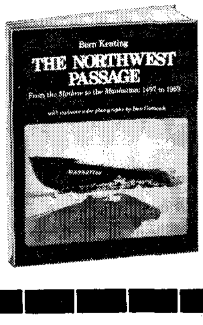
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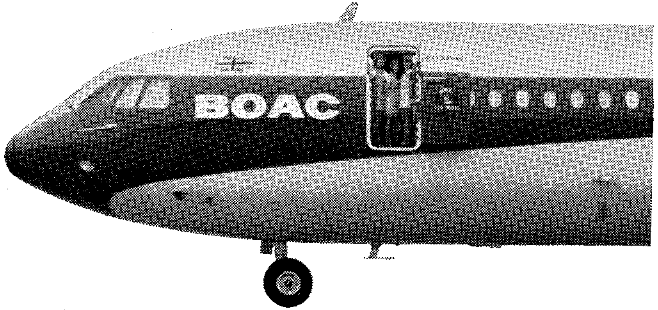

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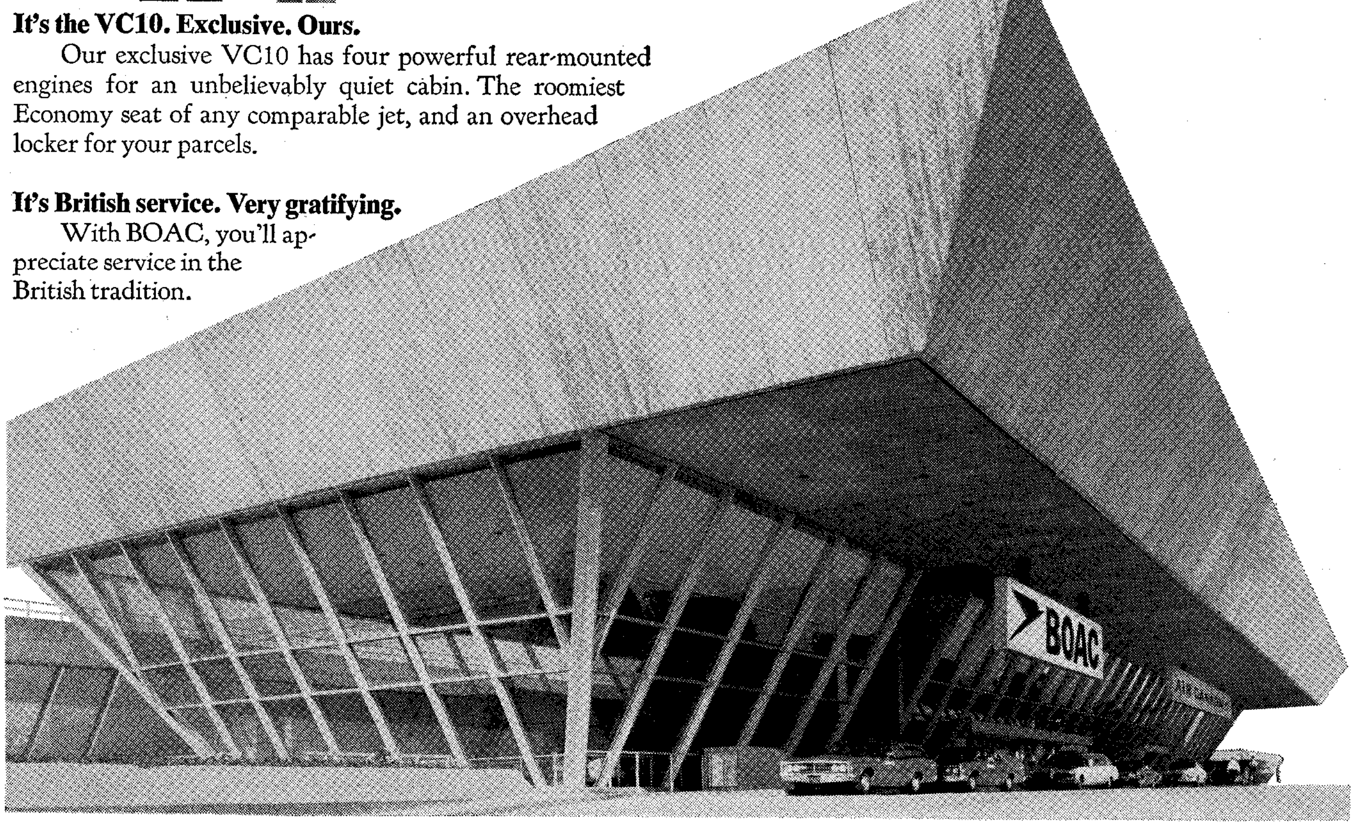

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PURE WOOL PILE
The wool mark is awarded to quality tested carpets made of pure wool pile

People who know...buy Bigelow

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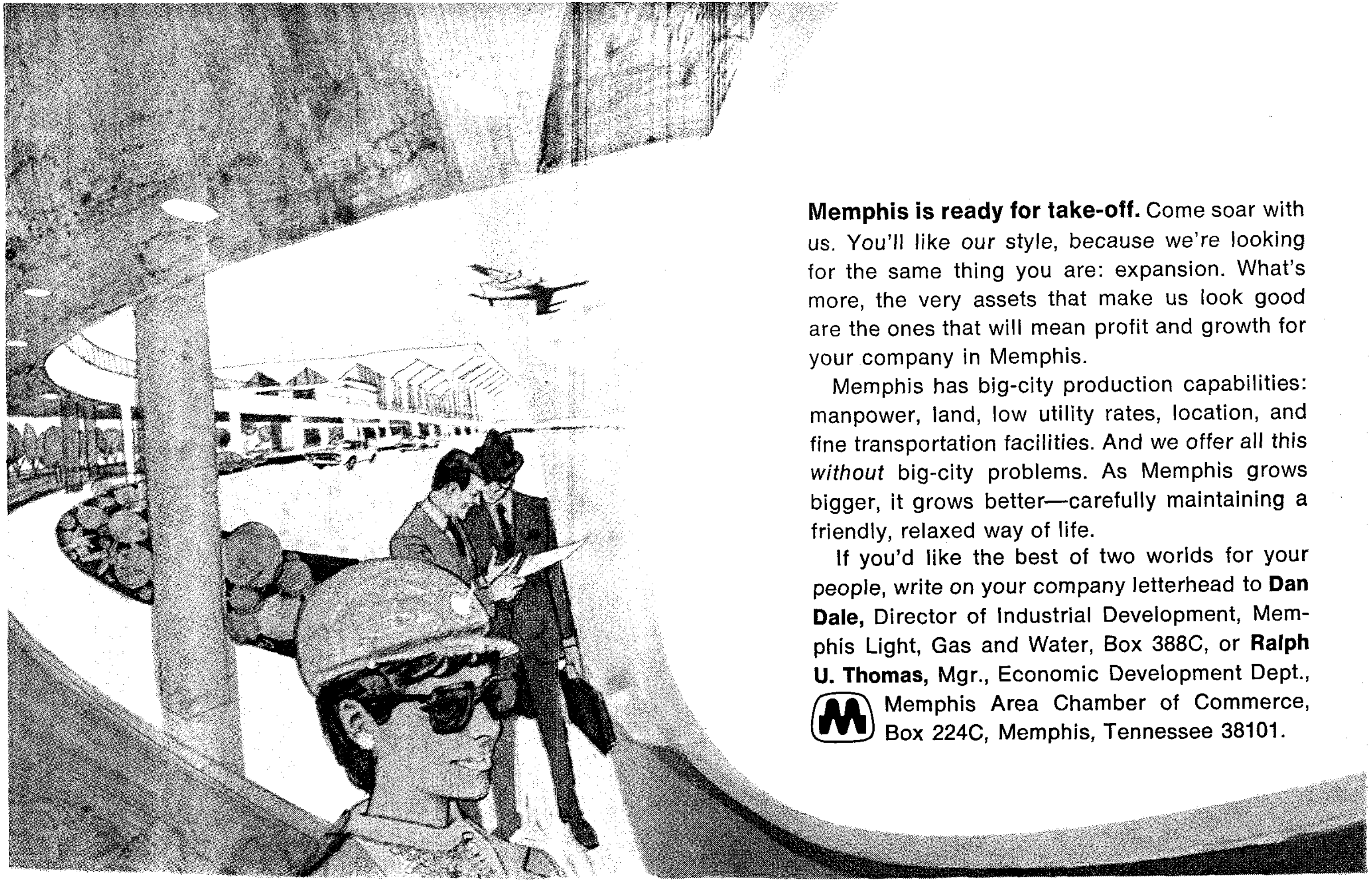

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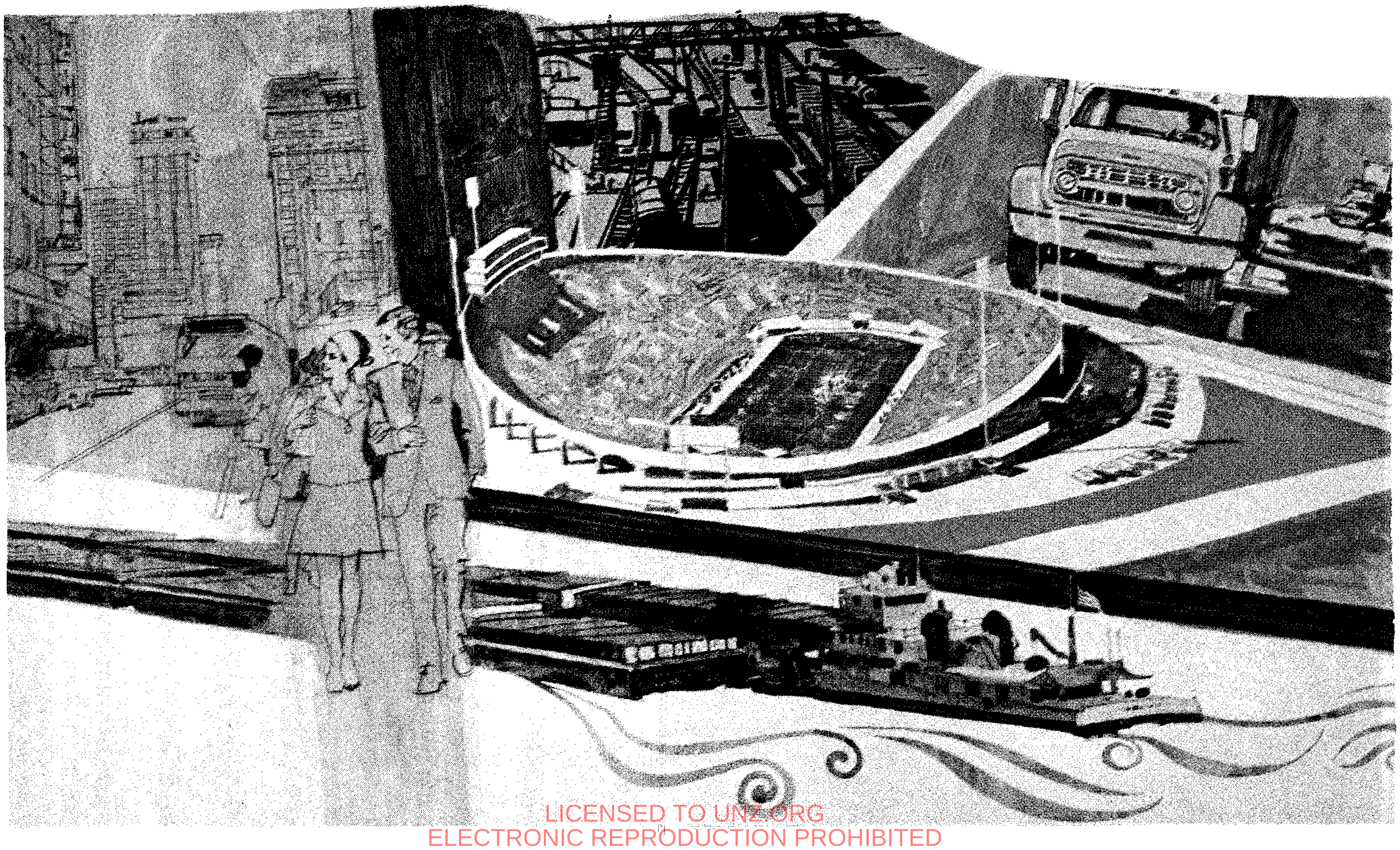
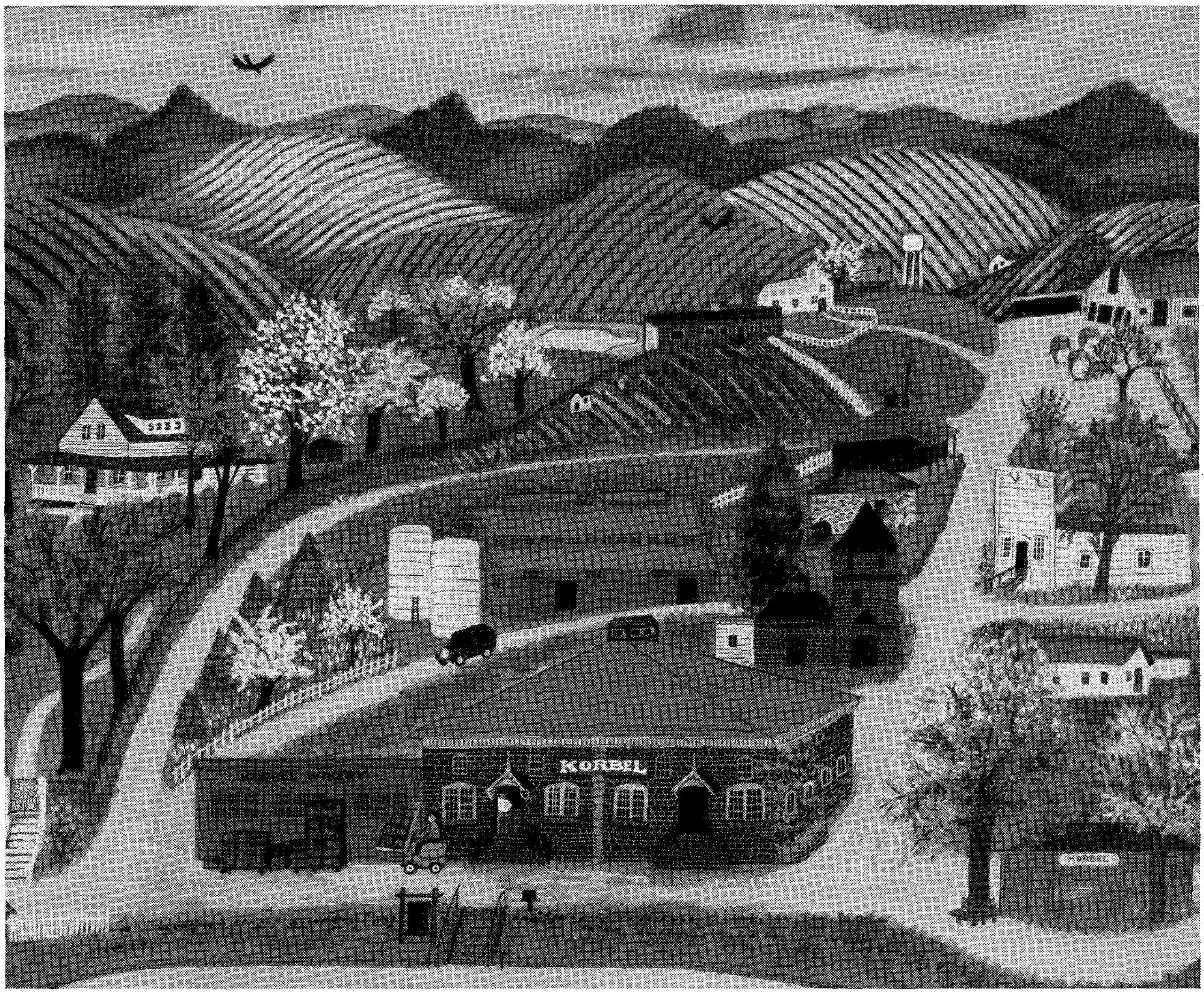
MEMPHIS

CITY OF MANAGEABLE SIZE



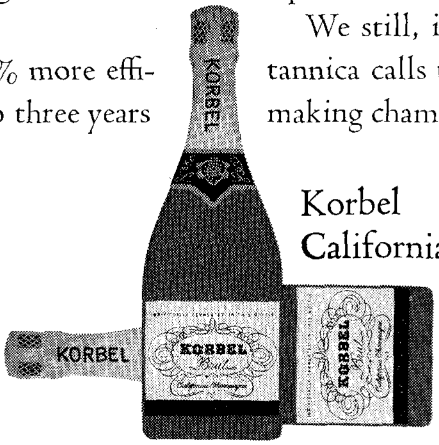

KORBEL WINERY
KORBEL
KORBEL

In 1862 it took 250 separate hand operations to make a bottle of Korbel Champagne. We now have it down to 244.

We used to have to handle each bottle of Korbel Champagne 250 times, from the time it first started to ferment in the bottle until the time it finally left our cellars. Nowadays we are a little more efficient. (We no longer stick labels on by hand, for example.)

We are, however, a mere 2.4% more efficient. We still age our wine up to three years in white oak casks. We still let it ferment and age for as much as three more years in the bottle. (The same bottle you will buy.) We still clarify each bottle individually, in order to protect its bouquet from contact with air.

We still, in short, cling to what The Britannica calls the "older, classic method" of making champagne.


KORBEL
KORBEL
KORBEL Brut California Champagne
KORBEL Brut California Champagne

Korbel
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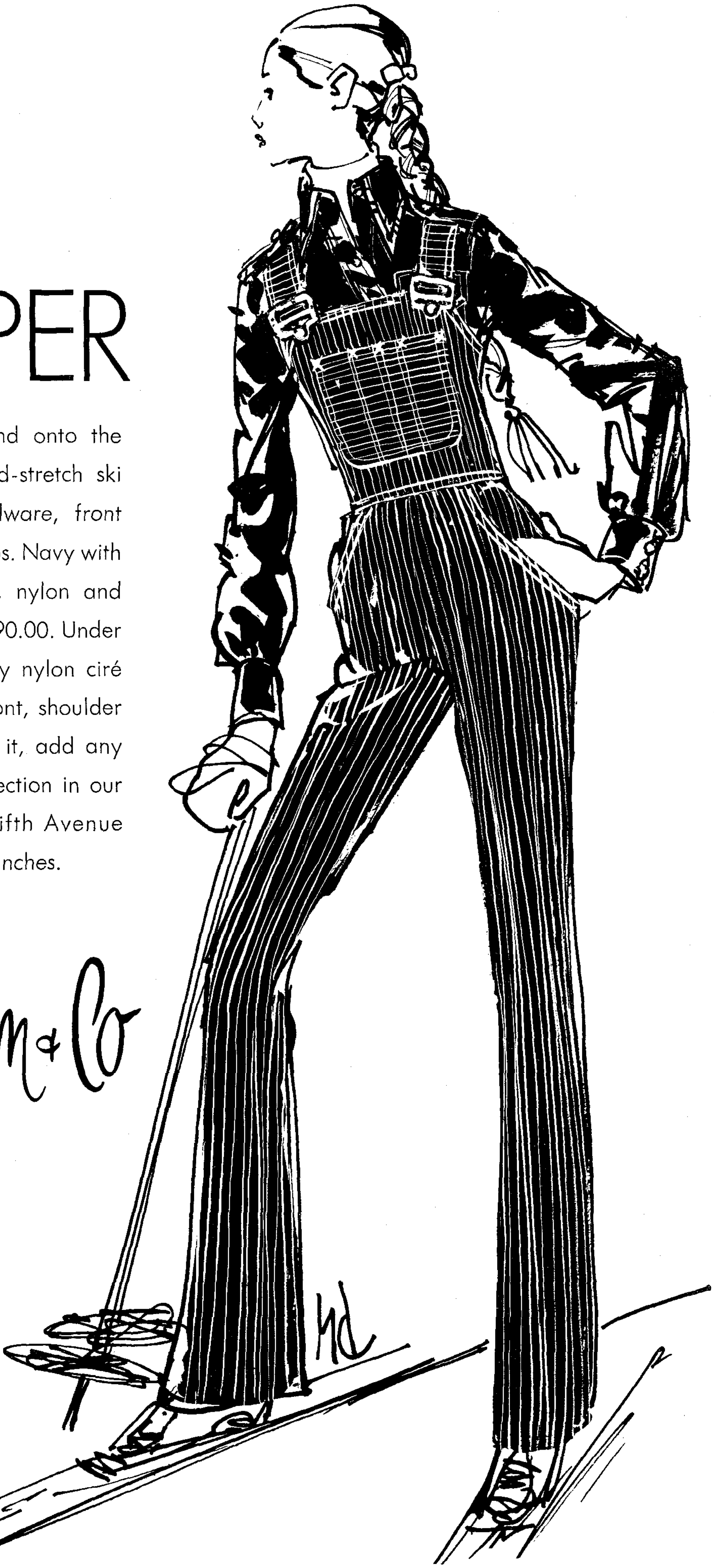
Out of the farmyard and onto the slopes, our overall-turned-stretch ski suit, with bib top, hardware, front pockets and hidden stirrups. Navy with white pinstripes in wool, nylon and Lycra® spandex. 8 to 14. 90.00. Under it, a water repellent navy nylon ciré wind shirt with button front, shoulder tabs. S-m-l. 10.00. Over it, add any parka from the new collection in our Ski Shop, third floor, Fifth Avenue (212) MU 9-7000, and branches.

B Altman & Co

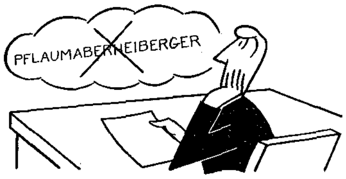


THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IS the melting pot kaput? Is all the wondrous diversity of strange names in a big, broad, and once generous country now to be squashed by the computer? Can a man no longer call his name his own? There are ominous signs that people named Zachiarzyciasiewicz or Pflaumaberheiberger or Czerniakovski-Drpzdzynski now face censorship by truncation—at least, in New Jersey. A friend has sent us a form letter he received from the Assistant Director of the New Jersey Division of Motor Vehicles, and, with a heavy heart, we pass along part of its dismal contents:



> Because of space limitations, our electronic equipment cannot produce your name on your license in the exact manner you have requested. Only one first name of not more than nine (9) letters, one middle initial, and a surname of no more than thirteen (13) letters can be printed on a driver license or registration certificate. A full middle name cannot be printed, nor can more than one middle initial be shown. Unused spaces from the first and surname fields cannot be interchanged or used in the single middle initial field.
>
> There are lengthy names which cannot be printed in their entirety. In these cases the last letters will be abandoned, spaces eliminated in compound names, and hyphens removed from hyphenated names.

McLuhan's Child

"GOIN' DOWN THE ROAD" is a movie produced and directed by a thirty-two-year-old Canadian named Donald Shebib. Most of the critics not only admired the movie; they exulted in it, as an example of a kind of trend-turner away from the current vogue for sex and violence. Some critics even became very emotional about the movie. Their reasons: it was made for $82,000, or $24,918,000 less than it cost to make "Tora! Tora! Tora!;" the film is not sophisticated; it shows real feeling for real people, and both are completely different from the people and feeling of "Easy Rider;" it tells an honest story about the adventures and frustrations of a couple of poor, inexperienced, uneducated young men from Nova Scotia who go to Toronto hoping to find a better life. Enthusiasm for the movie has been contagious among movie critics. The *Times* was prompted last week to publish a favorable review of it—a couple of weeks after the *Times*' regular movie critic had given it an unfavorable review. The favorable review was three times as long as the unfavorable one and called the movie "the most impressive new work of realist cinema in years." *Newsweek* called it "one of those movies which, with every success, assault a film establishment that too often has relied on money instead of talent."

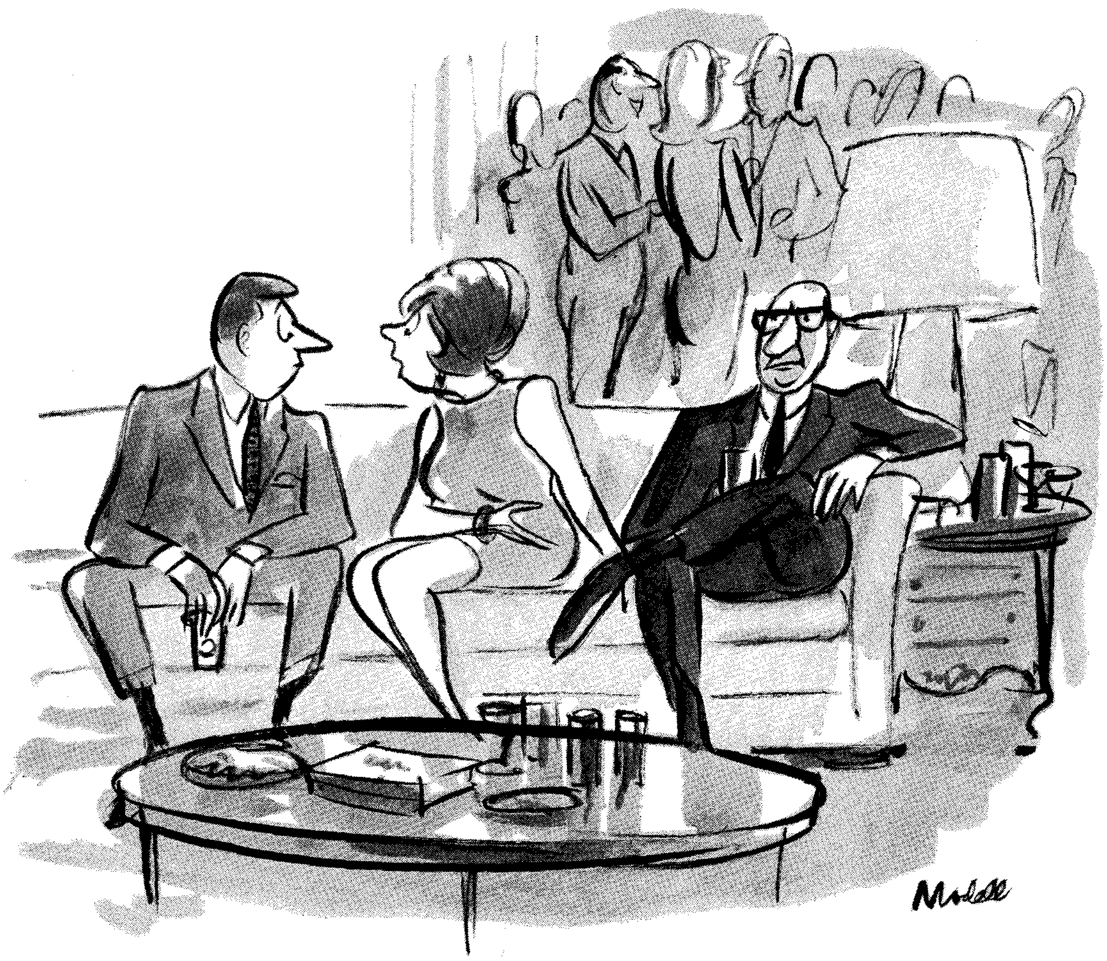
Last week, Donald Shebib came down from Toronto, where he lives, and we had a talk with him over a drink at the Algonquin, where he was staying. He is a pleasant young man, stocky and muscular, with a number of the timely props—long hair, beard, boots. He had a quiet, non-fire-breathing manner.

"What kind of name is Shebib?" we asked him.

"Lebanese," he said. "My grandfather was a chemical engineer, and he came over around 1900. There wasn't any opening for an engineer, so he went to work in a steel mill in Sydney, Nova Scotia. He spoke nine languages. He was very well educated. He died when my father was fifteen. My grandmother was basically a peasant, from Damascus. I guess their marriage was arranged. They had fifteen children. My grandmother is now eighty-seven, and she still lives in Sydney. I met her twice—once when I was ten, and again when I was sixteen. She used to make an annual pilgrimage to the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, about five hundred miles northeast of Toronto, and once she came and visited us. Another time, we made the thousand-mile trip to Sydney. My mother came from a fishing village in Newfoundland—Jersey Side, in Placentia Bay. Her father was a fisherman; he died when she was ten. My parents met in Toronto. Neither one went to high school. My father has had a lot of jobs. During the Second World War, he was a foreman in a defense plant making submarine detectors. Then he was a barber—he's been a barber, on and off, most of his life. Then he had a couple of restaurants. Last summer, he ran a variety store in a cottage area, selling things like rubber rafts and swim suits. I have one sister, a year and a half younger than I am, who teaches English in a high school in Toronto. My family moved around a lot. I graduated from De La Salle High School in Toronto. But I was pretty dumb in school. I got good marks, but I had no interests other than baseball. The way kids are today, if I'd met the kind of sixteen-year-old kid around today when I was that age, he'd have seemed like forty to me."

"What did you do after high school?" we asked.

"Got a summer job as a bank teller, for forty dollars a week," he said. "It was 1955. Then I wanted more money, so I got a job in an insurance office for fifty dollars a week. In Canada, the pressure to go to college was not as



"Mr. Harris, here, was just telling me things are going to get a lot worse before they get better."

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great then as it was in the United States. The philosophy of education was different in Canada. A university education was for a selected few. Academic requirements to get into the University of Toronto were very high. The tuition was four hundred dollars a year. But I saved up the money myself. I worked in the insurance office a year, and then I started out studying chemical engineering at the University. I stayed with it from September to Christmas. Then I quit. I didn't like it at all. It was forty-eight hours a week—six days, from nine to five. In one exam, in a Logic course, I got a grade of six out of a possible one hundred. It was the kind of course, naturally, that requires an extremely logical mind. It wasn't for me. I preferred a general yukking-it-up during class. I used to clown around a lot. So I quit college and went to work for another insurance company. I figured 'What the hell?' at the time. But I was becoming more aware of political things. And at eighteen I went through a big change in my life. I got interested in music after I bought my sister a record of 'Oklahoma!'—with Alfred Drake—for Christmas. I had been watching television for about four years; we bought our set in 1951. We got all the American channels, plus all the Canadian ones. I began to learn about things from television. For instance, the first record I bought for myself was a ten-inch Decca record of 'The Desert Song.' I had seen 'The Desert Song' on television—not one of the movie versions but a television special with Nelson Eddy—and I became more and more interested in music and operettas, and started spending a lot of money on records. I reënrolled in the University in 1957, in liberal arts, and I graduated in 1960. In my last year at college, I decided to try my hand at films, and I found out I could get into the film school at U.C.L.A. It was really television that changed my whole life."

"How?" we asked.

"It got me interested in old movies. I developed a romantic fascination with the nineteen-twenties and nineteen-thirties. I would look in the *TV Guide*, and if I saw a movie listed that was made before 1940, I would watch it. Then I found out that there were two film societies in Toronto that showed old movies, and I saw a lot of them there. The old movies got me interested in movies. One day, in my last year at college, I read in the newspaper that a producer named Julian Roffman was making a movie in Toronto. I wrote to him asking how I could get into making movies, and he wrote back advising me to go to film school at U.C.L.A."

"Did television do anything else to change your life?" we asked.

"You bet!" said Shebib. "See, I was reared a Catholic. But when I was nineteen, I gave up on the Church. Television had a program on Darwin in a series called 'The Nature of Things.' The series ran for twelve or fifteen weeks, and, believe me, it was an eye-opener for me. I wouldn't have missed a single program of it. About that time, American television was starting to come down from its glory, and Canadian television was putting on all kinds of educational programs. The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation was putting on Shakespeare. Not that I liked Shakespeare. I never have. It's always been too difficult for me to follow. I'm a real McLuhan's child. I haven't read a novel since I was twelve. I haven't done *any* reading for enjoyment in a generation. I do read the New York *Times*, but only the sports section. I get the news off television. You can go through all of life not reading at all. McLuhan gave a course in philosophy at the University of Toronto. He wasn't famous then—he just gave this course. I sat in on it instead of taking an English course. In the English courses, you had to read a book every week. To read a whole Dickens novel in a week was incredible to me. So I found out that you don't have to take English—they try to keep that quiet—and I attended McLuhan's course in philosophy. But it was more of a course in Roman Catholic philosophy, and I preferred sitting around arguing religion. I went two or three times, and then I quit. It was years afterward that I found out I was a McLuhan's child."

"How did you find out?" we asked.

"I saw him on television," Shebib said. "I never read his book. I'm such a perfect goddam McLuhan's child I couldn't even read *his* bloody book."

"Could you tell what he believes from seeing him on television?" we asked.

"You get an idea of what he's saying," Shebib said.

"How did you find life at the U.C.L.A. film school?" we asked.

"Rather scary," said Shebib. "I didn't know anything about film at all. I had a lot of insecurity about the medium. Everyone else seemed to be so much more aware of cinema than I was. Looking back, I think they were all pretty pretentious. In those days, they were sort of a beatnik crowd. Now they're hip. Very, very hip. I was actually in California for four years. Two years in the film school. My thesis was a ten-minute film called 'Revival,' which I made in Toronto in the summer of 1963. It was about a group of people who stand on street corners in Toronto and preach. I spent a good deal of my time surfing. Then I met a C.B.C. producer, Ross McLean, who asked me to make a film about surfers. It ran for twenty-five minutes and cost three thousand dollars. After that, I made six other films—all documentaries—for McLean. The one I like best is 'Good Times, Bad Times.' It's about old war veterans, about men loving each other in war. It's a very abstract film, a kind of collage made up of old war footage, war stills, and shots of members of the Canadian Legion. It's a poetic, lyrical film. I think it's a much better film than 'Goin' Down the Road.' "

"What's wrong with 'Goin' Down the Road'?" we asked.

"I'm not happy with it," Shebib said. "I just don't feel good about it."

We asked him to tell us a little about the making of the movie.

"I started working on the script in 1967, with a couple of writers, but it just wasn't right," he said. "Bill Fruet, a friend of mine who is a film editor, then said, 'Let me write it.' He finished it in the spring of 1969. I got a grant of nineteen thousand dollars from the Canadian Film Development Corporation for it. I shot it in sixteen-millimetre, in color, and then a distributor invested twenty-eight thousand dollars, so I could pay my bills. I put in five thousand dollars of my own money, and after the film was finished the C.B.C. invested thirty thousand dollars more. I'd carried the idea for the film around with me for a long time. To me, it was like 'The Grapes of Wrath.' The movie. Not the book."

"And your next film?" we asked.

"It's about the friendship of four high-school boys," Shebib said. "We'll shoot it in a big high school in Toronto. I got a hundred and fifty thousand dollars from the Canadian government for it, and a hundred and fifty thousand dollars from the distributor. But the difference between three hundred thousand dollars and eighty-two thousand dollars in making a film is more like a ratio of ten to one."

"Do you prefer making fiction films to making documentaries?" we asked.

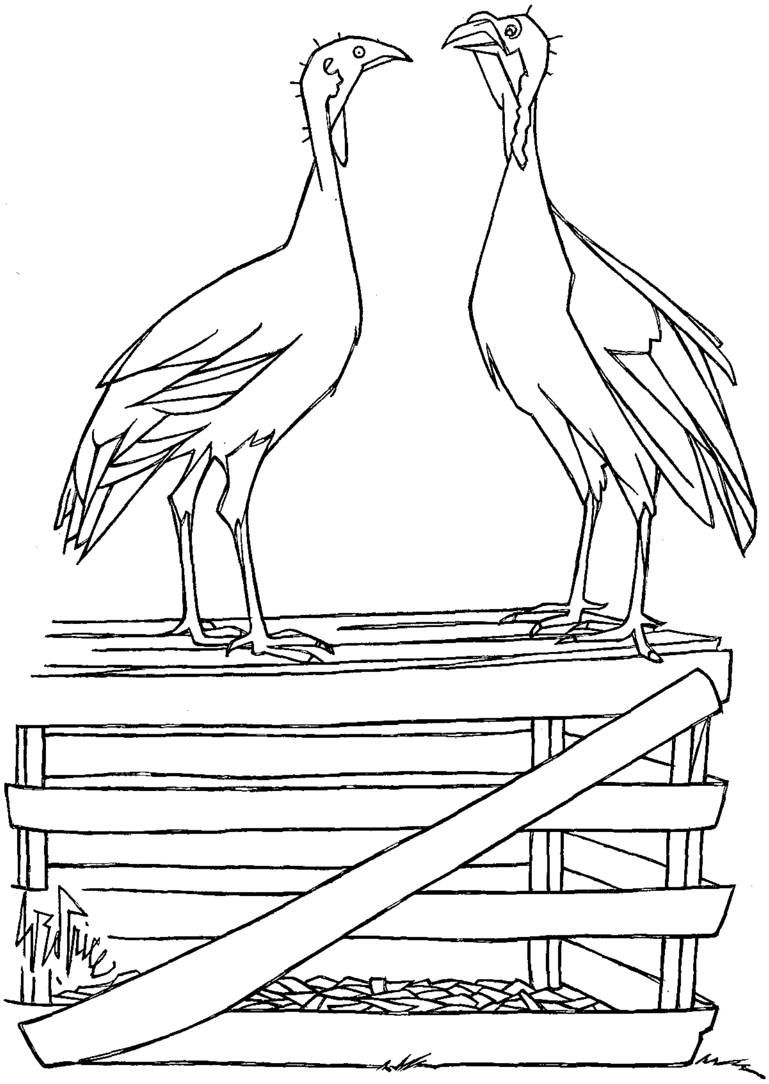
"Yes," said Shebib. "In a documentary, you're limited. In fiction, you have more control over your material. My way, however, is to let what's around me influence me, too. What I really want more than anything else is to make period films. As a kid, I read the *Classic Comics* books. All the great novels were in *Classic Comics*. Comic books are a form of movie, you know. One I read was 'The Three Musketeers.' I've never read the book. I've never read any of the books. I'd love to do 'The Three Musketeers' as a movie. You could make a film of it for a million dollars. Hollywood would spend ten million dollars, and it wouldn't be right. It would be a spectacular. Making a big film doesn't mean it can't be a personal film. I'd get down to the nitty-gritty of life in the seventeenth century. They made 'They Shoot Horses, Don't They?' for maybe five million dollars, and it wasn't right. It was supposed to be about the nineteen-thirties, but there was no feel of the nineteen-thirties about it. It looked like the nineteen-sixties. I feel I could make a film of 'The Three Musketeers' and it would be right."

"How do you know, if you've never read the book?" we asked.

"The comic book is deadly faithful to the book," Shebib said.

"How do you know?" we asked.

"I can guess," he said. "You can guess what the feeling of the book was."



"I have this recurring dream about reclining on a bed of wild rice."

Fruit of the Sea

A FRIEND in Simsbury, Connecticut, reports that while shopping in a local supermarket the other day she was somewhat shaken to come

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upon a sign reading "Lamb Chop Special—Ocean-Fresh to You."

The Postmaster

IN 1921, William Faulkner, then aged twenty-four, became postmaster of University, Mississippi. He remained in that job until 1924, at which time he was fired. Shortly before the Post Office Department let him go, it sent him a letter, which, in a roundabout fashion, has reached our hands, and which, to our knowledge, has not been published before. We print it in full, for whatever light it throws on the literary life:

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT
Office of Inspector
Corinth, Mississippi

Mark Webster, Inspector
Case No. 133733-C
September 2, 1924.

SUBJECT: UNIVERSITY MISSISSIPPI: Charges vs the postmaster; neglects official duties; indifferent to interests of patrons; mistreatment of mail, etc.

Mr. William C. Faulkner
Postmaster
University, Mississippi.

DEAR SIR:

The following charges have been made against you as postmaster at University, Mississippi:

1. That you are neglectful of your duties, in that you are a habitual reader of books and magazines, and seem reluctant to cease reading long enough to wait on the patrons; that you have a book being printed at the present time, the greater part of which was written while on duty at the postoffice; that some of the patrons will not trust you to forward their mail, because of your past carelessness and these patrons have their neighbors forward same for them while away on their vacations; that you have failed to forward and properly handle mail for various patrons of the office, some of whom follows: M. G. Pasuer, Rev. W. I. Hargis, Miss M. W. Means, W. A. Scarbrough, Jimmy Jones, Judge Heminway and many others; that you have closed up the box of John Savage and others after they had paid their box rent and you had receipted them; that you returned COD parcel No. W22705, from John Ward, Mens Shoes, New York City, addressed to H. E. Ray Jr., after he had given you an order in person and left ten cents in money to forward to him at 924 Filmore Street, Corinth, Miss., and you had notified him for postage and he sent you postage from Corinth as per your order, yet the parcel was returned to senders marked "unclaimed."

2. That in addition to the above careless handling of mail you failed to deliver a letter to Jimmy Jones until after he had gone to your father (who is Secretary of University of Mississippi), and got a note regarding the delivery of same (Jones being a well known patron of your office); that on another occasion a contractor working at the University was compelled to get your father to help him get a package out of the office, which you had held for two or three days; that you placed two or three letters in the box of Mr. R. L. Sullivan (the box next to Chancellor Hume's box), which had been written to Mrs. Hume by Dr. Hume while away from home, and since Mr. Sullivan was away on his vacation these letters remained in the box of Sullivan, until placed in the box of Chancellor Hume by Assistant Postmaster Bell, some three or four days after Dr. Hume had returned home and had made considerable inquiry concerning same.

3. That you are indifferent to interest of patrons, unsocial, and rarely ever speak to patrons of the office unless absolutely necessary; that you do not give the office the proper attention, opening and closing same at your convenience; that you can be found playing golf during office hours.

4. That you mistreat mail of all classes, including registered mail; that you have thrown mail with return postage guaranteed and all other classes in the garbage can by the side entrance, near the rear door, which was addressed to the following patrons: F. E. Farquer, Howard B. Wallace, Wm. Ross Kennedy, University Store, Dean J. H. Dorrah, University of Miss. Hospital, Gordon Hall Boarding House, Alex L. Bonduarant, Mississippian, William R. Raley, Ricks Hall, Mrs. J. W. Harris, W. G. Kirkpatrick, Ike Edwards, Mrs. R. J. Shlhran, Forrest Woods, J. W. Bergman, C. O. Harris, Traber Dobbins, T. H. Samdrelette, Mrs. P. E. Irley, Chas. C. Evans, Taswdl P. Haney, Robt. Cannon, Walter Dement, R. E. Wilson and others; that this has gotten to be such a common occurrence that some patrons have gone to this garbage can to get their magazines, should they not be in their boxes when they looked for them.

5. That you do not prepare return receipts when requested by senders of registered mail; that you have two registered letters of foreign origin on hand that have been held since December 1921, and February 1922, that you have lost registered letter No. 104, from Arena, Miss., addressed to Mr. E. S. Roberts, and that you have carelessly handled several other registered letters.

6. That you do not give postage due mail proper attention, one instance being when a letter addressed to Rev. W. I. Hargis by Bank of Oxford, was held several days without notice being placed in addressees box, later being called for and delivered to senders.

7. That you have permitted the following unauthorized persons to have access to the workroom of the office: Dick Bell, D. B. Holmes, Jimmy Jones, M. A. Pigford and others, and have permitted card playing in the office.

You will please advise me in writing, within five days from this date, stating whether the charges are true, in part or wholly so, and show cause, if any, why you should not be removed. Failure to receive a reply in this prescribed time, will be deemed as evidence that you have no defense to offer, and action will be taken accordingly.

Respectfully yours,
MARK WEBSTER
Postoffice Inspector
Corinth, Mississippi

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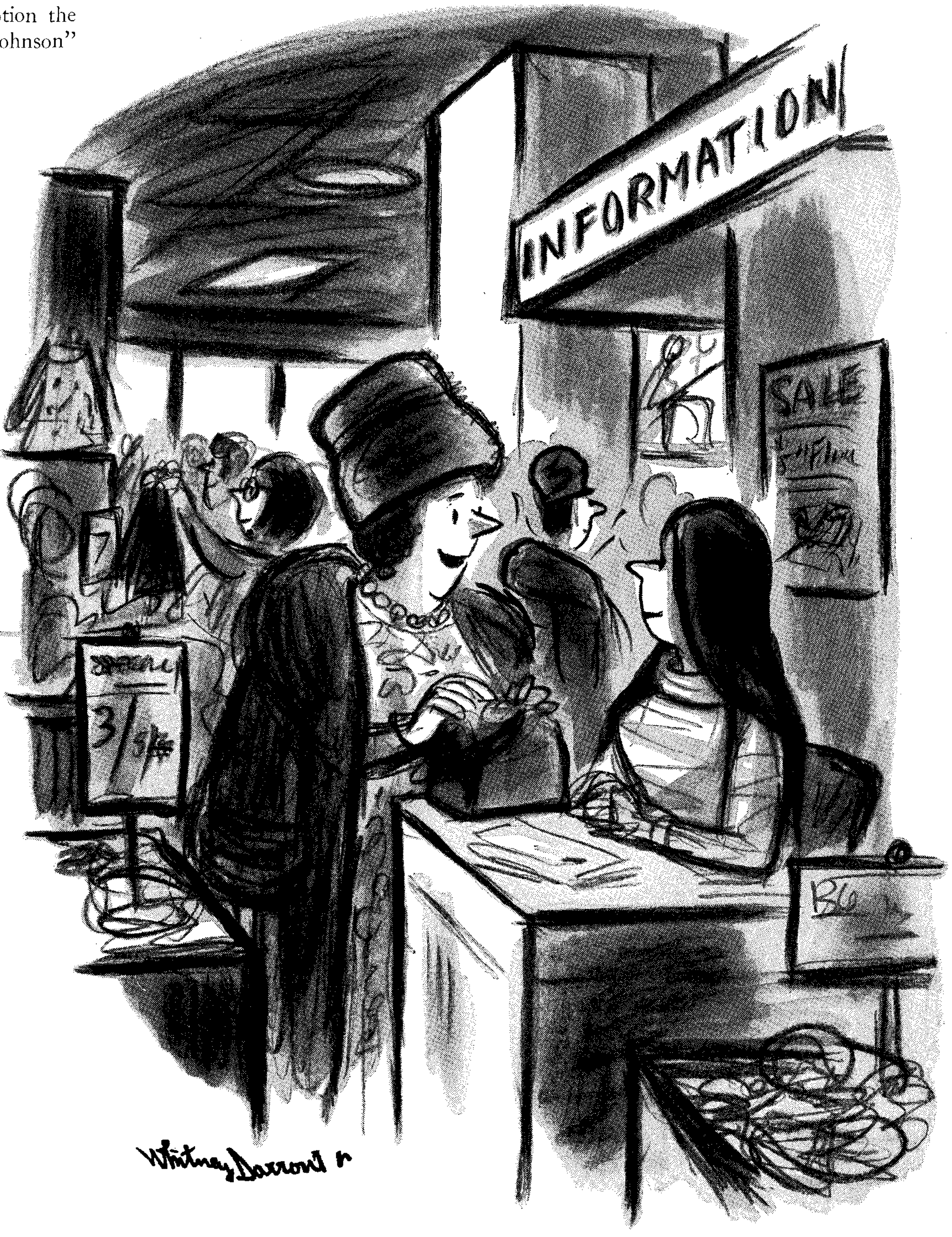
A LADY we know who arrived at the Port Authority Bus Terminal one morning last week from the Poconos reports that the holding pattern familiar to all air travellers now applies to surface transportation—that her bus went through the lower depths of the Terminal and around the block five times before finding an empty slot to pull into in order to park and disgorge its passengers.

Lame Duck

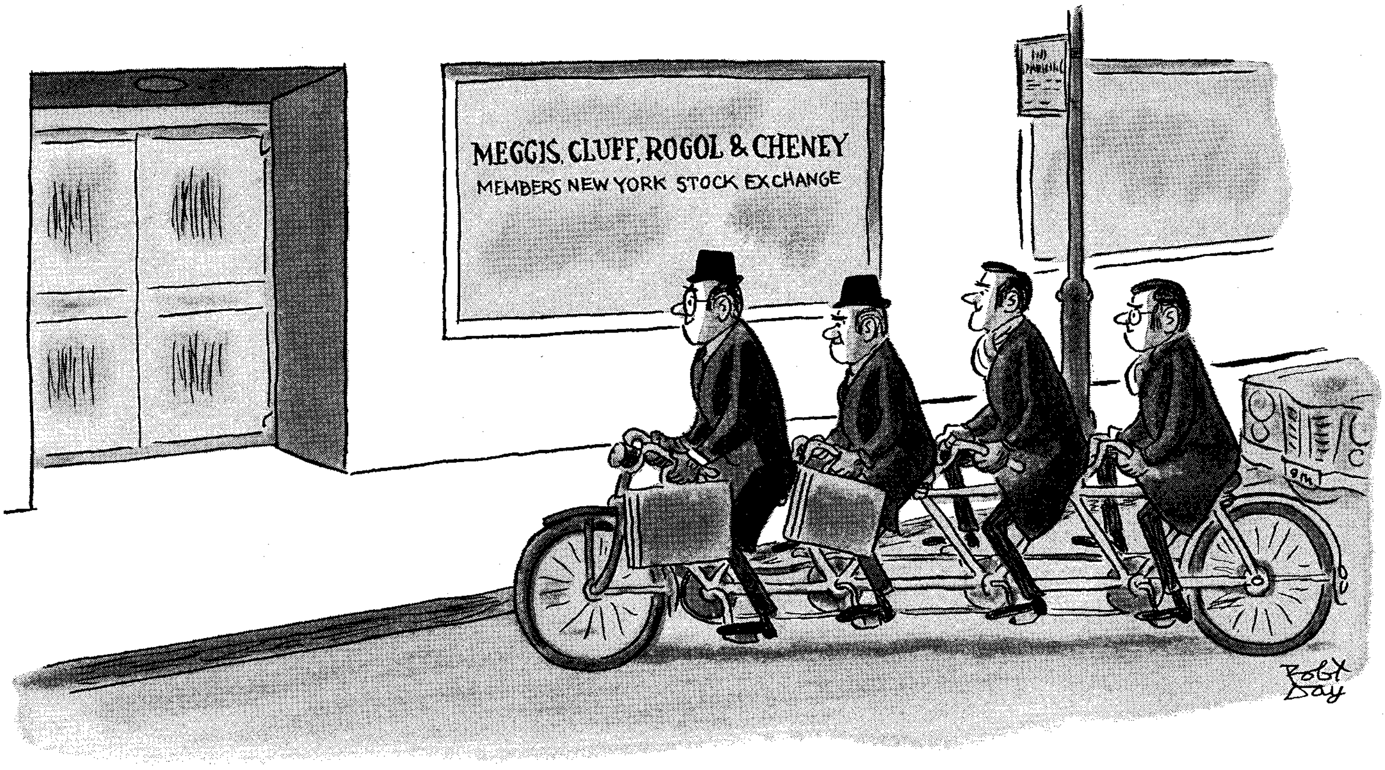
ONE of the noteworthy results of this month's elections was the defeat of Allard K. Lowenstein, the freshman representative from this state's Fifth Congressional District, in Nassau County. Mr. Lowenstein, a Democrat, is best known for his activities in 1967 and 1968, when he set in motion the events leading to the "Dump Johnson" movement, the Presidential candidacies of Eugene McCarthy and Robert Kennedy, and the Children's Crusade. He was in politics in the broad sense—mostly as a kind of one-man civil-liberties committee, with branches in South Africa, Spain, and Mississippi—before he ever thought of public office, and he is certain to remain in politics in the same way.

We've been over the returns for the Fifth District in more detail than the Election Night television bulletins permitted, and the figures show that while Mr. Lowenstein lost the election, he ran a considerably stronger race than he did in 1968, when he won. What happened between 1968 and 1970 was that the Republican-controlled state legislature redrew the boundaries of the district, eliminating the heavily Democratic Five Towns area and adding heavily Republican and Conservative areas, including the village of Massapequa. Had the voting followed the pattern of two years ago, Mr. Lowenstein would have lost by twenty-five thousand votes; as it was, he lost by about eight thousand, and he ran some twenty thousand votes ahead of the Democratic ticket. His vote on the Democratic line exceeded by about five thousand that of his opponent—Norman Lent, a state senator—on the Republican line. Mr. Lent's margin of victory came from his votes on the Conservative line, where he was helped by the extremely strong showing of that party's successful candidate for the United States Senate, James Buckley.

We had a talk with Mr. Lowenstein a week after Election Day and asked him what he thought the consequences of his defeat would be. "The fact that I lost worries me less than the possibility that the results in my district will be misread," he said. "One of the most satisfying aspects of the campaign for me was that I had the opportunity to go down to Washington in the middle of it and vote against the crime bill and the military-appropriations bill. A lot of people came up to me on the floor and said, 'For God's sake, don't vote against these bills, Al! You'll never survive.' I think the figures show something quite different, which is that you *can* stand against the war and against the Administration's way of dealing with the so-called social issue and you *can* survive in the face of that. My physical presence in the House, continuing to vote as I voted before, would have been the best reminder of that, but if the message can be got across



"I'd like to purchase something, but I don't know what."


NO PARKING
MEGGIS, CLUFF, ROGOL & CHENEY
MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE
Robt Day

• •

that I was not in fact defeated because of the stands I took, the danger that what happened will weaken people's backbones will be less."

"How about the students? Did they help you?" we asked.

"Enormously," Mr. Lowenstein said. "Two of the great myths of this campaign were that the students weren't interested and that where they did take part they were a liability, especially in blue-collar areas. A lot of the very considerable resistance to the Republican-Conservative tide in the Fifth District is clearly traceable to the fact that day after day hundreds of extraordinary kids were out canvassing. I think the campaign demonstrated the falsity of the notion that kids and blue-collar workers are somehow natural enemies."

We asked about the character of the campaign, and Mr. Lowenstein said, "There was an ominous warning in this campaign, and that is that the ugliness can get so intense that it confuses great numbers of voters."

Having followed Mr. Lowenstein's fortunes off and on through the fall, we remembered that his opponent, Mr. Lent, had taken his cue from the Nixon-Agnew campaign against "permissiveness" and the like, and had carried the theme to limits not exceeded anywhere in the country. Among other things, Mr. Lowenstein found himself accused of being "an echo of Hanoi," "an inflamer of youth," and "the chief apologist for the Black Panthers"—odd accusations all, since Mr. Lowenstein is a convinced anti-Communist, the leading advocate of student participation in electoral politics, and a critic of the Panthers' infatuation with violence, and since these stands have resulted in much ill feeling toward him on the extreme left.

"The possibility exists that the same thing might happen that happened in the nineteen-fifties, when people were swept away by distortions," Mr. Lowenstein continued. "The fact that this approach was used here in the suburbs of New York City this year was a surprise to me. In the case of the Fifth District, I think it's important to stress that while it hurt us in areas where we weren't able to get the facts to people, it wouldn't have worked without the gerrymander. It didn't work in the country at large, and I don't think it will work in 1972. You just can't gerrymander the whole country."

"How do you account for Buckley's victory?" we asked.

"I think what the Buckley thing shows is that people are looking less for a specific program than for a certain kind of approach. People would come up to me during the campaign and say, 'I don't know who's right about the war, you or Buckley, but you both stand up for what you believe in and I'll vote for both of you.' Maybe that's why Buckley and I carried a lot of the same election districts. The Buckley vote has been interpreted as a vote for Nixon, but to a great degree it was a vote against the status quo. Buckley's slogan 'Isn't it about time *we* had a Senator' had racial overtones in some people's minds, but I think its effectiveness was due to its anti-Establishmentarian tone. As far as 1972 is concerned, the point to be made is that Nixon is not Buckley. The kind of appeal Buckley made—the personal charisma, character, and image of courage that he substituted for programs—would be out of the question for Nixon. The lesson of the Buckley victory is that we can't run away from the positions that have to be taken. Not only would that be morally wrong; it would also be politically stupid, because the voters can sense that kind of cowardice, and it's exactly the opposite of what they're looking for."

"What about your own plans?" we asked.

"In personal terms, I don't really have any, beyond attending the lame-duck session of Congress. The lame ducks like me will quack, and the lame quacks will duck. In political terms, I'm going to work, beginning right away, to see to it that the ugliness that was unleashed all over the country is turned out of office in 1972. We have taken the measure of these people, and they can be defeated."

•

OVERHEARD on Madison Avenue, one middle-aged lady to another: "New York has lost its nostalgia."

SLOW DOWN—DANGEROUS FOOTLIGHTS AHEAD

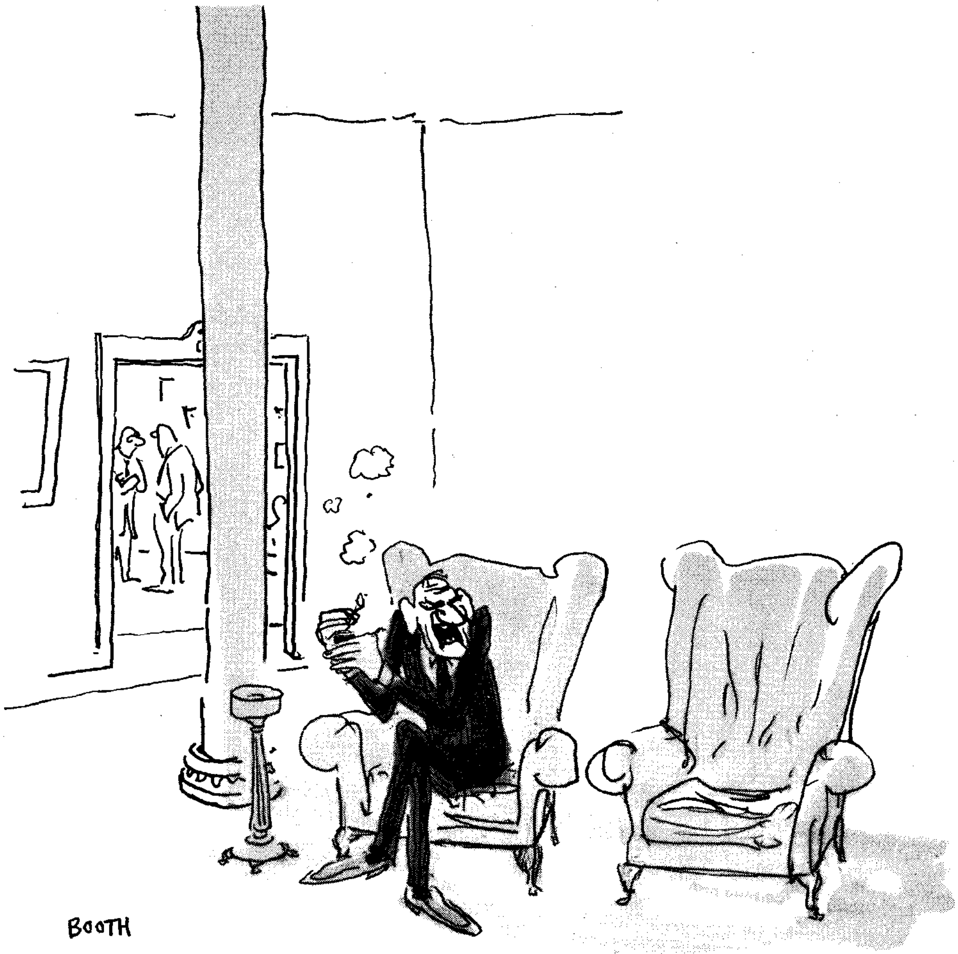
APART from flensing whales aboard a factory ship in the Arctic, or pedalling a pyramid of fellow-acrobats on a unicycle across the high wire, few professions seem to me more gruelling than that of the actor. To spend one's waking life haunting producers' offices in search of a part; to subsist on endless containers of coffee in darkened theatres awaiting some director's pleasure; to rehearse with no assurance that the play will last beyond opening night—what other calling requires so much stamina and dedication? Only a person with Job-like patience, the most sanguine outlook, and the constitution of an ox could withstand the erosion of a stage career. And, as if the actor's existence weren't already rigorous enough, indications have been forthcoming lately that his very life may be in hazard. Yes, alarming though it sounds, under certain conditions the poor soul runs the risk of mayhem, if not total annihilation.

The first of these portents appeared in, of all places, the *Irish Times*, and read as follows: "The French actress Madeleine Robinson's allegedly too earnest rendering of the angry wife in Edward Albee's 'Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?' will cost her 75,000 francs (£6,250) if a Paris court grants her partner's demands. Raymond Gerome, who played opposite her at the Paris Theatre de la Rennaisance from 1964 to 1966, has sued her for damages, claiming that he suffered a nervous breakdown and finally had to give up his part. Mlle. Robinson, his lawyer told the court, added her own insults to the script and threw a shoe at him harder than was necessary." Exactly how hard the script specified that the shoe be thrown, and whether Mlle. Robinson auditioned her insults in court to prove they were up to Albee's standard the dispatch neglected to say. It was abundantly clear, though, that everyone who saw that Paris production got his money's worth and more.

Quite as significant, and illustrative of the perils that lie in wait for the mummer, was an item from the other side of the world, in the New York *Times*, which ran thus: "JULIUS CAESAR ROLE PROVES 'TOO BLOODY' FOR AN ACTOR. Melbourne, Australia (AP)—The stabbing scene in 'Julius Caesar' was just a bit too lifelike, or deathlike, for Brian Muir, an actor. Playing the Roman emperor, Mr. Muir slumped to the stage floor after being stabbed. 'Blood' from bags hidden in his clothing flowed freely—and so did his own. His assailants had wielded their knives too enthusiastically, wounding Mr. Muir in the arm. A tourniquet stemmed the flow sufficiently for him to continue through the next scene." Here again the report is woefully incomplete. One wonders what engendered so much zest in Muir's colleagues. Was it merely high spirits or was there a substratum of professional jealousy? I suppose we shall never know. Those Australians are a close-mouthed lot.

Between ourselves, such contretemps are no great revelation to me; I learned years ago, at first hand, how dangerous a path the actor treads. The circumstance that brought it about was a revue I was involved in produced by a social butterfly named Thurston Murk. Both in appearance and in disposition, Murk was the embodiment of George Randolph Chester's Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford. A natty, bibulous individual whose facile charm concealed a wide streak of larceny, Murk specialized in promoting funds from Park Avenue friends to back his Broadway ventures. In "Pousse-Café," as the revue was called, he scored what he regarded as a dazzling coup—he persuaded two wealthy families who had feuded through an entire century to invest in the show. For its components, he similarly bamboozled a composer, a lyricist, a scene designer, a choreographer, and myself, the author of the sketches, with visions of a run longer than "Chu Chin Chow" and fabulous royalties.

Like most theatrical enterprises, this one began on a note of optimism so shrill as to be nearly deafening. Everybody agreed that the songs and skits were inspired and that the stars chosen to headline the show, Robby Spark and Lily Beecham, would draw capacity audiences even if they were to read portions of the telephone book. (At Murk's insistence, I tried writing a skit on that theme, but it failed to jell.) Spark was a dynamic bantam of a man, a graduate of burlesque and vaudeville, whose stage makeup consisted of painted spectacles, a canary-colored box coat, and a cane with which he thwacked the scenery and bystanders indiscriminately. Miss Beecham, in contrast, was the epitome of el-



"How long have you been gone now, Templeton?"

egance—a pert and saucy creature of unshakable aplomb, who could utter a low-comedy line with bombshell effect. Both of them expressed unrestrained delight at their material; not since the days of Gilbert and Sullivan, they assured the composer and the lyricist, had performers been entrusted with songs as melodious or words as scintillating. As for my contribution, our principals professed themselves unable to read their dialogue without doubling up with merriment. Each took me aside to express wonder at my artistry, which I gathered was awesome. Altogether, it looked as if "Pousse-Café" was off to an auspicious start.

By the second week of rehearsals, the picture had altered considerably. Michael Molesworth, a drama professor Murk had imported from Idaho State University to direct the piece, was visibly overwhelmed by the assignment. Though he had won numerous plaudits in academic circles for his revivals of Hauptmann, Wedekind, and Strindberg, the complexities of assembling a Broadway revue unnerved him. Endeavoring to exert his authority, he rejected half the score, infuriating its creators, and provoked fits of hysteria in the choreographer, a stormy Russian lady, with the charge that her ballets were plagiarized from "Chauve-Souris." Of my sketches only one remained, Molesworth having pronounced the rest coarse and humdrum and substituted in their stead five poetic playlets by Percy MacKaye and Lady Gregory. His panic naturally communicated itself to the company, with disastrous results to its discipline. Members of the cast stood about like Talmudic scholars, debating the validity of lines, musical passages, and dance steps. Spark and Miss Beecham, frightened that a debacle was impending, sent out appeals for the management to intervene. Murk, however, could not be reached. The two families backing the show had revived their feud, each threatening to withdraw its investment as long as the other participated, and Murk was feverishly trying to mollify them. Eventually, he was able to arrange some kind of shaky accommodation, Molesworth was replaced by a breezy character named Dink Feigenspan, and the revue lumbered into its third week of rehearsals.

One of the skits that Feigenspan brought with him—though practically illiterate, he prided himself on being a writer—and that, in the event, almost proved our stars' undoing, dealt with an Alpine encounter between Miss Beecham, a mountain climber lost in the snows, and a St. Bernard, portrayed by Robby Spark. So rich were its comic opportunities, Feigenspan convinced Murk, that the producer ordered a dog suit, complete with a little cask of brandy, costing nine hundred and fifty dollars. Normally, the costume would not have been available until the dress parade out of town, but Feigenspan insisted on Spark's rehearsing in it, and, thanks to a huge bonus, it was finished in forty-eight hours. Two seamstresses arrived with the suit, prepared to make any necessary alterations.

"Hey, wait a minute," said Spark after a critical inspection. "Don't the mouth open? How am I supposed to smoke my cigar?"

"Robby," Feigenspan besought him patiently. "It's not believable, a dog smoking a cigar."

"But a dog that talks is believable?" Spark countered. "Now, get this, Feigenspan. I've always been identified with a cigar. The public expects it, just like my glasses. As a matter of fact," he went on, "better have some painted on that before we open, else nobody'll ever know I'm in there."

"Sweetheart, the more legit you play it, the bigger the yocks," Feigenspan pleaded, struggling to control his temper. "I guarantee by the time the curtain goes up the civilians'll be laughing so hard that it won't matter who's in there."

As the import of Feigenspan's words sank in, Spark turned pale with outrage. "Oh, it won't?" he exclaimed. "You mean that any thirty-five-dollar-a-week actor inside could get the same reactions?"

The director, realizing his *gaffe*, hurried to extricate himself. He poured honey and balsam over Spark's ego and implored him to don the costume so it could be properly fitted. After endless fussing with the network of zippers, the seamstresses finally encased him in the suit, made a few minor adjustments, and departed. The problem of simulating an Alp was solved by Miss Beecham's posing on a stepladder, and Spark began to frisk about, rolling in the hypothetical drifts and trailing the climber to her perch. Because of his posture and his limited vision, unfortunately, he gambolled too close to the ladder and overturned it. With a shriek, she hurtled down onto the stage apron, hung there for a perilous moment, and dropped into the orchestra pit. Hearing her outcry but unable to see the cause, Spark stood up and groped his way forward.

"What's the matter? What happened, Feigy?" he called out, teetering on the edge of the apron.

"Don't move!" the director shouted,

GIGOLO

Pocket watch, I tick well.
The streets are lizardy crevices,
Sheer-sided, with holes where to hide.
It is best to meet in a cul-de-sac,

A palace of velvet
With windows of mirrors.
There one is safe;
There are no family photographs,

No rings through the nose, no cries.
Bright fishhooks, the smiles of women,
Gulp at my bulk,
And I, in my snazzy blacks,

Mill a litter of breasts like jellyfish.
To nourish
The cellos of moans I eat eggs,
Eggs and fish, the essentials,

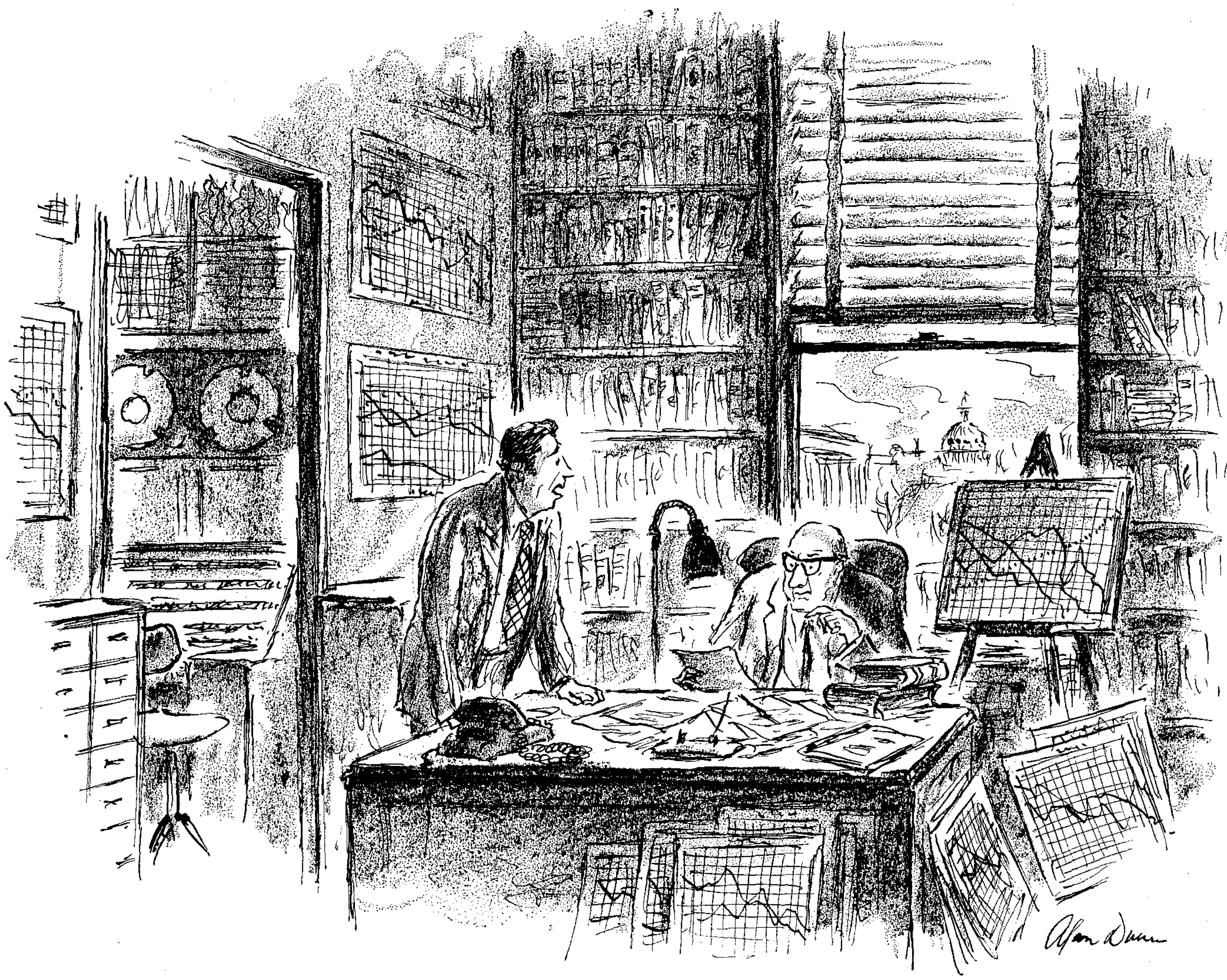
The aphrodisiac squid.
My mouth sags—
The mouth of Christ
When my engine reaches the end of it.

The tattle of my
Gold joints, my way of turning
Bitches to ripples of silver
Rolls out a carpet, a hush.

And there is no end, no end of it.
I shall never grow old. New oysters
Shriek in the sea and I
Glitter like Fontainebleau

Gratified,
All the fall of water an eye
Over whose pool I tenderly
Lean and see me.

—SYLVIA PLATH



"Can't you sound a note of cautious optimism and still be a leading economist?"

• •

overcome with anguish. "Stay where you are, Robby, for God's sake!"

The warning came a shade too late, however; Spark was already airborne, and a second later crashed into the pit beside the comedienne. Inexplicably, neither sustained more than lacerations, but that was the end of the sketch.

Though a bit downcast by the misadventure, Feigenspan soon rallied. "To tell you the truth, I never had much faith in that shtick," he confessed to Spark when the session resumed. "It was too broad. You need something subtle—something that pokes fun at our current fads and foibles."

"That's what I've been saying all along," declared Spark. "Remember that Civil War idea I had a few days ago?"

"I remember," I put in, since I happened to be standing there. "Your notion was to show Ulysses S. Grant at Appomattox just as he's recovering from a hangover. Lee and his staff arrive to surrender and Grant offers to wrestle him to see who wins the war. Then they peel off their greatcoats, revealing themselves in blue and gray trunks."

"Say, that's a hell of an idea—" Feigenspan began enthusiastically.

"You bet," I said, "but someone else thought of it first, and wrote it all down. His name was Thurber."

"So what?" Feigenspan retorted. "Did he invent the Civil War? Does he have a patent on Grant and Lee? Don't listen to this Calamity Jane, Robby—we'll put it on the way you said, and, mark my words, it'll be a sensation!"

"Right," said Spark, rubbing his hands. "Now, like you said, Feigy, this has to be really legit. The first thing to do is find a professional wrestler to coach me. Get the Yellow Pages."

A professional was found, and Spark became so proficient that on opening night, in Boston, he and his adversary wrestled nine minutes while the theatregoers slept peacefully in their chairs. The contest might have lasted longer except that he dislocated an elbow and his collarbone. Miss Beecham didn't fare much better. On our second, and final, night, she had finished a recitative, daintily hoisted her evening gown, and was roller-skating across the stage when she caromed into a floodlight and lost several teeth. "Pousse-Café" never got to New York, but Thurston Murk got as far as Costa Rica before his backers extradited him. The rest of the cast, and those of us on the so-called creative side, wound up insolvent, but at least with a whole skin. Which, everything considered, is a darn sight more than your average thespian can expect nowadays.

—S. J. PERELMAN

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What have we done now, y'all?

RISK

I

"I THINK it's time you saw a super-super heart man," Dr. Lewis said. "You remember, I told you I might want you to. We'll make the arrangements and be in touch."

The appointment with Dr. Jamison was for January 13th. "I have your September hospital record," he said when she called from the office where she worked, "and I've talked with Dr. Lewis and have his recent cardiograms and X-ray. I guess that's everything I need."

"Except me," she said.

"Well, yes," Dr. Jamison said after a slight pause.

Now he perched himself on the desk in the hospital examining room and looked down on her. "Has Dr. Lewis talked to you about your situation?"

"Not as much as I'd like."

"Well, I'm going to. When I've spent this much time with a patient, I feel I should tell her what I think. It's congestive heart failure, as you already know. There's fluid. You have a murmur—two on a scale of six, not too bad. What I want to do is this: shift your medication around a bit"—he explained—"and if you aren't considerably better in six to eight weeks, then I feel we should do a much more intensive examination to consider the possibility of surgery. After all, you're a comparatively young woman."

It was such a shock she said nothing. She held her face very still.

"Heart X-rays," he said.

"More than the X-rays I've already had? I work, you know. Is it something I could come in and have done in a day?"

"No, no. You'd have to be *in* the hospital for them—I'd say a week to ten days. Count on ten days. There are two: a heart catheterization and an arteriogram. We'd have to get you ready, and then you'd need three or four days to recover from the first before we did the second, and a few days to recover from that. They're quite different from anything you've had. They're done with dye and give us a look inside the heart, inside the coronary artery."

"Is there any risk?" she asked.

"There's always risk in a procedure that involves the heart. But if anything goes wrong you're with people who know exactly what to do and have the equipment to do it with. They're prepared." He smiled. He was a tall, handsome man, not personal but kindly, and everything he said was very clear. They had just spent two hours together.

"Why do I have to wait?" she asked.

"I want to try you on this change of medication," he said. "You might not have to have them done." He smiled again.

"Are you a surgeon?"

"No, I don't do surgery."

"I love being alive," she said inconsequentially.

"WHAT exactly are those X-rays?" she asked Dr. Lewis when she saw him three days later. She'd known him longer, though not long, really—only a few months—but she found it easier to put her questions to him. Besides, it took time for her to find her questions. They always came late. Her mind turned things over, and there they were.

"A heart catheterization and an arteriogram, I would suppose. Didn't Dr. Jamison tell you?"

"Yes, and he explained them some, but I stopped listening. Taking it in, anyway. They run a catheter into your heart?"

"Yes," he said. "And take X-rays. It's quite dramatic. Lots of people around. You're in a big dark room, with an enormous light over you."

"Does Dr. Jamison do them?"

"No. It's a highly specialized department. Dr. Allen."

"Why do I have to wait?" she said. "Waiting is the hardest."

He was as cross as he got with her. "The tests would be meaningless in the shape you're in now. We have to get you in optimum shape for them to make sense."

"I mind waiting," she said.

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Two days later, Dr. Lewis called her at home. "I've been talking to Dr. Jamison," he said. "We've made a reservation for you for February 22nd. We tried to set one up earlier, but the schedule was full the week we wanted, and then Dr. Jamison will be off for ten days, skiing. It's important that he be here. February 22nd is the first date we could arrange. I'm sorry. That's a Sunday. The catheterization will be done on Wednesday."

"Wednesday!" she said.

"It takes some preparation," he said. "And we want you rested."

That evening she hung a large calendar on the wall at the foot of her bed and circled Sunday, February 22nd, and Wednesday, February 25th. It was the first that any of this seemed real.

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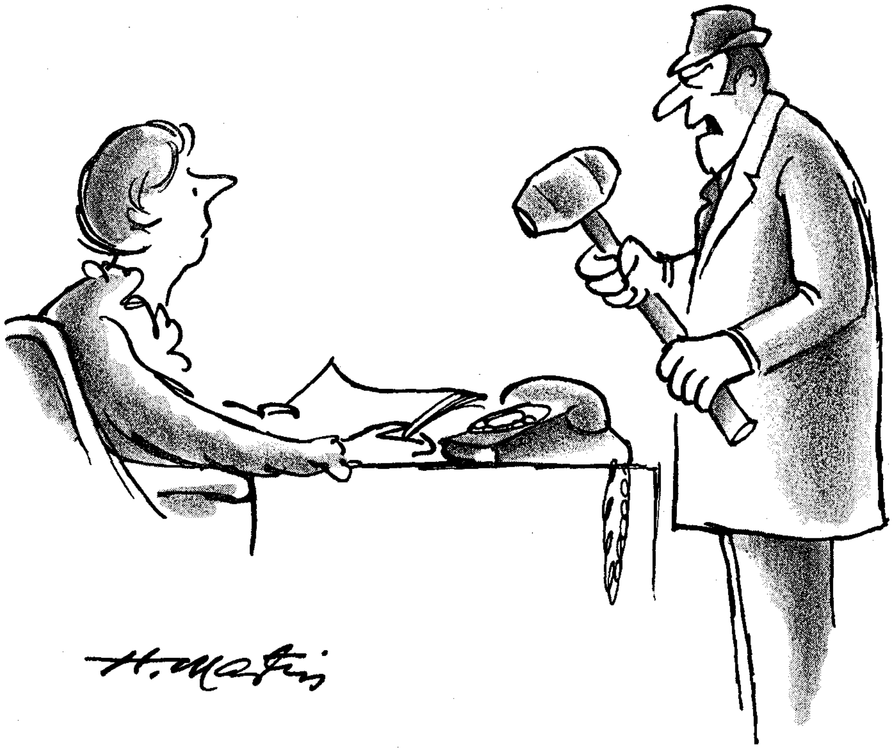
Another question had turned up, and the next time she was in Dr.



"I am Account No. 327-94-33AT, and I would like a word with your computer."

Lewis's office she said diffidently, "Suppose they find surgery *is* possible—is there any chance that they'll move straight into it? I would need to do something about the office if there is—say something. . . ."

He looked at her thoughtfully. "Yes," he said. "Or we might let you out for two weeks if there were personal things you had to attend to."

Another shock.

"Where would the incision be?"

He was sitting at his desk, and he reached over and very lightly traced a line down the middle of her chest, curving toward the left, low under her breast. "Here, I would think." His expression was fastidious.

She shivered, but not so that it could be seen. "Do you think it's going to be possible?"

"We have to wait for the results of the tests. But remember, if it isn't, I can help you." He smiled. He had a lovely smile, warm and encompassing.

Help me adjust to a life in bed, she thought. Still, she smiled back.

•

The weeks were slow. "Where do you suppose they run the catheter *from*?" she asked Ellie, who lived with her—an adopted sister.

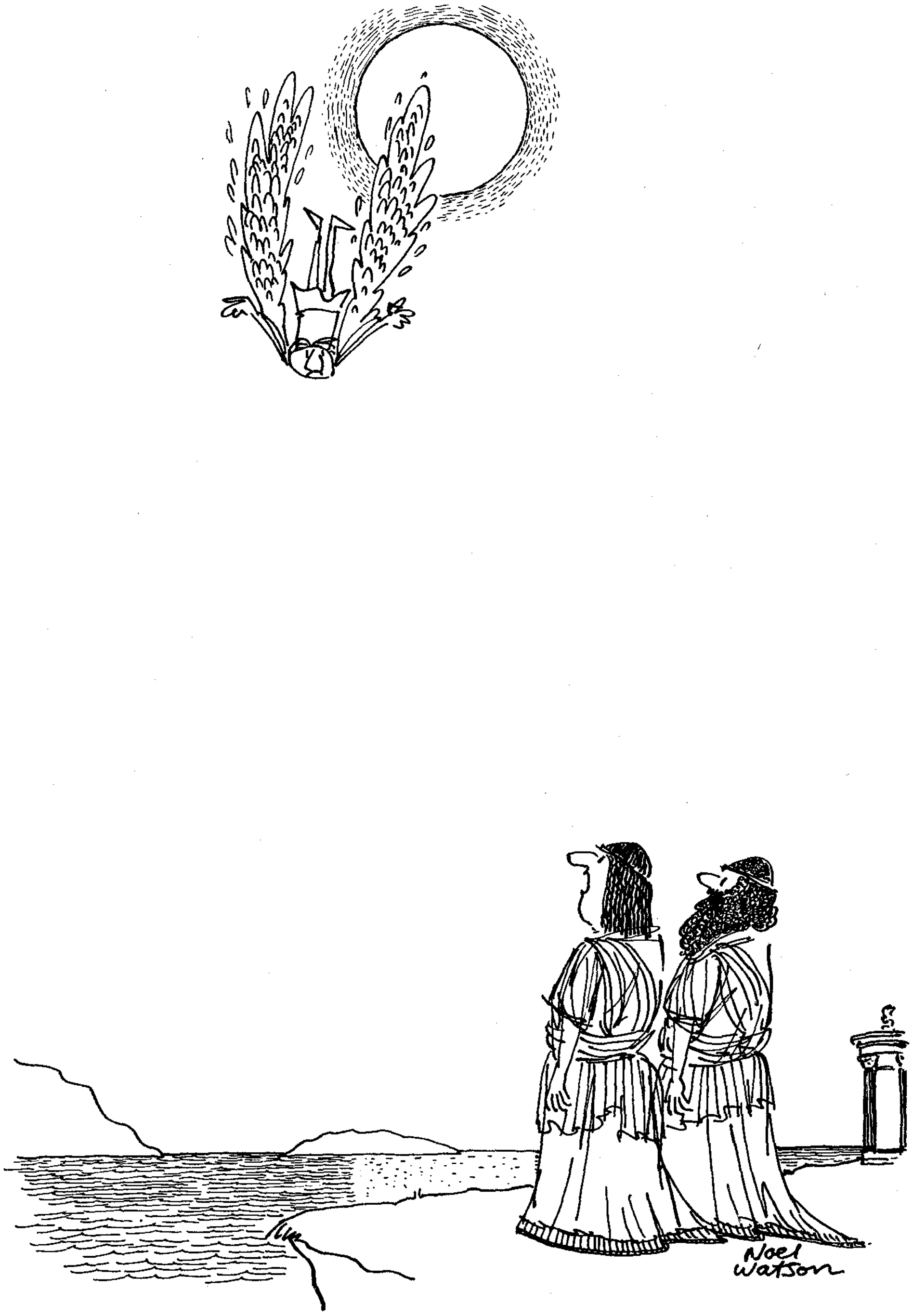
"I haven't the faintest idea."

"The bend of the arm is my guess."

"No, I think the wrist—or maybe it's the shoulder. I think maybe I've heard that."

"But how could they possibly get into a *shoulder*?"

For some reason, she was shy about asking Dr. Lewis, even though it was the question they discussed most at home. Well, what else was there? To the people she worked with she said only that she had to go into the hospital for a week to ten days for some tests. They all knew she was in trouble, and how could you announce you were going to have something before you knew you were going to have it? But she made a new will, she took care of her income taxes, she transferred money to her checking account and executed a power of attorney for Ellie to be able to draw on it. She got as much work in the office done ahead as she could, and papers at home put in order. And the waiting seemed to go on forever.



"I'm afraid he hasn't given sufficient thought to the problem of reëntry."

• •

WHEN they went to the hospital, she was having difficulty with her breathing. A woman from the admitting office came out to the waiting room with papers for her to sign, and a few minutes later brought the plastic identification band to fasten around her wrist; they hardly had to wait at all. And then they were upstairs in a tiny dark box of a room, and the nurses took over.

In the late afternoon, when Ellie was off buying a plant to cheer the place up, a nurse came in. She had a large red book under her arm, and she sat down by the bed and held it open on her lap. "I've come to prepare you for your heart catheterization," she announced.

There didn't seem anything to say to that.

The nurse consulted her book. "This is a procedure by which catheters are introduced into the heart and X-rays are taken."

"Catheters? More than one?"

The nurse looked down at her book. "Yes. Two."

"Can you tell me where they're inserted?"

The nurse consulted the book again. "I'm afraid I don't know. It isn't a procedure I'm familiar with, myself. Your doctor can tell you. Yours is scheduled for Wednesday morning. Someone will come down from the department to go over it all with you. No breakfast that morning. Nothing by mouth after midnight—the usual."

"Does that mean it's done under anesthesia?"

Another look at the book. "I really couldn't tell you. You'll have to ask your doctor."

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"Is the catheterization done under anesthesia?" she asked Dr. Lewis when he came in for a visit in the early evening.

"No," he said. "Just a sedative. They have to have your coöperation for the X-rays."

"I've been prepared out of a big red book," she said, "but it didn't seem to have all the answers."

They laughed together.

"I have a horror of anesthesia," she said.

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"I want to prepare you for your heart catheterization," Dr. Jamison said Monday morning after he'd examined her. He was wonderfully tanned from his ten days of skiing. "It's a little rugged. They run two catheters into the heart—one through a vein in here"—he touched the bend of her right arm—"and one through the femoral artery. It's marvellous what the X-rays show us; they're a marvellous diagnostic aid. The whole thing should take three, maybe three and a half hours. It may bother your back, having to lie in one position so long. They use a dye for the last pictures. Some people have a reaction to that, but there's no reason you should. We've stopped your anticoagulant and will be giving you some Vitamin K. Do you have any questions?"

"No," she said. "I guess they're all answered."

He tweaked her toe and was off.

•

"Hello. I'm Dr. Morris. I've come to prepare you for your heart catheterization," a very attractive young woman said on Tuesday afternoon. "I'll be in charge. The staff takes turns at it. Dr. Allen will do the X-rays at the end. Has anyone told you what to expect?"

"Well, I think so," she said.

"I'll go over it again. We use two catheters. We cut into a vein at the bend of your right arm for one, and use the right femoral artery for the other. They usually go in quite painlessly—not always. We use a little Novocain. Once they're in place, we manipulate them around the chambers and get a good many measurements—blood flow, volume, and so on—that are recorded on an electronic display. There's a constant cardiogram being taken. The X-rays are done at the end. If you're interested, you can watch part of it on the fluoroscopic screen. Some people can't stand to, and we turn the screen away from them, but some people like to see what's going on—it helps pass the time—and we're glad to let them. And to talk and explain things. It's just as you like. We talk among ourselves. It's quite informal."

"I'd like to watch," she said.

"Fine."

"Dr. Jamison said three to three and a half hours?"

"At the most," Dr. Morris said. "I

THE ALIENS

Wide though the interrupt be that divides us, runers and counters,
from the Old World of the Plants, all lapped in a tolerant silence,
where, by the grace of chlorophyll, few of them ever have taken
life and not one put a skeptical question, we nod them as neighbors,
who, to conclude from their friendly response to the gardener's handling,
like to be given the chance to get more than a self-education.
As for the hot-blooded beasts, we didn't need Darwin to tell us
horses and rabbits and mice are our cognates, the double-voiced songbirds
cousins, however removed. Unique as we seem, we, too, are
shovelled out into the cold poodle-naked as male or as female,
grab at and gobble up proteins, drop dung, perform the ungainly
brute-with-two-backs until, dared and doddered by age, we surrender,
lapse into stagnant stuff, while they, by retaining a constant
visible shape through a lifetime, accord with our human idea of
having a Self. They, also, we cannot but fancy, are peering
at a horizon as we do, aware of, however obscurely,
more than they must be concerned with, and vaguely elated at being
someone who's up and about: yes, even their humblest have, surely,
nosed a few steps on the hazardous foreright to courage,
utterance, joy, and collateral love. That is why, in our folktales,
toads and squirrels can talk, in our epics the great be compared to
lions or foxes or eagles.

But between us and the insects,
namely, nine-tenths of the living, there grins a prohibitive fracture
empathy cannot transgress. (What Saint made a friend of a roach or
preached to an anthill?) Unrosed by a shame, unendorsed by a sorrow,
blank to a fear of failure, they daunt alike the believer's
faith in a fatherly providence and the atheist's dogma of purely
random events. To begin as a crawling insatiable eater,
then to be buried and mortify, then to emerge from the cerecloth
winged and mateable, brilliantly colored, a sipper of juices
yet a compulsive hunter and hoarder, must do havoc to any
unitive sense. To insert them, excuse those unamiable towns where
sex is reserved for the Few and the many animate tool kits
perish from overwear, one is tempted to cook up a Gnostic
myth of an earlier Fall, preceding by aeons the reptiles:
Adam a crab-like creature who'd just wriggled out of a steamy
ocean where he had failed at making a living and now lay
moribund, choked on a shore without song. Unto whom the Seducer,
not our romantic Satan but a clever cartesian Archon,
coaxingly thus: *Not doing very well, are you, poor deathling,*
no, and unlikely to do any better, thanks to the schemes of
We-Know-Whom. (He's a Precious, but logic was never His forte.)
Freedom may manage in Heaven with Incorporeals, but for
ghosted extended matter the consequence is to be doomed to
err where an error is mortal. But trust me and live. For I do *know*
clearly what needs to be done. If I program your ganglia for you,
you shall inherit the earth.

Such a myth, we all know, is no answer.
What they mean to themselves or to God is a meaningless question:
they to us are quite simply what we must never become.

—W. H. Auden

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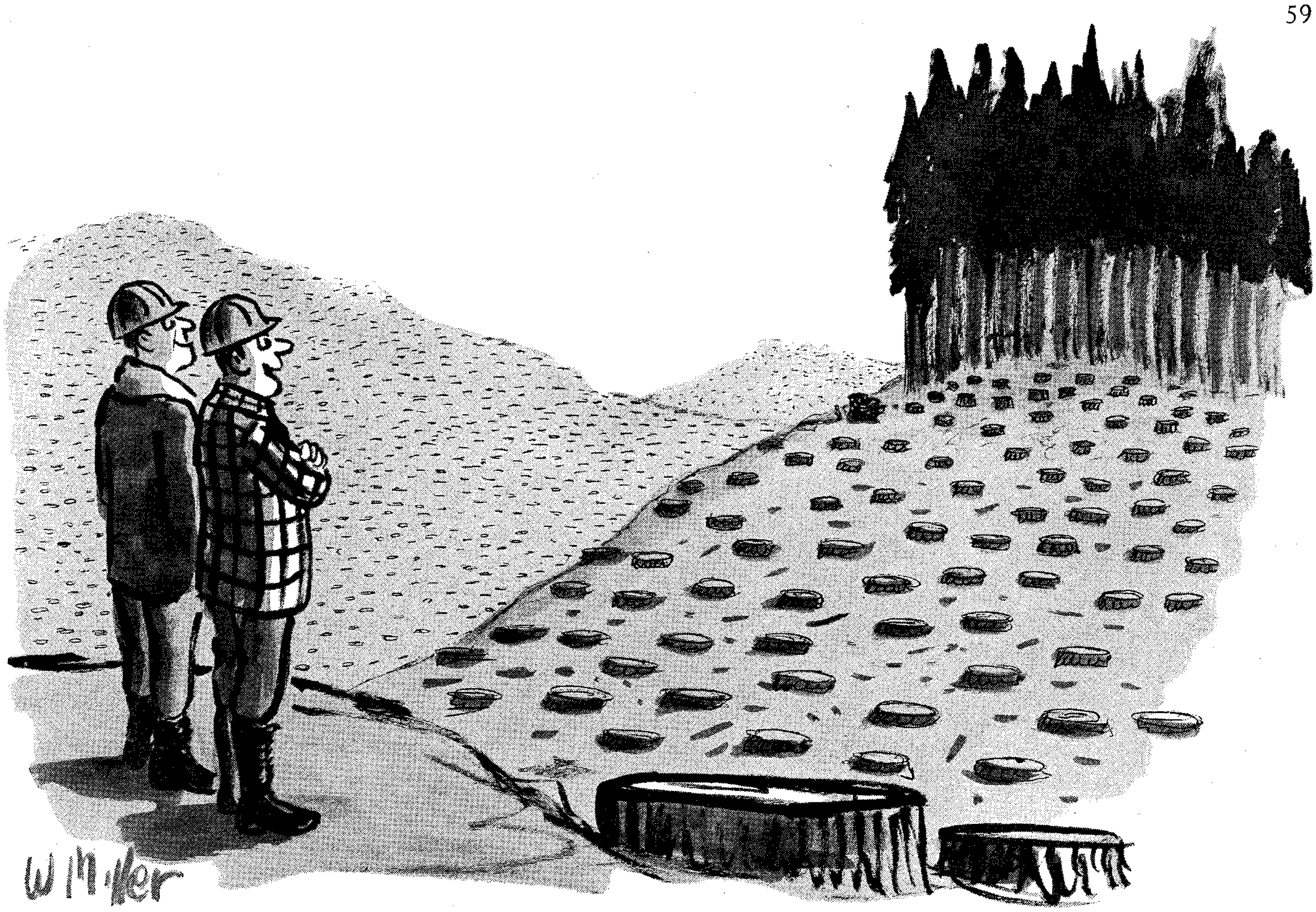


"Well, I don't look on it as a laying waste of a work of nature. Rather, I see it as the first step toward the production of millions of feet of handsome, durable, maintenance-free redwood fences that will serve faithfully for generations to help thousands and thousands of good neighbors remain good neighbors."

• •

should think less. Now if you'll just let me examine you . . ."

•

"If anything goes wrong," Dr. Jamison said on Tuesday after Dr. Morris's visit, "remember, you're with people who know what to do and have equipment."

"You mean a heart attack?"

"It's a possibility. I don't expect it. But if you have trouble you couldn't be in better hands."

•

Dr. Lewis came Tuesday evening. "All set?"

"I should think so."

"Oh, one thing. Don't be reluctant to tell Dr. Allen when you've had enough. He'll ask. I've explained to him that you have a bad back. It's a long time to be in one position, and that X-ray table is *hard.* I have clinic tomorrow, so I'll be dropping in on you."

THERE were five doctors in the room, all young, and out in the corridor a number of nurses. Two of them came in and moved her from the stretcher to the cold, hard table, and Dr. Morris introduced her around. The light overhead was enormous, and so was a rectangle at the foot of the table. It looked like a great fluorescent light. "What's that?" she asked.

"An electronic machine," Dr. Morris said. "It keeps records—cardiogram and so on. You won't be able to see them; the blank side is toward you." The room was lined with equipment. A large construction back of her head was for the X-rays, they told her.

Two of the doctors covered her with sterile sheets. "Well, we might as well get to work," Dr. Morris said, and lifted her right arm. "I'm just going to cut into a vein. All you'll feel is the Novocain. Prick. We'll put a stitch in it at the end. We have a competition going to see who can come out with the smallest incision."

"Who's ahead?" she asked, terrified.

"It's a draw. Dr. Peterson here is pretty good. . . . *There* we are. By the way, be sure to let us know if at any time you have pain or feel odd in any way. I'm inserting the catheter."

"*That's* painful."

"Blast!" Dr. Morris said. "The vein's gone into spasm. I'm sorry, I'm going to have to hurt you."

She worked with the catheter for what seemed a very long time.

"The pain is quite bad."

"I know. Sometimes they slip through just like that. I'm going to have to get Dr. Allen," she said to the other young doctors gathered round.

"He won't thank you for interrupting him," one of them said.

"I can't help that—will you ask him to come in, please?"

"I'm Dr. Allen," he said to her. "I understand you're having some trouble." He took over the catheter. "I'm just going to have to force it through. Once we get past the axilla, we'll have smooth sailing. Oh, that axilla!"

The pain became excruciating.

"Hi." Dr. Lewis had come in. He spoke to Dr. Allen and went to the head of the table and put his hands through the shelves there and placed them one on each side of her head. "Is it pretty bad?"

She nodded. "How much longer?"

"Not too long," Dr. Allen said. "We're almost there."

"You're doing all right," Dr. Lewis said. "I'll be back."

"There!" Dr. Allen said finally,

GIRL WANTED

and, sure enough, the pain had ended, though the word "excruciating" hung in her mind and wouldn't leave. "I'll see you later," he said to her, and to Dr. Morris, "Carry on. Let me know when you're ready."

"Now for the second," Dr. Morris said. "I'll just give you some Novocain. We have to push this one in—don't dare cut. It may hurt. Nothing like the other, though."

It hurt. There was a feeling of warmth running down her groin, and she thought they must be using warm water.

All the doctors were faced toward what looked like a television screen at her right. She turned her head to see, and there on the screen two long, thin, wormlike creatures moved in fluid in a vaguely chambered structure. Their movement was like a little dance. "Is that my *heart?*" she asked.

"That's right," one of the men said.

"But I never felt the second catheter except when you pushed it in. It was so fast."

"Will someone get Pat to come monitor the cardiogram?" Dr. Morris said, and to her, "Do you feel anything?"

"I'm aware they're there."

"But no pain? It's important that you let us know immediately if you have any pain in your chest." She began to manipulate the catheter in the arm; Dr. Peterson was manipulating the catheter in the groin. They were using warm water again.

"Try turning it to the right," Dr. Peterson said, and on the fluoroscope she saw one of the catheters dance. "You have it," he said. "You're in."

In what, she wondered.

Out of her sight a voice began in a monotone, "Beep . . . Beep . . . Beep, beep, beep . . . Beep . . . Beepbeepbeep-beep."

Dr. Lewis's hands were on her head again. She hadn't seen him come in. "All right?" he said. "Is your back hurting?"

"It's beginning to. I feel as if I'd been here a long time. What are those beeps?"

"Oh, they're just keeping track of the beat."

"Do you see my heart?"

"I see it. Everything looks fine. I've been over watching the cardiogram. I'll drop by," he said.

"Beep . . . Beep . . . Beepbeepbeep," the voice droned on. "Beepbeep."

Dr. Allen was at her side. "We're going to take the X-rays now," he said. "I'll just pull this machine over your chest. Don't worry, it won't crush you, though I do have to cut off your view. What we need from you is to lie perfectly still and hold your breath when I tell you."

It was a ponderous business, and it went on and on.

"I'm sorry, but I don't think I can stay in this position much longer," she said. "It's my back."

"Just five more minutes," Dr. Allen said. "Try moving that catheter—here, I'll do it." He came around to the side. "*Now* let's see what we get."

Plate after plate.

"I'm in too much pain to stand it any longer," she said half an hour later.

"Just five more minutes," Dr. Allen said from behind her head.

Dr. Lewis was there again. This time he stood at her side.

"My back's hurting," she told him.

"I'm not getting as clear pictures as I'd like," Dr. Allen said, and Dr. Lewis left to join him.

Then he was beside her once more. "I have to go keep office hours." He touched her lightly. "I'll be in to see you tonight. It shouldn't be much longer."

"Look, I really *can't* stand it," she said another half hour later. "If you'd just give me something to stop this pain in my back I'd be all right."

"We don't have anything of the sort up here," Dr. Allen said.

"Couldn't you get something?"

"Just five more minutes. We're ready to start the dye. It won't be long."

"You'll feel this the second we start," Dr. Peterson said. "Your mouth will dry up and you'll have a tingling sensation in your tongue and down your arms. Don't worry. It only makes a few people sick, but here's a basin, in case."

"Well, I guess that's the best I'm going to get," Dr. Allen said finally. "I'm sorry it took us so long." He shook her hand. "You were very patient." Three of the young doctors went out with him. Only Dr. Morris and Dr. Peterson were left.

"Maybe a pillow would help your back," Dr. Morris said. "We can't let you get up yet," and a nurse brought a pillow and wedged it under her left side. "We have to take the catheters out and put a stitch in your arm."

She bent her legs to shift the pressure on her back.

"*Don't* move that leg!" Dr. Peterson said sharply.

"Could I have a drink?"

"I don't see why not," he said, and he went out and brought her a tall glass of cold water with a curved straw.

"There!" Dr. Morris said when the stitch was in. "Now we'll get rid of the second one." She moved down the table.

"It's been more than three and a half hours, hasn't it?" she asked Dr. Peterson.

"God, yes. Closer to five."

The warm water poured down her leg. "Bob, you'll have to help me," Dr. Morris said. "I can't put enough pressure on this artery."

It was only then that it occurred to her that the warm water was blood.

"Whatever you do, don't move that leg! Hold perfectly still!" Dr. Peterson said.

It took thirty minutes to get the bleeding stopped. Both doctors looked tired.

"Can't you put a stitch in it?" she asked at one point.

"And risk two more holes in this?"

"I guess that does it," Dr. Morris said. "We'll get you cleaned up and into a fresh gown."

She was two-thirds onto the stretcher when a violent wave of nausea swept over her. Dr. Peterson jumped out of the way just in time.

"Oh!" she said. "How awful! I didn't have any warning."

"Don't think a thing about it," he said. "I'm in practice. I have a new baby. It's my own fault—I shouldn't have given you that water. We've

GIRL WANTED
B TOBEY

never had anyone react to the dye *this* late.”

There was a bright-red stain spreading over the front of her clean gown.

SHE hadn't been back in her room long when Dr. Jamison appeared. “I've been looking at your X-rays,” he said. “You have an aneurysm of the left ventricle. That's a bulge—like a bulge you might have in an inner tube. It's still part of the heart wall, that is. The pictures aren't as clear as we'd like, but there's no doubt.” He seemed terribly pleased. “I've asked Dr. Rudd to drop round to see you tomorrow.”

“Is he a surgeon?”

“He is,” Dr. Jamison said.

•

Dr. Lewis was excited, too. “I certainly gave my little talk last night to the wrong person,” he said. “I've been laughing at the irony of it all afternoon. Dr. Allen's the one I should have given it to. I'm sorry.”

“Have you seen the X-rays?” she asked.

“Yes, we've found the trouble.”

“What does an aneurysm of the left ventricle mean?”

“Well, imagine a football, with one segment ballooned way out.” He demonstrated with his hands. “The balloon is the aneurysm. It fills with extra blood, and the heart wears itself out trying to empty it. That's it, oversimplified.”

“Did you know that Dr. Jamison is having a surgeon come see me tomorrow?”

“Dr. Rudd. There's a special thing about him. He's not only a very fine surgeon; he knows as much cardiology as any cardiologist. That's not generally true. Now we *really* have a team,” he said with satisfaction. “Dr. Rudd, Dr. Jamison, and me.”

“And me.”

“Why, you're the most important member.”

•

The interne who came round that night said, “I've been up to see your X-rays. All of us on the floor had a bet on what they'd show. I lost. I didn't think it was an aneurysm. I thought it was muscle failure.”

“Did anyone win?”

“Yes. Dr. Jamison.”

DR. RUDD was in his surgeon's garb, a calm, avuncular-looking man, big enough to be imposing, with quick, amused eyes and a broad smile. He reminded her of someone. He shook her hand and sat on a chair beside the bed. “I've been studying your X-rays.” He was carrying a used envelope, on the back of which he'd made a little drawing. “The heart looks like this.” He held out the envelope. “Here's the aneurysm. Upstairs they estimate that it's thirty-seven per cent the size of the ventricle. I think it's larger—fifty, maybe. The pictures aren't very clear.”

“Is that large?”

“Pretty large. Of course we don't know exactly. I hope we can get a better idea from the arteriogram. We've put you down for that for Friday morning.” He spoke in a relaxed, Midwestern accent.

“Friday!”

“Providing you feel up to it.”

“Dr. Rudd, what would the surgery be?”

“Well, you cut out the aneurysm and stitch the sides of the ventricular wall together. I'd also plan to take a vein from your leg and attach it to the aorta and run it across to the coronary artery, to give you a better blood supply. We've been doing that successfully.”

“It sounds like a long operation.”

“Oh, I'd say around six hours. Maybe a little longer.”

“Do you think you're going to be able to do it?”

“Perhaps. We won't be sure until we have the arteriogram. Do you think you'll feel up to it Friday?”

“Of course.”

“I'll be seeing you,” he said.

•

A nurse she hadn't seen before came in next morning. “I'm Miss Josephson,” she said. “Dr. Rudd's nurse. I've come to prepare you for your heart surgery.”

“Physically or psychologically?”

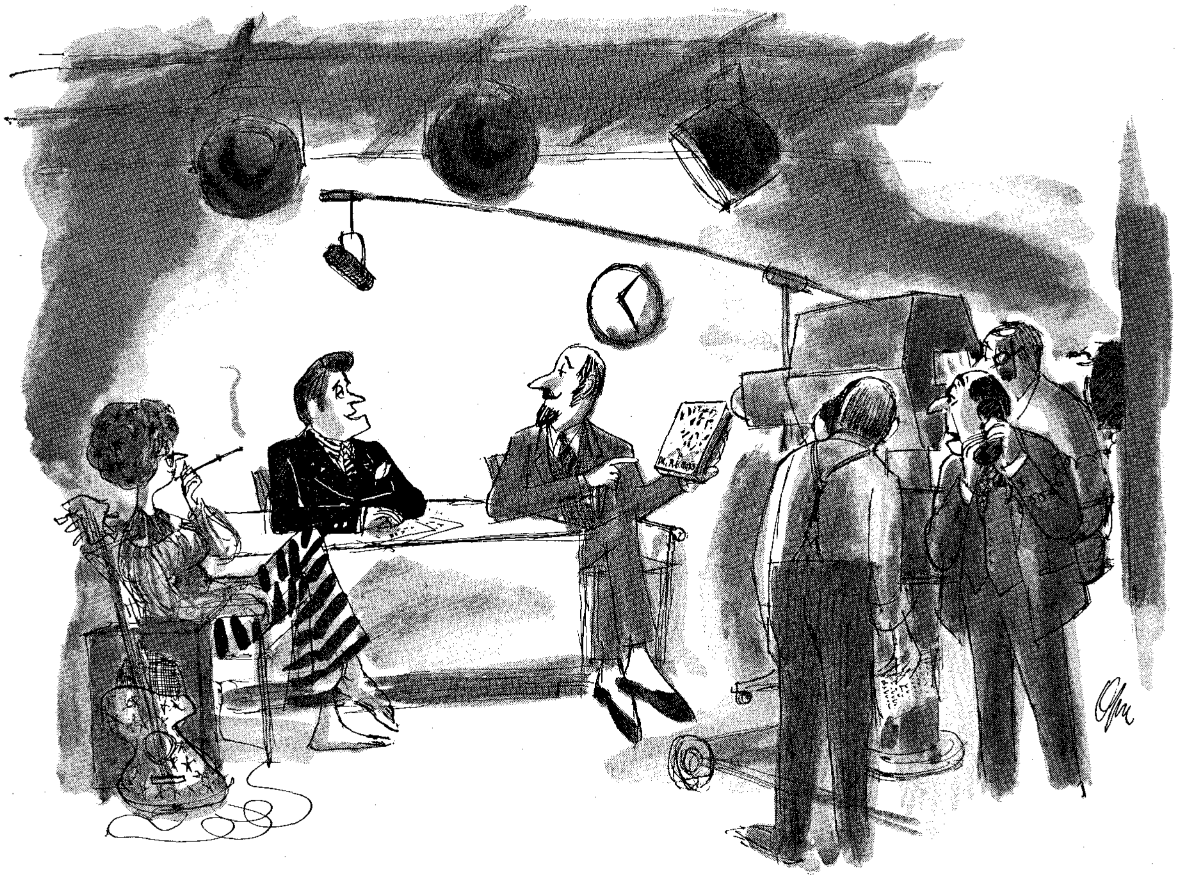
Miss Josephson considered. “Psychologically, I guess. I work with all the open-heart surgery cases.”

“But nothing's decided,” she said. “They haven't even done the arteriogram.”

“Dr. Rudd asked me to see you.”

“I must be going to have it,” she told Ellie that evening. “I had a visit from the psychological-preparation nurse.”

THE arteriogram took only an hour and a half. And only one catheter at a time, run up from the left femoral artery. It was done in a different department, by a different set of doctors. They used meticulous care and five variously sized catheters, whisking them in and out, to get pictures as



"You might as well knock it off, boys. Nielsen reports nobody is watching."

• •

sharp as they wanted. They had studied the catheterization X-rays. There was no trouble with the dye, no trouble with the artery.

She was hardly downstairs again when Dr. Jamison appeared. "They got wonderful pictures," he said. "The aneurysm is bigger than we thought. But the really surprising thing is that the blood supply's so good. It explains your color. You don't look like a heart patient, you know. Practically no deposit on the arterial walls."

"*That's* good, isn't it?"

"It could hardly be better."

"We're set for surgery?"

"I don't see any reason why not."

They smiled at each other like a pair of conspirators.

DR. RUDD came in the afternoon. In his hand was another used envelope, with another little drawing on the back. He sat down beside her. "There isn't any one man in the country who has made a specialty of this operation," he said, "but I'll be comfortable doing it if you would like to have me."

"I would," she said. "I've been hoping it would be possible."

"I have to tell you that we could get your chest opened up and I might decide the risk was too great to proceed. It's large. The men who did the arteriogram figure between fifty and sixty. They think nearer sixty. I still think fifty. It will depend on our judgment of the strength of what's left of the ventricle to carry on. Do you understand?"

"I understand."

"The blood supply's so good I shan't need to transplant the vein. That will cut the time down to four, four and a half hours. It takes an hour and a half just to open the chest."

"When can you do it?"

"We thought next Thursday, beginning around seven-thirty. Tuesday and Thursday are my days. I could do it Wednesday, but you'd be fourth on the schedule. It will be best for you to be first. Dr. Jamison can be there. Dr. Lewis can arrange his hours to be there."

"That's almost a week. What do I do between now and then?"

"You stay right where you are. I don't want to lose this bed rest."

•

"As open-heart surgery goes," Dr. Lewis said, "this is moderate to large. There will be about a dozen doctors in the operating room—perhaps more. A lot of preliminary work's going on already—using the statistics from the X-ray studies to make graphs and charts that Dr. Rudd will need. Your back doctor has been over. He thinks your back should withstand things."

"Are you pleased?"

"Very." His eyes were bright. "It's what you want, isn't it?"

"You know it is."

AFTER visiting hours that evening, an interne came into her room. He'd been drawing her blood every morning, but her only impression of him was of earnestness. "I see you've decided to have the surgery," he said.

Something in his tone made her say, "Don't you approve?"

"No, I don't. I don't think you know what you're doing. If you were my—"

"Mother?" she supplied.

"Well, yes. I wouldn't *let* you. You haven't any idea of the risk and the awful complications of this particular operation, and I'm pretty sure no one has gone into them with you. I don't think you even know what this surgery *involves*. Of course I'm not the primary physician on the case."

"But Dr. Jamison approves."

"Dr. *Jamison*? Are you *sure*?"

"I thought I was."

"I'd suggest you talk it over with him tomorrow and *make* sure." At the door he said again, "Of course I'm not the primary physician, but I felt I had to give you my opinion."

"Yes," she said. "Thank you. I'll talk to Dr. Jamison in the morning." She kept her anger from showing, but she slept very little that night.

•

"Dr. Jamison," she said, "I've been thinking. Are there particular risks and complications in this surgery I ought to know about? Do you really approve of my having it?"

The expression of special pleasure that had been on Dr. Jamison's face gave way to one of reserve. "Nobody's rushing you into this," he said. "It's entirely your decision."

"That isn't what I mean. My decision was made before I ever came in here. But I *would* like to know what the risk is."

"It makes no sense to talk about risks in a thing like this," Dr. Jamison said. "Risks are statistics. Averaging. So far as you're concerned, they're one hundred per cent or they're zero."

•

"Dr. Rudd," she asked that afternoon, "what would you say is the risk of this operation?"

Dr. Rudd reflected. "Oh, I'd say around thirty-five per cent or a little more—something like that," he said comfortably.

"I don't know why I asked," she said to Ellie. "I'd take it anything short of a hundred."

•

She told Dr. Lewis about the interne. He was indignant. "Why, that's one of the most bizarre things I've ever heard! Bizarre and inexcusable! Who was it?"

"I'm not going to tell you," she said. "I was furious, but I'm over it. He felt strongly and was acting on principle."

"I'm not against principle," Dr. Lewis said, "but he has to be told what to do with it. This is a teaching hospital. It would have been perfectly all right for him to bring his disapproval to me; we could have talked it over and I could have explained. To have come to you with it is inexcusable!"

•

Dr. Rudd and Dr. Jamison came in together the following morning. "All the residents and internes on the floor are upset about your surgery," Dr. Rudd said.

"Why?"

"They don't think you look sick enough." He laughed. "We've just had to tell them we know more than they do."

Dr. Jamison laughed, too. "I told your interne that if you were *my* mother I'd want you to have it," he said. "In fact, I'd be pushing you hard."

ONE evening, two doctors walking down the corridor stopped just beyond her door to discuss some changes in a patient's medication. One of them said in the saddest voice, "She's going to die, and she's such a nice woman."

"I could hear you saying something like that about me," she said to Dr. Lewis later. "And I wanted to tell you, if anything goes wrong, *don't grieve.*"

"I won't," he said.

"You can't always have your own way."

•

She had been moved across the hall to a room with sun and a river view. All of her family came—her sister Beth, her dead brother's two daughters, whom she'd loved since they were babies and hadn't seen for a long time. The telephone rang, and there was the voice of her older niece. "I'm at Kennedy," she said. "I'll be right along." She was touched. Sometimes the young surprise you, she thought. They were all so pretty. The room was full of flowers. They sat together, the five of them, laughing and talking, and those days of waiting were like Christmas, before death, when the family was whole and had been together.

•

"There's always been enough love," she said to Dr. Lewis one night out of the blue. "I don't mean there haven't been disasters of love, and anguish, but there's always been someone to whom you mattered enough and who mattered to you."

Curious. She was a private person, really—covered—but these days she was quite naked.

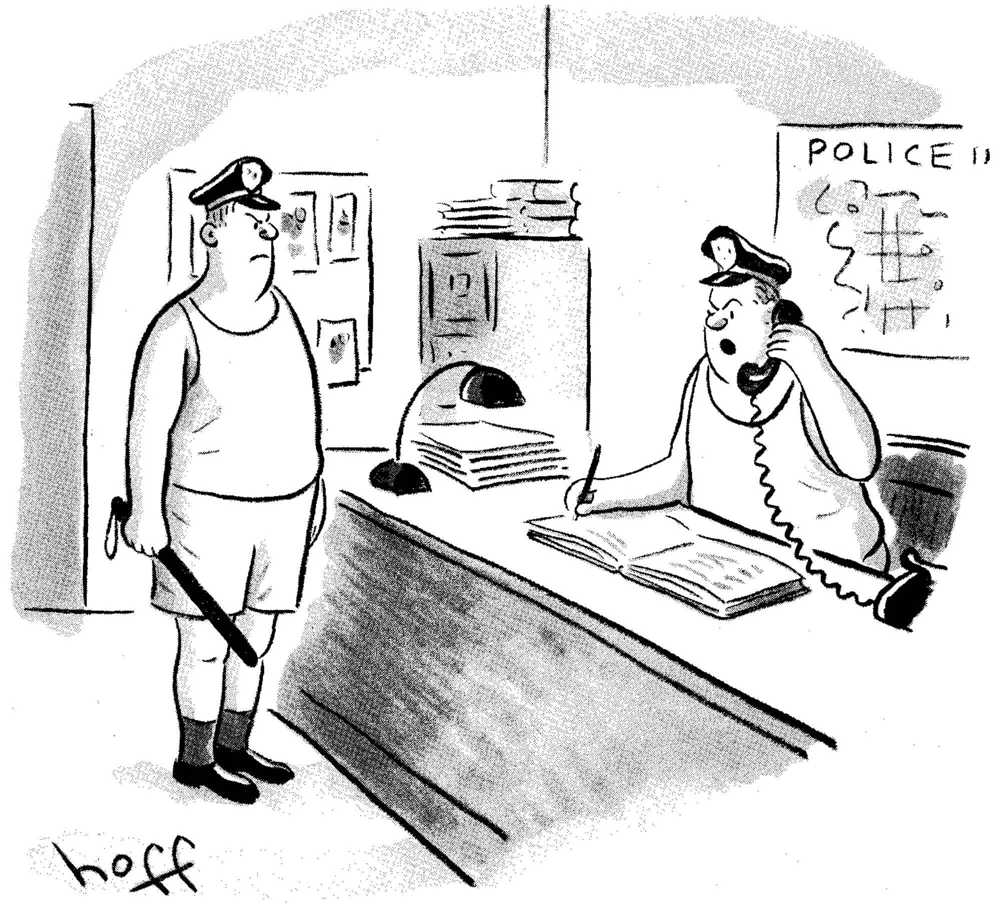
DR. RUDD said, "I want to prepare you for the Intensive Care Unit. It can be a shock if you don't know what to expect. It's an open room with four beds and a good deal of equipment. Bright lights are kept on twenty-four hours. You can't tell day from night. There's constant activity. You'll wake up with a large tube in your throat—not very comfortable. It's connected to a machine that will be breathing for you. We'll get it out as soon as we can. There'll be a good many tubes. You'll be thirsty. We can't let you have anything to drink for a while. There'll be pain; we can't cover it entirely. You probably won't remember Thursday at all. After that, it depends."

"If I make it through surgery, am I safe?"

"No, the danger period lasts through the days in Intensive Care."

"I'm not afraid to die," she heard herself saying.

He made a dismissing gesture with



"We're perfectly aware, Madam, that there's a very clever thief working this neighborhood."

his hand. "That's not the question," he said.

•

"Doesn't Dr. Rudd remind you of Father!" Beth said.

"That's it!" Ellie and she looked at each other in amazement. But she didn't tell him. It would have been too much.

•

Dr. Jamison prepared her for the Intensive Care Unit: "It's noisy. You won't get much sleep—just naps. Too much has to be done for you." And so did the psychological-preparation nurse, who came regularly to describe the world to which she would waken. "Everything of your own in this room will have to be taken away Wednesday," she said. "You can't have a thing with you except your toothbrush and a comb. There's no place to put it." A breathing machine was brought to her room on Monday, and Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday the psychological-preparation nurse instructed her in its use and conducted breathing practice.

•

Wednesday, after lunch, the nurse in charge of the floor came into her room and announced formally, "As of four o'clock this afternoon, your name will be placed on the danger list."

"I'LL see that you sleep tonight," Dr. Rudd told her. "They'll be getting you up early."

But she didn't. She was awake most of the night and glad to have a nurse come in at five-thirty. "One of the doctors from Surgery will be coming down soon to put in your I.V. and a stomach tube," she said. She was a motherly woman, and she took her in her arms and cradled her for a moment. "You're very brave," she said. "We'll all be praying for you."

They came for her at seven—no hypodermic, no sedative—and upstairs they wheeled the stretcher into a small room adjacent to the operating room. There were doctors and nurses coming and going, all in surgical garb. They paid no attention to her but bustled about, obviously getting organized. Every now and then the door of the operating room opened and a blast of music poured out.

"Who's doing the anesthetic?" one of the nurses asked.

"Barnes," a doctor answered.

"Barnes!" someone said. All around the room eyebrows were raised and looks were exchanged.

"He's late. We're ready," the doctor said.

Almost as he spoke, a frowning, black-browed doctor strode into the room and over to her. "I'm Dr. Barnes," he said. "I'm going to put you to sleep."

There wasn't time to say a prayer. There wasn't time to count one.

II

SHE came whirling out of a long tunnel and knew at once she was in the Intensive Care Unit. A wide board was jammed across her throat. It kept her from asking what time it was, and it seemed important to know. There were people around her bed. Someone was calling her first name loud. She was thirsty.

"Prick. This is your antibiotic," a woman's voice said.

"Prick. I'm giving you morphine."

Every time she opened her eyes, a nurse was bent over the bed, doing something. She wore a blue uniform. It was always the same nurse.

She felt splashed with ice water. "I'm going to turn on . . ." Slowly, cold spread through her back and up into her head. Her ears ached. Her teeth began to chatter.

"Prick." . . . "Prick."

There were other people in the room.

"I'm staying on an extra shift," her nurse said.

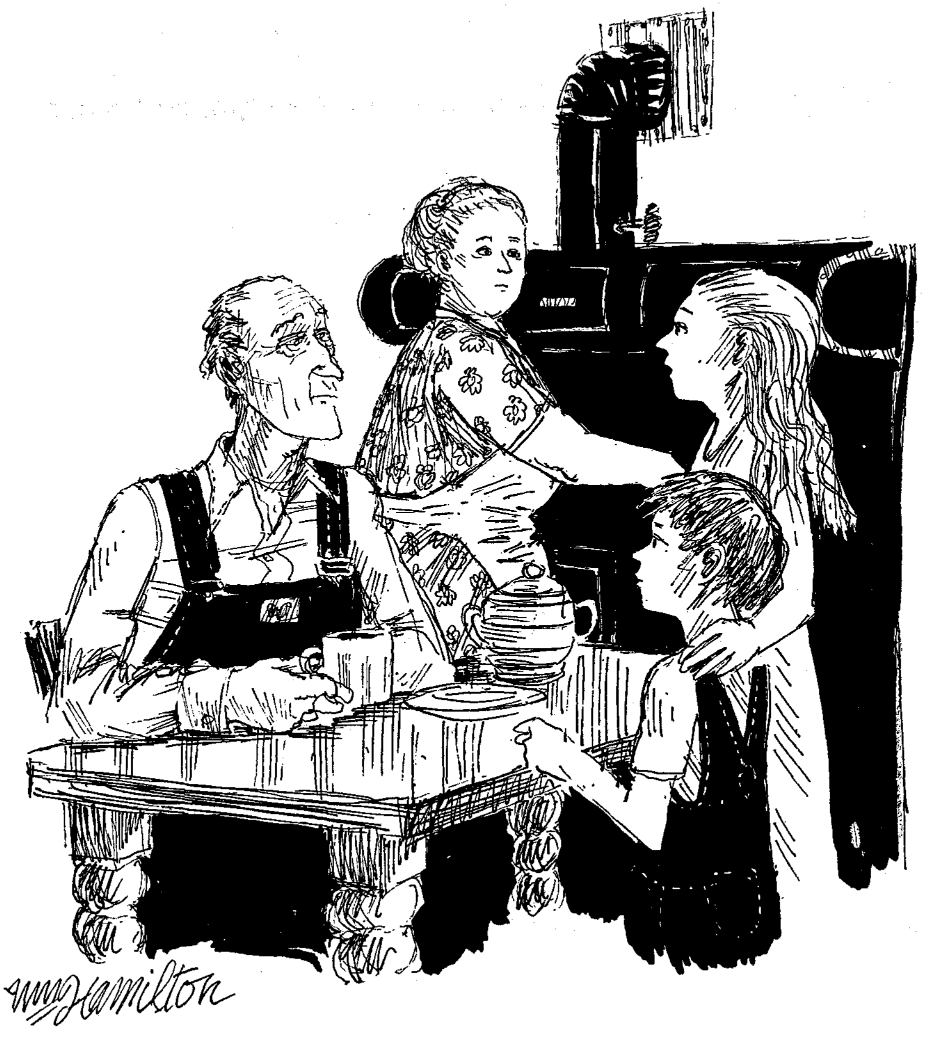
"But you can't," a doctor's voice said. "You'll be worn out."

"Please. Let's not argue. We're short."

There was something black dangling on her left wrist.

"Your sisters are here," the nurse said in the loud voice in which everyone said everything. "They're coming in for five minutes—O.K.?"

Ellie and Beth came toward her. They walked gingerly. Their eyes looked frightened. They took her hand. "You're beautiful," Beth said in her gentle voice. "Darling, you look



"Pappy, will Lonnie and I ever see international celebrities wearing kicky knits and deep-vented shaped suits in an environment of chrome, smoky plastic, and mirrors?"

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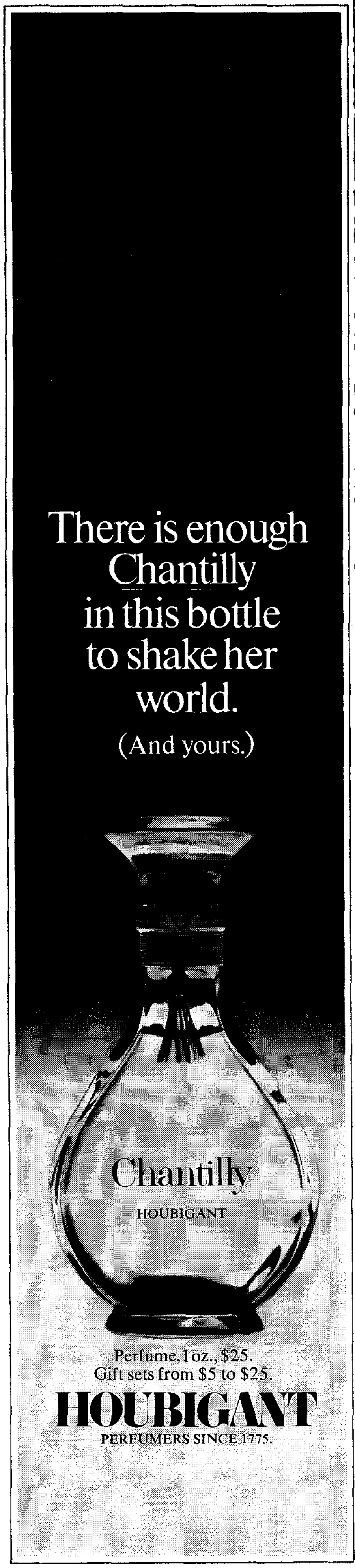
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beautiful." That was what their mother had said when she lay dying. In a hospital bed, a tiny, delicately boned woman, with her head tipped up like a bird's. "Beth, you're beautiful," and to Beth's husband, who was dear to her, "John, you're beautiful." "Mama, how about me?" she'd asked, teasing. "Oh, *you!*" her mother had said with such tenderness it made her eyes fill to remember. "Honey," Ellie said, "you're going to be better soon"—the very words and loving tone she'd used when they'd been made to leave the little dog they'd gone together to the animal center to have put to sleep a few months before. She would never get over not being allowed to stay with him.

So she wasn't going to make it. Fact, not feeling. No feeling at all.

"Everything is fine," Beth said.

She raised her eyebrows in denial.

"It is," Ellie said. "It really is. You're going to be all right."

"All three of your doctors told us so."

They both looked stricken.

"Do you know you're hitched up to a machine that costs thirty-seven thousand five hundred dollars?" Ellie said. "It's on loan. They're trying it out on you."

She pointed to her wrist, the one with the black marks, wanting terribly to know the time.

"Do you want me to rub your arm?" Ellie asked. "I don't think I dare. You have intravenouses going in both your hands."

She shook her head angrily.

They looked helpless.

She made an effort and traced the shape of her wristwatch. Those black marks were the dangling ends of sutures. What were they doing on her *wrist*?

"Oh," Ellie said. "You want to know the time. It's eleven-thirty."

Morning? Night? What day?

"I think that's enough," the nurse said.

"We'll be back tonight." They bent and kissed her.

What *day* was it?

THE room was full of loud voices. "Joe! Joe! I'm going to . . ." "Lucy, you've *got* to. Now try harder. You can do it—O.K.?"

"I want you to take some deep breaths, O.K.?" the nurse said to her.

She was too thirsty, and the board in her throat hurt.

"Have you got the gases on her?" A man's voice.

"I'm just getting them." Her nurse. Getting them where?

"Prick. I'm giving you morphine."

•

A little black woman in a bandanna turban came to the side of the bed and fell on her knees. "Oh, Jesus, Jesus!" She rocked back and forth. The nurse kicked her hard. "This is no place for praying," she said. "If you have to pray, find yourself some place where you aren't in the way. Get out!"

Had that little black woman really been there? "Hallucination?" her mind offered.

•

"I'm going to need more blood," her nurse said. "We're low. I ordered plenty."

"We had to use some for Joe," a doctor's voice said.

"But I ordered ten pints—more than enough. And we need more saline. I ordered plenty of that, too. Check with the clerk if you don't believe me."

"Joe's on it. Can't you use glucose?"

"I can't. Saline's what she's getting."

"Goddam it, and the weekend coming up!"

•

Dr. Rudd was at her right side. She couldn't open her eyes, but she recognized his voice. There were doctors on both sides of the bed. "This is the Novocain. . . ." That was all she heard him say.

•

The board in her throat was gone. She hadn't even felt them pull it out. But there was something dragging at her neck. It hurt in a different way; it was sore. She started to raise her hand toward it.

"You've had a tracheotomy," her nurse said, moving her hand back to her side. "There's a plastic tube there. Now you'll be able to breathe better."

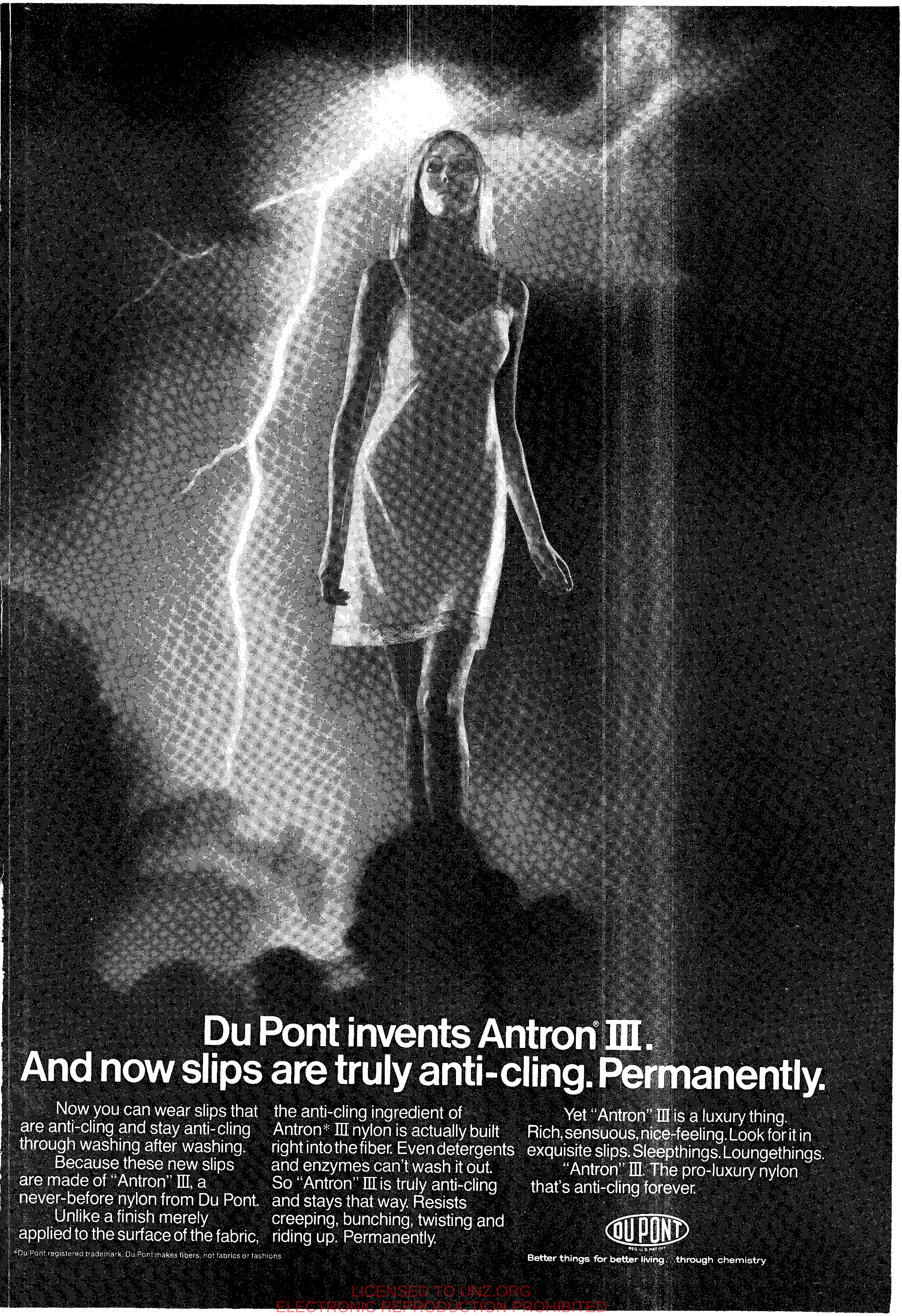
Both her hands were strapped to boards.

They took out the plastic and put a thin tube down her throat and suctioned out the trachea. "Cough!" they said. "Cough!"

•

Dr. Jamison was there. "I know you're thirsty," he said. "You're dehydrated. But we don't dare give you anything to drink. It might make you sick at your stomach, and then all hell could break loose."

Her nurse brought her a lollipop of



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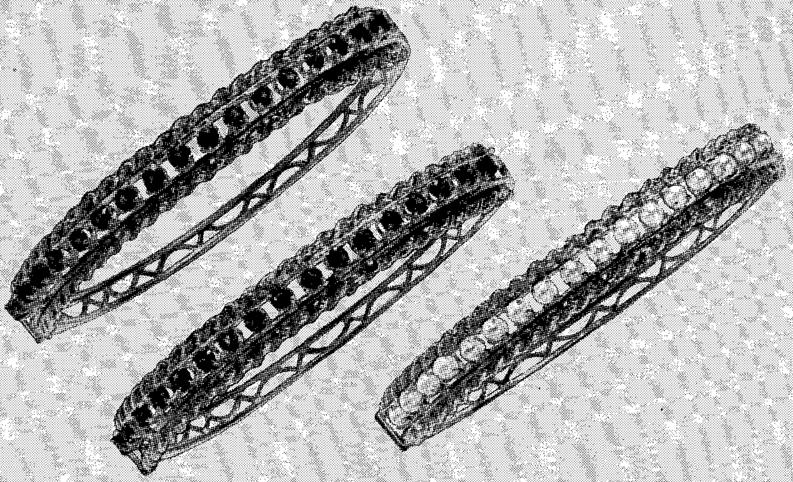

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•

The doctors around the bed across from her were talking about Dr. Rudd. They were angry. "He's requiring so much care for"—she heard her name—"he's endangering the life of everyone else in this room," one of them said.

Dr. Rudd spoke up. "Please remember I'm the top man here," he said. "Any two-bit surgeon who can do a valvulotomy can have a patient in this unit. My operations are the big ones. So long as I have a patient here who needs care, she's going to get it." He was as calm as ever, but his voice was commanding.

What was he doing over there across the room?

•

"I'm turning on the thermal . . ." her nurse said. "We have to get your fever down."

The cold. The earache. The chill. She shook all over.

Dr. Rudd was at her side. "That's not a normal chill," he said. "Get the heater."

All of a sudden she was warm.

•

There were doctors at the foot of the bed. It was dark. ". . . three five-per-cent strokes during the operation," one of them was saying. "They didn't tell you *that*, did they! Or what the tracheotomy has probably done to your vocal cords."

Oh God, she thought, she wasn't going to speak again!

•

Beth and Jean, their younger niece, came. Only two could come at one time. Ellie sent a letter. "I'll read it to you," Beth said. " 'Remember Liz Taylor had a tracheotomy and it didn't mar *her* beauty.' "

Now she could move her lips. "Glasses," she said, and she pointed to her eyes.

"Do your eyes hurt?" Beth asked.

She shook her head.

"Do you have a headache?"

"Never mind," she said with her lips.

"I think maybe she wants her glasses," Jean said.

"Oh, I feel so stupid!" Beth said. She went off, and after a while she and a nurse came back with the glasses and a toothbrush and comb. They put

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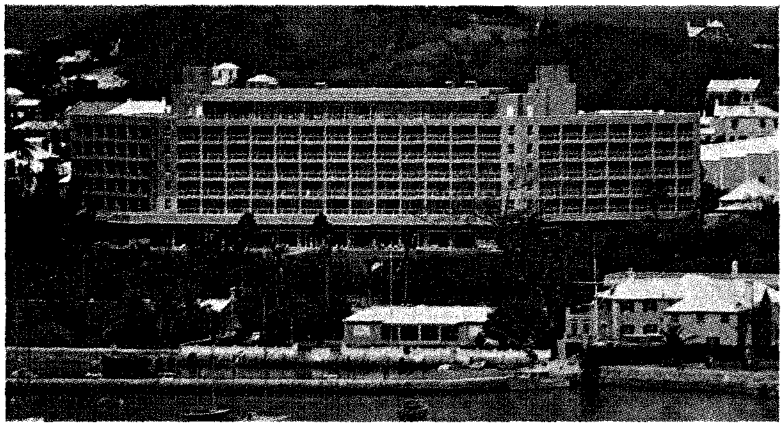

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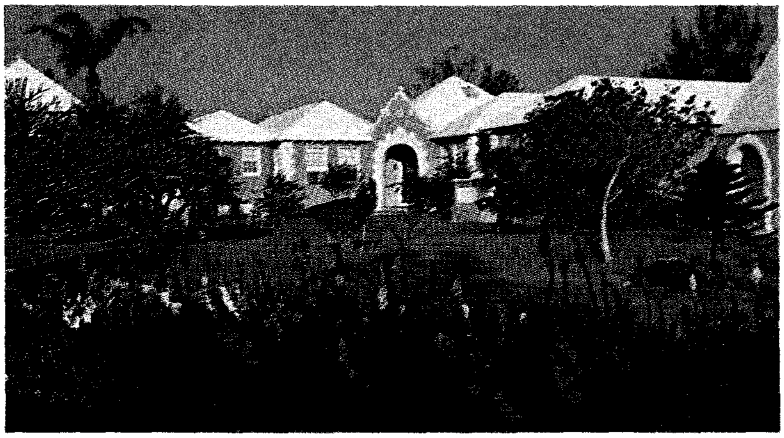

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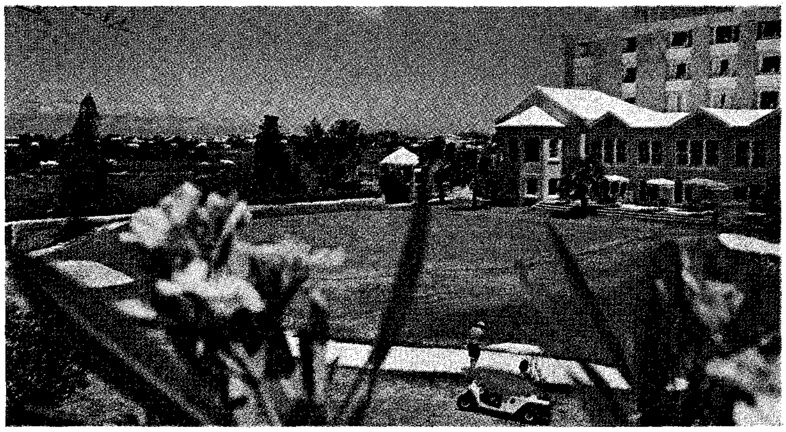

3 The Belmont Hotel

& Golf Club in Warwick is famous for its beautiful 18-hole, par 70 golf course with its spectacular view of Great Sound. Private pool and tennis courts.

the glasses on her, and at once the blur around her cleared. There was a big clock on the wall to the right.

"Would you like to write Ellie a note?" Beth said.

She wrote dizzily at the bottom of Ellie's letter.

"We'll bring you something to write on tomorrow," Beth said, and they kissed her and went away.

•

The foot of another bed faced the foot of hers. A man was in it—Joe? Bottles and tubes were strung along both sides, and she could see the machine that was monitoring his heart. The line of the cardiogram jumped up and down. In the bed at her side, a cameo face in a frame of waved black hair lay on the pillow, unmoving. Lucy?

"I'm taking away the oxygen for a while," her nurse said. "I want you to take deep breaths—O.K.? I know it hurts, but you have to."

The nurse's name was spelled out in white stitching on her blue uniform: Carol.

"Have you got the gases?" an interne asked.

•

Nurses were arguing. A little blond nurse was saying, "But you could *show* me what to do. I'd be *glad* to work an extra shift. You can't manage as short as this."

"We'll manage," Carol said. "Betty's here and Dot's coming in."

"Please let me. I could take care of Joe for you. I'd ask about anything I wasn't familiar with."

"Will you kindly get the hell out of here?" one of the internes said. "Have you got the gases on her?"

"In a minute," Carol said.

"Prick.". . . "Prick."

•

"How are you going to feel"—it was her name the doctor was using—"to leave here knowing that three other people didn't make it because you got all the attention? How do you think you'll feel *then*?"

•

Whenever Dr. Rudd came into the room, everything grew calm. He was talking across the bed to Carol. He bent over and lifted two large tubes. They were full of pink fluid. "*These* aren't doing any good," he said. "They might as well come out. This is going to hurt."

"Look at me! Look at me!" Carol

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said, and she turned her head. It felt as if half her side had given way.

Where had those tubes been, she wondered.

•

"Dr. Rudd tells me the arterial line and both drains from the heart are out," Dr. Lewis said.

Arterial line?

•

Lucy was leaving. She had summoned her doctor from Westchester and demanded to be removed to another hospital where she would be properly looked after. There she sat in a wheelchair next to her bed, in a brown flannel suit and a beige satin blouse with French cuffs. "I'll sign you out," her doctor said, "but it is entirely on your own responsibility. I warn you, it's a matter of life and death."

Then Lucy was gone. Then she was back, still in her wheelchair, in her brown suit and fine beige blouse. But when she looked again there was the cameo face, unmoving, on the pillow.

•

"We're going to get you into a more comfortable bed," Carol said. "You're still in the cardiac bed you came from the operating room in. Don't move—we'll do it."

A great gash above her groin at the left was pulled together with a long line of sutures. No one had prepared her for *that.*

•

Carol brought her a tray and started to feed her. Jello. Ginger ale. Custard. She turned her head away.

"Dr. Rudd wants you to eat," Carol said.

She shook her head, in a rage that the food was all sweet.

•

She heard her name from across the room. ". . . may make it or she may not, but Dave Rudd will get a brilliant article out of this, either way." So that was his first name: David.

May make it?

She opened her eyes. She wrote on her pad, "Do you know I can hear?"

Carol gave her a speculative look. "Yes," she said.

•

The interne in charge came into the room. He came over to her

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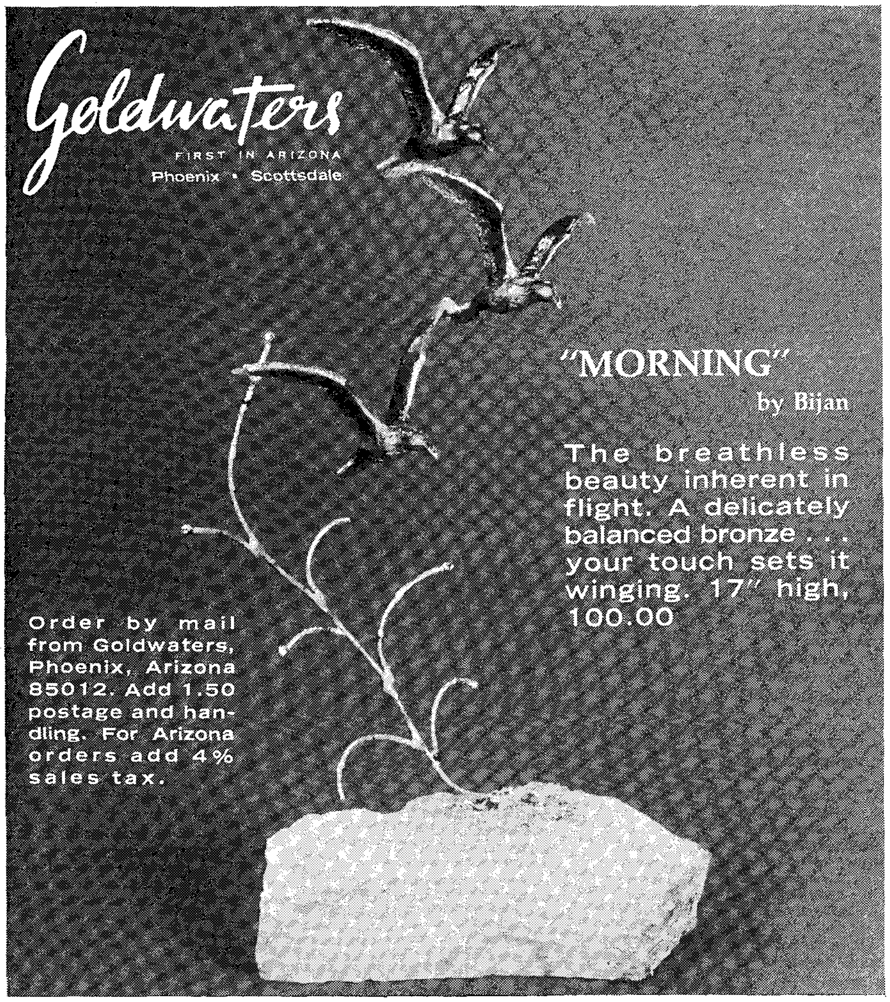

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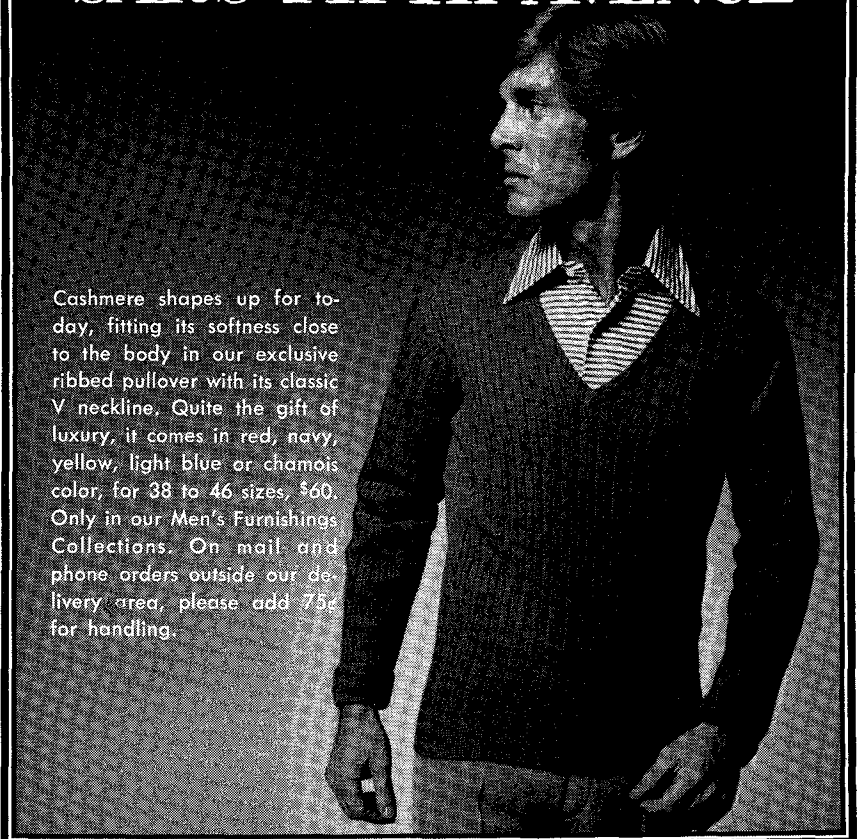

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bed. "You're some spring chicken, *you* are!" he said. He had not spoken to her before.

•

Except from the people taking care of her, she heard her name only one more time. Out of blackness a Chinese voice called to her. "This is the year of the lion," the voice said. "And *you* are a lion and will fight your way through."

•

Joe's cardiogram was a straight line. A crowd of doctors surrounded him. They were wheeling his bed toward the door. But when she next woke up there he was as before. Another hallucination? Only they no longer called him Joe. They called him Sam, Tom, Jim, Hank—any old name—and Carol went to spend her time with him.

"Is that Joe?" she wrote.

The nurse said yes.

ALL the pricks now were antibiotics. There was no more morphine.

Dr. Rudd said, "I've asked Dr. Williams to come in to see you. He's a lung specialist. He'll be in sometime this morning."

Dr. Williams brought another doctor with him. They were there for almost two hours. They sat her up carefully; they laid her down. "She should be having thirty-five per cent pure oxygen," Dr. Williams said to the interne. "There are air pockets. I want her waked up every hour and pounded on the back, then suctioned out. I'll go write the orders. We'll be in tomorrow. We'll need more X-rays and cultures."

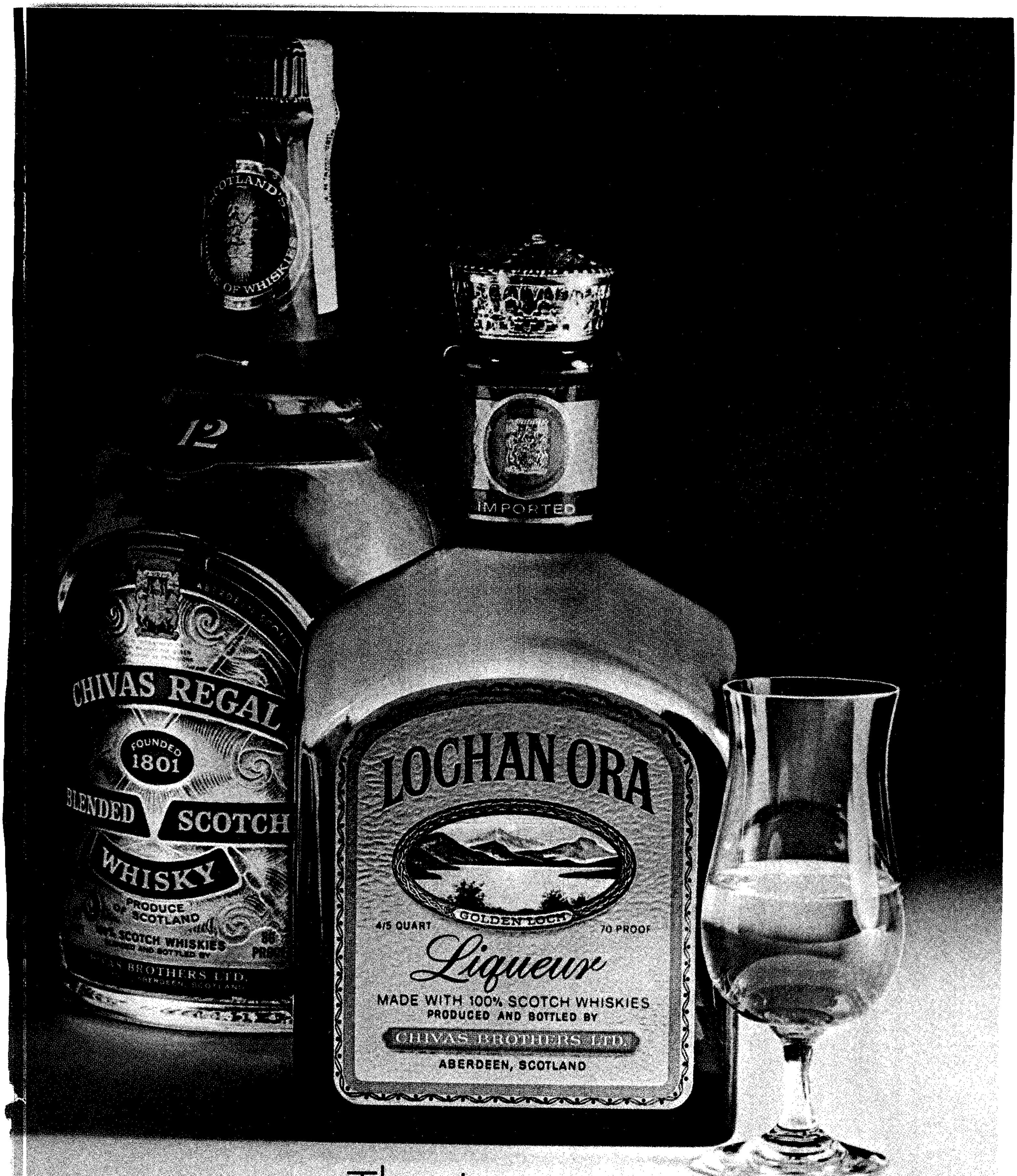
•

They took blood three and four times a day, and when they couldn't get it from her veins they took it for the cultures from her bruised right femoral artery. Both hands had swollen monstrously from the intravenous, and the needles were removed; her hands were wrapped in hot Vaseline packs.

•

"Are you coughing enough?" Dr. Jamison asked. "Here." He lifted her up. He put his hands on either side of her rib cage. "Take a deep breath. That's good. Now cough for me. I'll hold you. You're going to have to bring up whatever this is."

She felt as if she were split asunder,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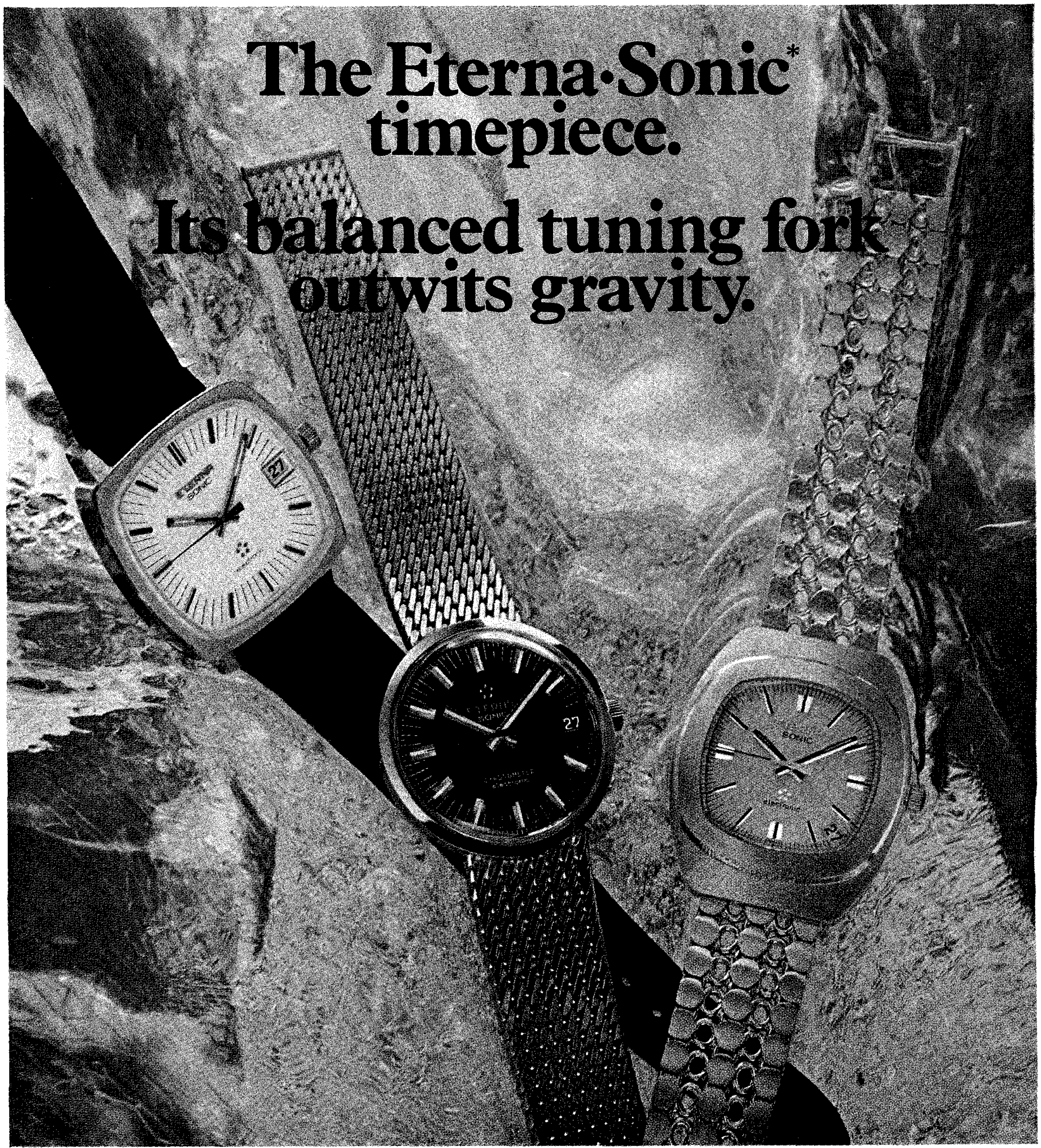
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and it was choking with the plastic tube in her throat.

"Again."

•

"I've asked Dr. Ellis from the Infectious Diseases Department to come see you," Dr. Rudd said. "We have to track down the cause of your fever."

Next morning Dr. Ellis came with two members of his staff. *They* sat her up carefully; they laid her down. Dr. Ellis had piercing blue eyes that looked at her with sympathy. "Do you hurt anywhere?" he asked.

Good God, she thought.

"We'll want cultures," Dr. Ellis said.

•

"When can I drink?" she wrote on her pad for Dr. Jamison.

"You should be drinking now," he said. "Just not too much at one time." He turned to the nurse. "Get her some ginger ale."

The nurse brought an icy bottle of Schweppes ginger ale. She poured it into a tall paper cup and bent a straw and gave it to her. "Not too fast," she said, but she let her drink the whole thing. "Good?"

•

The fever was like a little tent. The chill, then warmth settled over her—a shelter—and she dozed. But the hypothermic blanket made her ears ache and brought on a chill of a different nature. She dreaded it, though the suctioning was worse. "Take a deep breath," they said. "Now cough!"

•

One night the interne who was on thirty-six-hour duty reeled into the room from wherever it was he'd been sleeping. "My God, what's the matter *now!*" he shouted.

LUCY had left and three people had come and gone from the bed across from where Lucy's bed had been when Dr. Rudd said, "Dr. Jamison thinks you would do better in another room, where the lights are out at night and you'd get more sleep and privacy. There's no place free where I'd want to put you today, but maybe tomorrow."

•

The next unit was across the hall, just beyond the nurses' station. There were four beds in this room, too, but more space between and a chair for each bed. There was less machin-

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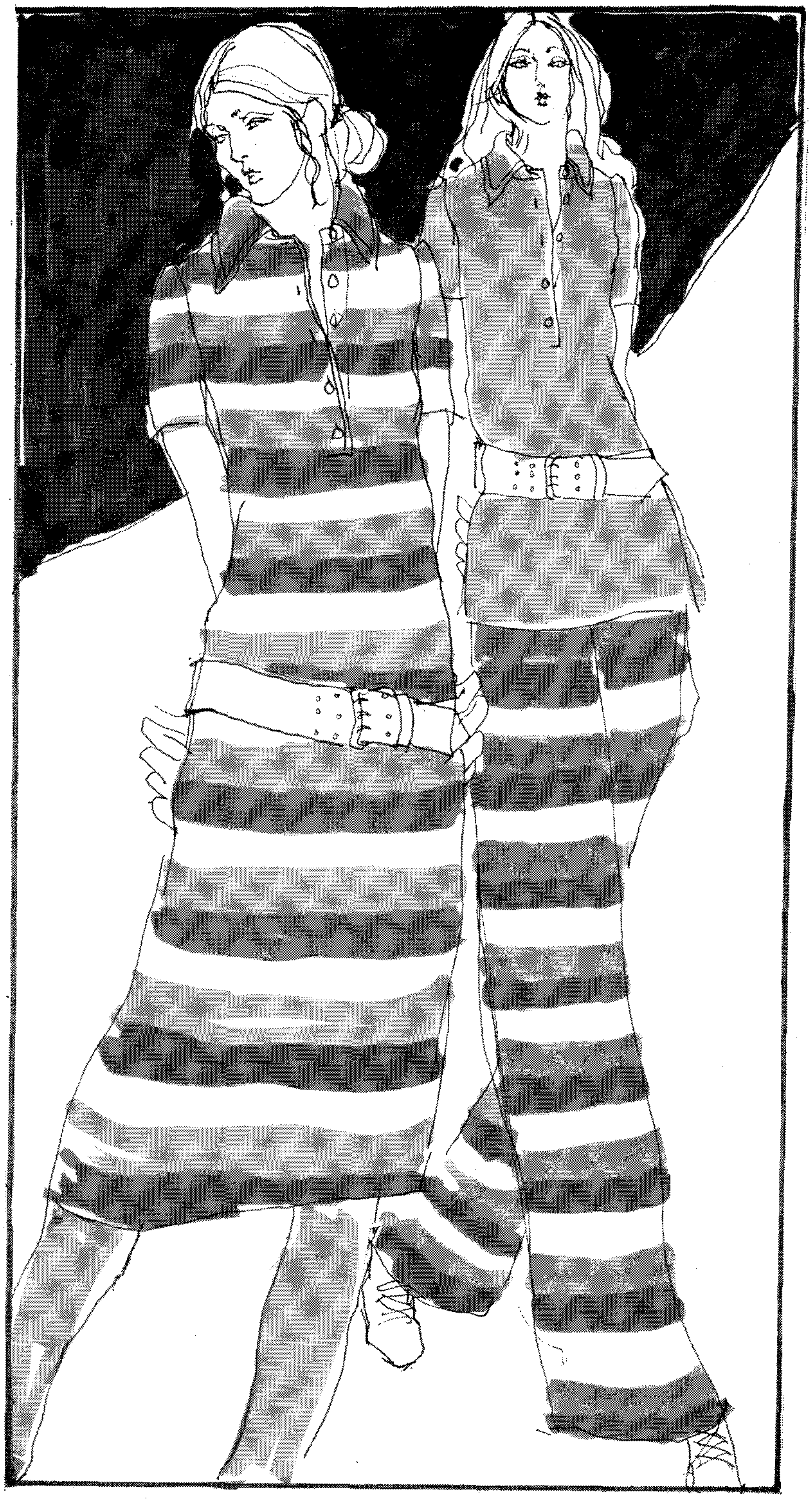

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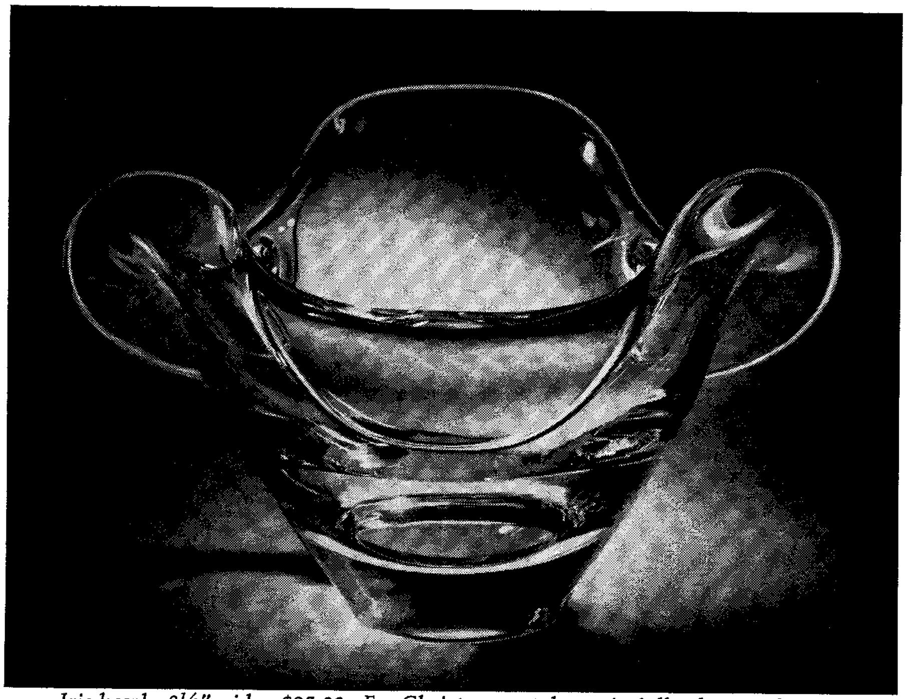

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ery. A familiar profile lay on the pillow to her left. It was Lucy. But that afternoon Lucy was wheeled out in her bed and someone else was wheeled in.

She was off the monitor, though there was a tank of oxygen with a breathing attachment at one side of her bed, and a moisture-making machine with a mask that was kept on her face most of the time; there was medicine in it. The suctioning equipment was at the head of the bed. A bell was pinned within reach of her hand. Nurses were not in this room all the time. They came in, one for each patient, several times a day and at night. Voices were quieter. The other patients in the room could talk to one another. Visitors were permitted to stay longer. Tension was lower.

She sat on the edge of the bed and dangled her legs over the side, and the second day she was helped into a chair, where she stayed for a few minutes. That afternoon a small basket of flowers was brought in to her. Dozens of roses—cream and yellow and light pink and deep. The handle was twined with pale-blue velvet, and baby's-breath made a delicate veiling all the way round. The nurse put the basket on the windowsill beside her bed, a gentle thing to look at after these ungentle days.

•

It was in this room that she began to write, "I can't get enough air." Pain burned from armpit to armpit through to her back. There was no relief from it, and one night she remembered a story about a simpleminded black woman who came home to find her mother dead; she couldn't move for the terror of it, and she dropped to her knees and repeated over and over, "Bless God, bless God," until she had enough space in her head to accept what she must.

"Bless God," she said, "bless God, bless God, bless God, bless God . . ."

•

Dr. Rudd seemed to know how she felt without her telling him. "Nothing short of Demerol or morphine will do you any good," he said, "and we can't risk them for fear of depressing your breathing."

That night such a tearing pain came with a fit of coughing that the nurse called a doctor, and he called an X-ray technician, who came at once and took an X-ray of her chest. In the middle of the night.

"There's fluid in your lungs," Dr.

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Rudd said. "I want better X-rays than we can get here," and she was wheeled down to the X-ray Department. As she was waiting to be wheeled back, Dr. Rudd came toward her. "I want a look at those X-rays," he said as he went by.

"A section of lung has collapsed," he told her up in the room. "You're going to have to cough more. Don't be afraid. I have you put together so tightly you couldn't come apart if you tried."

•

"It feels like my idea of pleurisy *and* pneumonia," she wrote to Ellie, "but of course I've never had either."

When she coughed, Ellie held her.

•

They did the suctioning oftener. Dr. Rudd did it every time he came in, and he washed the plastic tube himself and replaced it. He was more skillful than the nurses; it was less strangling.

When night came and the lights were out, a nurse helped her sit up with her legs over the side of the bed and she put her head on the bedside table and recited "Bless God" endlessly—a litany to help endure what seemed unendurable. She dreamed that one of the doctors came and with his own hands gave her a hypodermic and a respite. She dreamed of a beaded glass of Schrafft's lemonade, with a sprig of mint showing cool over the rim. Fluids were restricted once more.

•

One night a nurse spent most of the night with her, working around the bed to make her comfortable. That night she slept. The morning after, the woman in the bed next to her asked to be moved from the room. "I can't get well beside anyone as sick as *she* is," she said. They wheeled her out as soon as lunch was over.

•

"We've decided to take off some of that fluid," Dr. Rudd told her, and in the afternoon two internes came in with a trolleyful of equipment and bent her over her bedside table.

"Get a resident!" the first interne called in a loud, urgent voice when he saw the fluid flowing into the bottle. "Don't look!" But she looked anyway. It was red.

The resident was there with two other doctors in seconds. "It's all right," the resident said in an authori-

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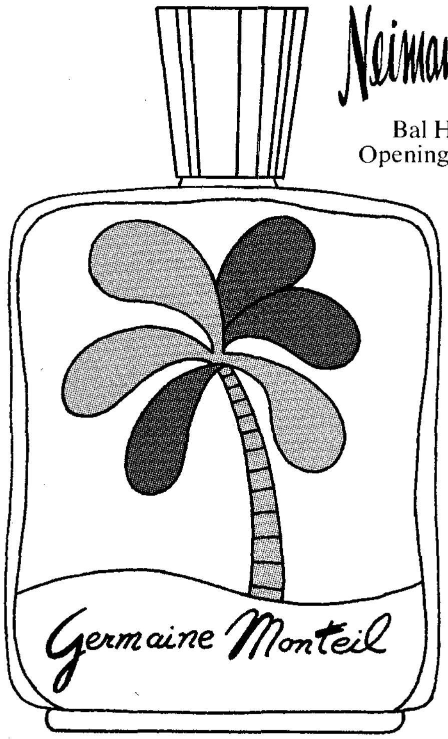

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tative voice, and in a different voice to one of the internes with him, "Quick! Run this over to the centrifuge!" In his first voice he said to the interne with the needle, "I wouldn't take off more than two hundred cc.s."

When the job was finished, they all moved off, but the second interne—he had a round, jolly face—came back and wrote on her pad, "Bye Bye."

•

"This has nothing to do with your *heart*," Dr. Lewis said. "So far as your *heart* goes, everything is right on schedule." He had brought her two new pads and two new pencils with fresh, sharp points.

Beth brought lengths of heavy yarn, and she or Ellie brushed her hair straight up onto the top of her head and tied it there with a small, bright bow. She couldn't lift her arms to brush her hair for herself.

Dr. Jamison said, "Things couldn't be better, especially now that you have your hair combed."

"I think they think I'm depressed," she wrote to Ellie. "They're all trying to cheer me up."

"Are you?" Ellie asked.

"No, I just can't get enough air."

AN older surgeon on the staff—Dr. Hollister—came along with the internes on morning rounds and took the dressing off her incision. He poked and prodded. "You have an abscess under a stitch here," he said. "I'll leave it for Dr. Rudd."

Dr. Rudd appeared shortly. "This may be what we've been looking for," he said, almost with satisfaction. "The cause of your fever. I'm going to have to open it up. We'll get a culture on it and see." He opened it up at once—a long stretch in the middle of the incision. He came twice a day and irrigated and packed and dressed the opening. It looked like a piece of raw steak, and when she coughed, air whistled through it. "I want you to lie on your left side and cough for ten minutes every two hours," Dr. Rudd said. "I don't want to put a drain in unless I have to."

"I can't lie on my left side," she wrote.

"Can you lie across your bedside table? That would be all right."

"I don't think it's a serious infection," Dr. Jamison said. "You look too good."

"Your fever's up but the white count is not," Dr. Rudd said. "I'm not going to put in a drain."

"You're having some bad luck," Dr. Lewis said. "It will end."

BUT she was making progress. Every day she was helped into a chair, and one morning she walked drunkenly across the hall to the washroom. She dipped her washcloth in water the nurse had drawn and lifted it up halfway to her face. The face in the mirror was a travesty of her own—thin, mostly eyes and cracked, encrusted lips. She looked at it briefly. Then she sat on the toilet seat and rang the bell to be helped back to her bed. That day she didn't get washed at all. The nurses urged her to walk, to cough, to eat more.

"I can't," she wrote to the last. "I can't swallow this food." It was dreadfully cooked—a soft diet, gray, and without any seasoning at all.

•

Ten days after he had put it in, Dr. Rudd took the plastic tube out of her trachea. "I think things are healed enough now, and I know you'll be more comfortable."

She could speak at once, her voice not quite natural but her own.

"Listen!" she said to Beth that afternoon.

"Listen!" she said to Ellie. "I can *talk!*"

•

There were two more areas of fluid in her lungs. "We can't isolate anything of significance," the Infectious Diseases doctor said. "You've had too many antibiotics." The doctors debated drawing it off. One day they thought they would; the next day they thought they would wait.

"One thing I *couldn't* stand—to go back to the operating room," she said to Dr. Lewis.

"There is no thought of *that*," he said sternly.

"I haven't any margin left."

NOW that she had her voice, she told Dr. Rudd what she had heard in Intensive Care.

He sat down to talk. "It sounds to me like a bad trip," he said. "Anesthesia today is very sophisticated, and you had a fever of a hundred and four and a lot of morphine those days. No one in the world would have said that kind of thing to you—it's unthinkable. It was hallucination."

"Some of it," she said. "I even thought that at the time. But I'd bet you on a good part of what I heard. My mind was in order."

"Perhaps you don't know that I'm in charge of the Intensive Care Unit. I'm in there a lot. The tension you felt was all from the patients—not the staff. I would know."

"But it's not there when you are. You bring quiet with you. I think you haven't any idea."

"It was hallucination," he said in a kind voice. "And no wonder. I wasn't anywhere near the room that time you heard me defending myself."

"Then someone must have spoken up for you."

He shook his head. "And I never do an article on just one case."

•

The next day, Dr. Rudd sat down beside her again. "I've been talking to Dr. Hollister about your experience. He says there were things said that you could have misunderstood. I haven't got hold of Carol yet, and I want to talk to some of the others."

•

Dr. Lewis said, "It had to have been a bad trip. Dr. Rudd told me about it and that was my first thought, too."

"Not all of it," she said stubbornly. "It doesn't make sense. There's no such thing as a five-per-cent stroke."

•

She told Beth and Ellie. "I'll accept that Dr. Rudd wasn't in the room when I thought I heard him, and I know that little black woman was hallucination—I knew it at the time. And that Lucy couldn't possibly be out of bed and in a wheelchair—"

"But she was," Ellie said. "We had to climb over that wheelchair out in the hall when we came to see you Sunday."

"Did she have on a brown suit?"

"I didn't notice the color," Beth said, "but she did have on a suit and a beige satin blouse."

TWO weeks after surgery, she was moved to a third room in the unit—the one farthest from the nurses' station. Four beds, but the people in them were less sick. The oxygen went with her, and the moisture-making machine; the suctioning was over. She was walking rather shakily in the corridor, where there was a rail to hang on to. And still the examinations, the X-rays; still the blood tests.

After four days, Dr. Rudd said, "Wouldn't you be happier out of here and in a private room? I have one for you. Admissions said there wasn't a thing available, but I talked to the ad-

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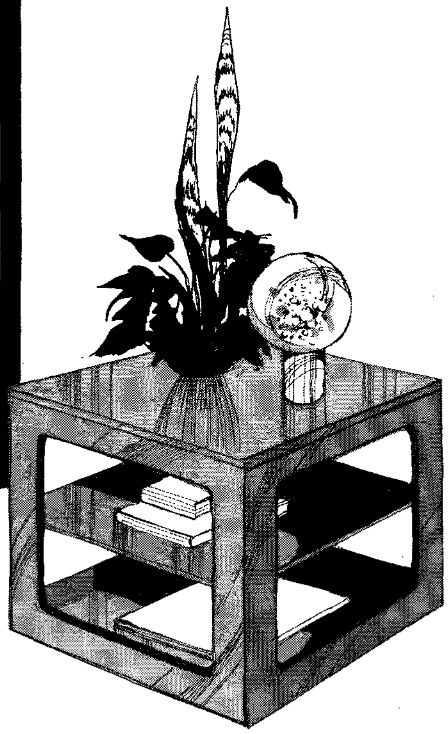

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ministrator, and when I called Admissions again it seems there had been one all along. A mystery. The food up there is better—a different food service. We want to get you eating."

She was smiling so widely when Dr. Jamison arrived that he said, "Well I see you've heard the news. This afternoon. I'm going to shift you to a freer diet. You can have some salt. In fact, except for a moderate sodium restriction, you can have anything you want." He went through his usual examination. "You still have that fluid and a collapsed wedge," he said. "And fever. We'd like to get rid of them."

THE new room was large, with the most beautiful view of the river she had ever seen. And perfectly broiled lamb chops for dinner, with a linen napkin and a nicely appointed tray. She ate almost half the food.

"That's better," Dr. Lewis said.

•

"You're going to have to cough more!" Dr. Rudd said. "Take a deep breath. *Cough!*" He patted her on the back as if she were a baby.

There was a large armchair to sit in by the window, and her own bathroom, though they didn't let her use it yet. Here she was not expected to wash herself but was given a bath in bed. She began to feel clean.

"I'm aware of those wires you've got me put together with," she said on an uncomfortable day to Dr. Rudd.

"No wires," he said. "You're much too thin. I used a very strong grade of Orlon."

He was still dressing the opened-up incision, and one morning he worked on it with forceps. The next afternoon the pain across her chest from armpit to armpit was beyond bearing, and tears began to roll down her face in a freshet. Just tears. It was the first time she had cried. She couldn't stop, even when Dr. Lewis came at dinnertime. "I seem to have lost my composure," she said, "and I can't get it back. I've hurt too long."

He left the room. "One of the nurses will bring you something in a minute," he said when he came back, and he stood by her bed and put the teabag on her tray into the pot of hot water and poured her out a cup of tea. "Drink this," he said. "Do you like anything in it?" He waited with her until she had taken the capsule the nurse brought in and was easier.

From then on, she got Darvon on a regular schedule, and when her fever

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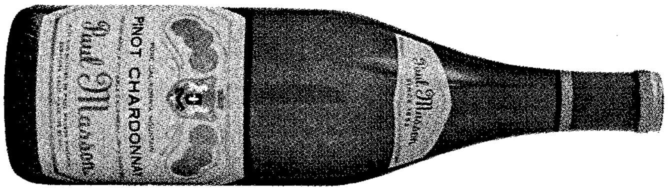

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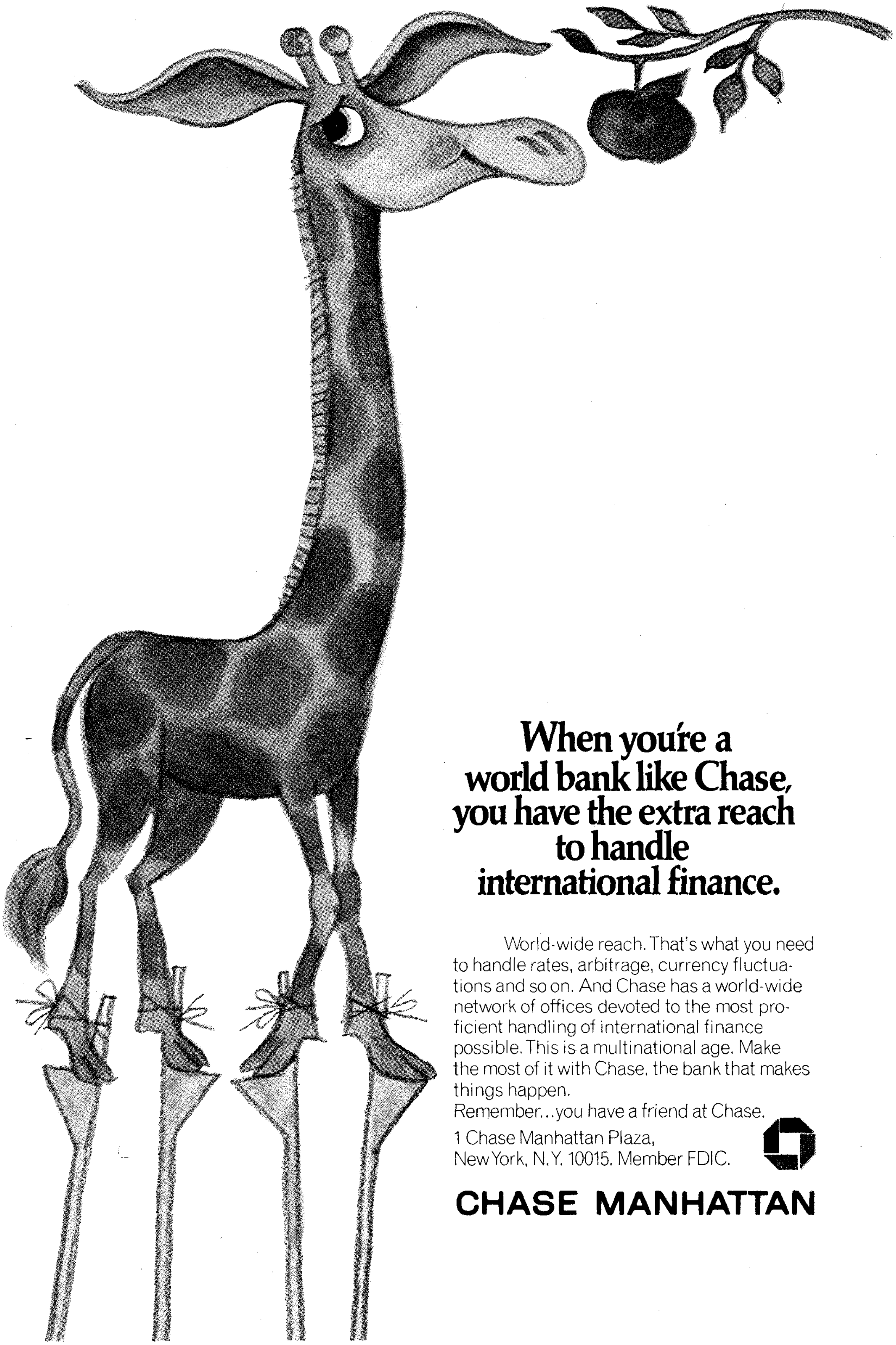

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went over a hundred and one, two Tylenol. She welcomed the fever.

“I’M going to start pushing you,” Dr. Jamison said. “I want you out in the hall walking. A nurse will take you.”

That afternoon she walked half the length of the hall and back, and the next day she walked the full length. The third day she walked twice, and she walked Ellie to the elevator when she left at the end of visiting hours. “I’ve got to get out of here,” she said.

•

In the night, she felt the rhythm of her heart change. Dr. Lewis came early in the afternoon. It was Thursday, and he was going away for a long weekend. He listened to her chest. He went out and a few minutes later brought in a cardiograph machine. Moving unhurriedly, without speaking, he took a cardiogram. He studied the strips.

“It’s different, isn’t it,” she said. “I felt it happen.”

“Did you tell anyone?”

“No, I didn’t want any more fussing.”

He went out again and came in with tubes and a hypodermic. He took the blood as silently as he had done the cardiogram, and he put the tubes and the strips in his pocket. “I’ll turn these over to Dr. Jamison,” he said. “See you Monday. Maybe Sunday evening.”

•

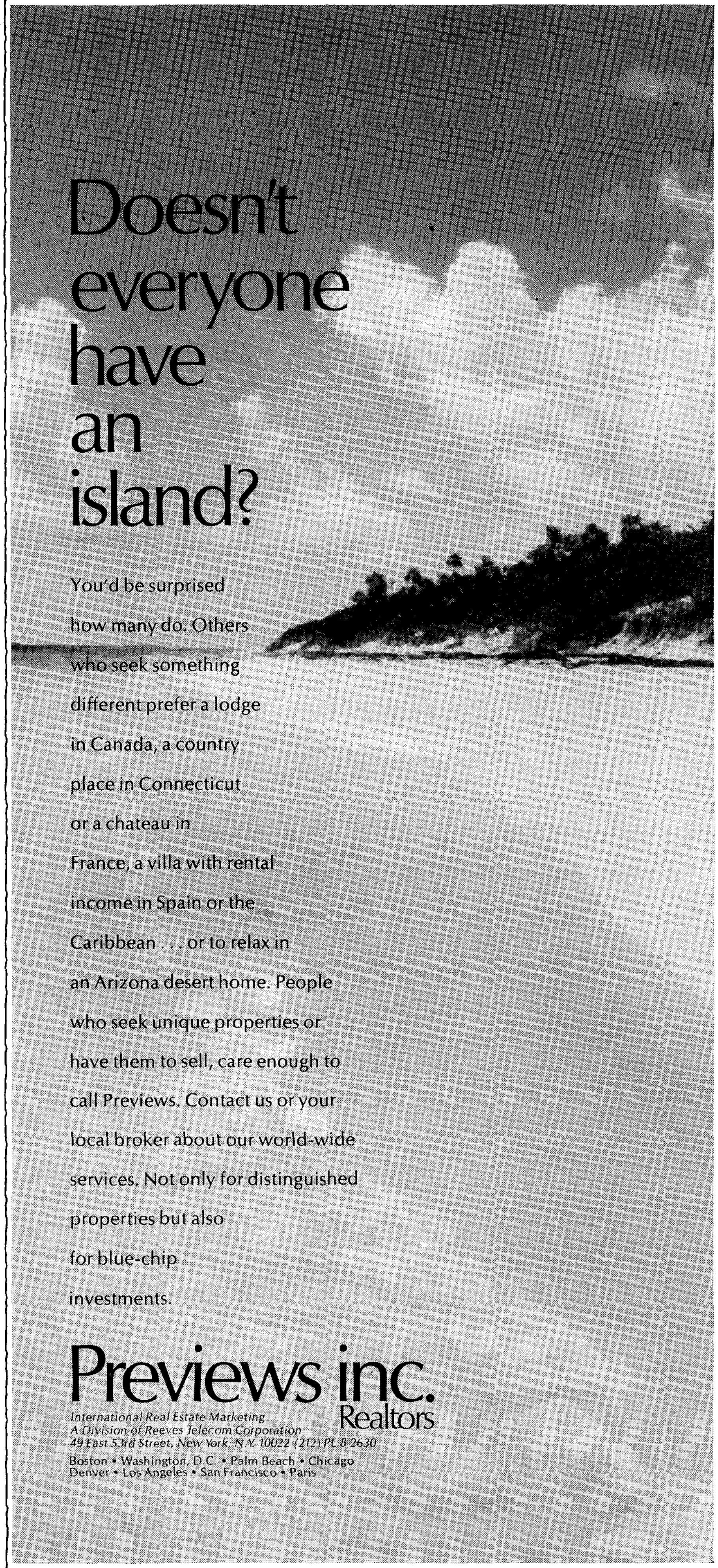
Dr. Jamison came first thing Friday. He listened to her heart. He stood at the foot of the bed, looking down at her appraisingly. “I’m going to move you,” he said. “There’s a change, and while it may not be serious, it’s potentially dangerous. I want you in Coronary Care. Our nurses know what they’re doing; they can read cardiograms. I’ll go make arrangements.”

He was back shortly. “All set,” he said. “They’ll be right up for you.”

“I can’t just go in a wheelchair?”

“No. Wouldn’t you like me to call your sister? It might be a shock for her to come to this room and find you gone. If you’ll give me her number, I’ll do it after we have you settled in.” He looked around the room. “You won’t be able to take your flowers,” he said. “I’m sorry.”

Dr. Jamison stayed with her. A nurse came in to pack. “It’s the best coronary-care unit in the world,” he said. “I set it up myself. I’d better prepare you: we treat every patient



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who comes in as if he'd had a heart attack. I don't think you have, but I can't be sure until we run some tests, and I'm not taking any chances. We keep you on a monitor, of course, and under constant surveillance. It will be safer to have you there over the weekend."

"Just over the weekend?"

"That's all I anticipate."

A procession moved into the room: two aides trundling a narrow bed and an attractive, purposeful nurse pushing a monitor. Dr. Jamison introduced her. "And this is our battery-powered monitor," he said. "We use a different method for connecting the leads from anything you've had—needles in the arms and thighs. We get a better contact, and they don't slip out."

The nurse put the needles in deftly. Her manner was professionally reassuring. "There, that's not so bad, now, is it?" She spoke in a French-Swiss accent. "And I've brought you an intravenous gown. It makes things easier with the wires and tubing. Now we'll get you onto our cardiac bed. I warn you, it's hard!"

She started to move herself toward the bed.

"Don't move!" Dr. Jamison said. "I don't want you moving a muscle!" He came over and took one corner of the sheet she was lying on, the nurse took one, and on the opposite side each of the aides took one; she was transported to the narrow, hard bed without a breath of effort.

Miss Townsend, the head nurse on the floor, came after her as she rolled down the corridor. "You'll be coming back to us, dear," she said. "Don't think you won't! We'll save your room for you."

They almost filled the elevator. She turned her head away from the curious eyes of the other passengers, embarrassed.

III

CORONARY CARE was on a lower floor. She was wheeled into a little room right at the center of the station, where duplicates of all the monitors traced cardiograms and blinked their red lights on and off. The outer wall had two large windows, and, except for the door, the wall facing the station was entirely windowed. The curtains around those windows and the bed were bittersweet. The little room was freshly painted; everything was immaculate.

"I'll see you in a few minutes," Dr. Jamison said, and he left her to the nurse and aides, who shifted her wires

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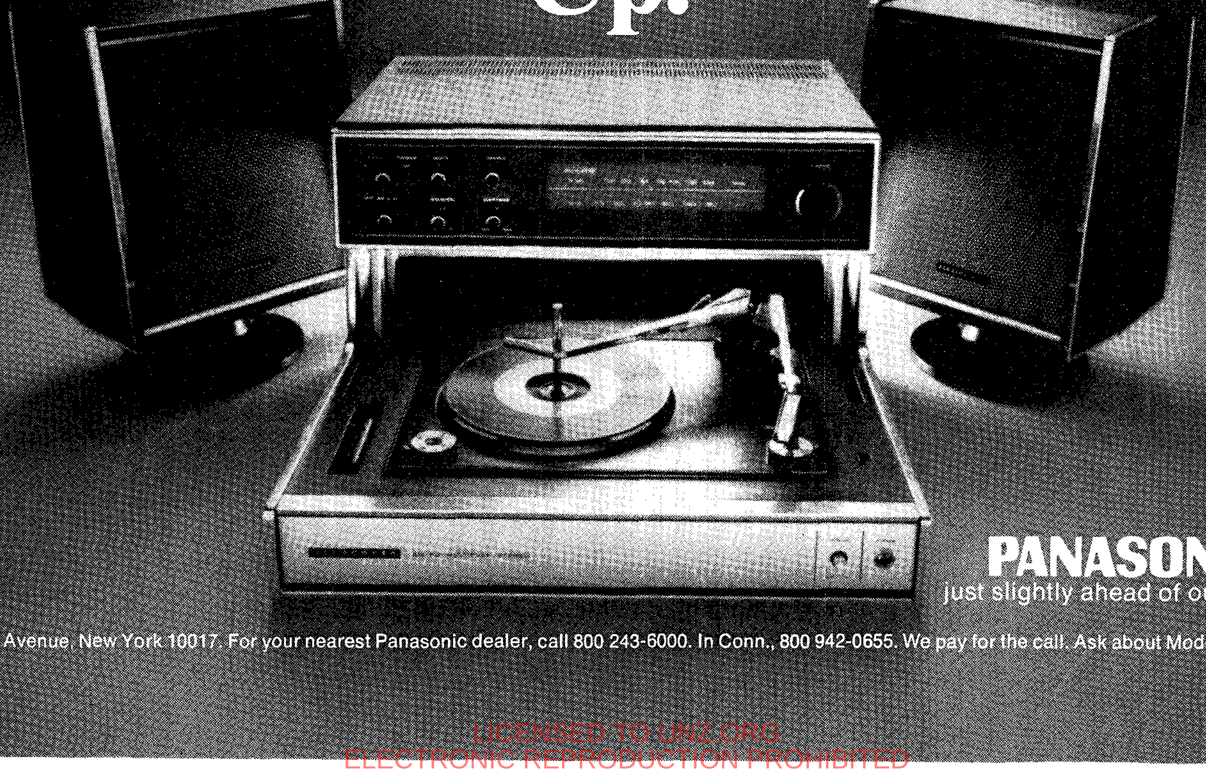

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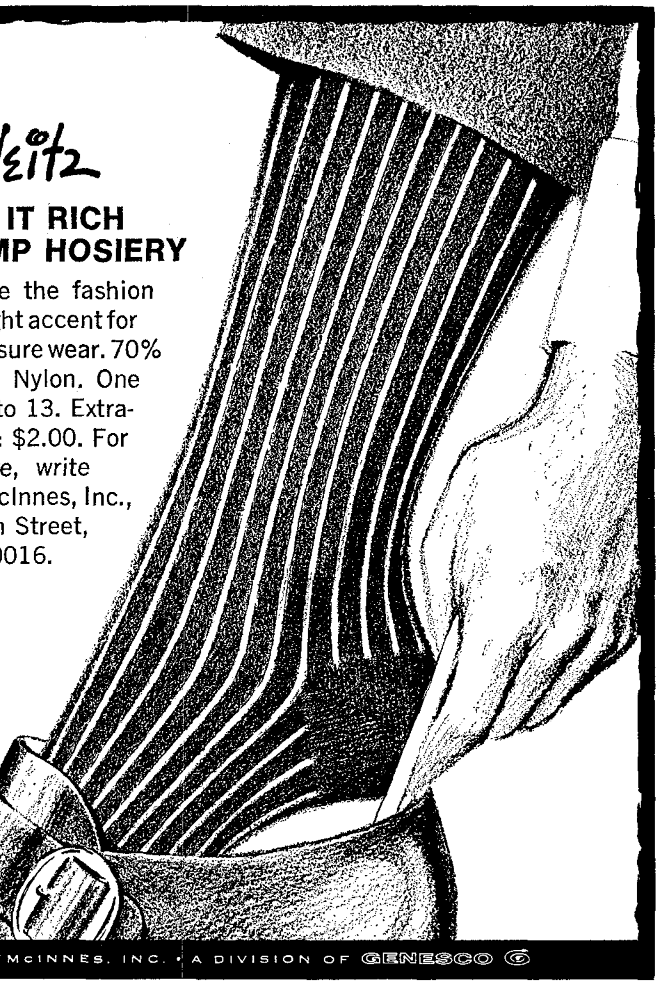
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to a monitor on the wall behind her bed.

An interne came in and started an intravenous at the bend of her right arm. "I hate to put one here—you have to be careful not to bend your arm; the needle could break—and I hate to immobilize your right hand," he said. "But you haven't got another vein that's worth a damn. They've all collapsed."

"But why an I.V.?"

"Everyone has an I.V. for as long as he's in Coronary Care. We use it for medication. It can make as much as ten minutes' difference in an emergency."

"We want you on oxygen for your first twenty-four hours," the nurse said, and she clipped rubber tubing into her nostrils. "And since you have a fever we'll just turn on the air-conditioning. Why don't you try to get a little rest? We'll be bothering you enough!"

On the wall behind her, red lights went on and off with a sharp ping-ping-ping, and the cardiogram traced its way noiselessly across the screen.

Dr. Jamison was in again. "I'm starting you on something that should take care of that arrhythmia," he said. "We'll be giving it to you in toxic dose, so speak up if you have any reaction. And don't worry! You're in good hands."

•

Dr. Rudd came in the afternoon. *He* stood at the foot of the bed, looking down at her appraisingly. "We are mystified but not alarmed," he said.

"Was it the walking?"

"I hope not."

•

Ellie came after work. "Do you know I can only stay for five minutes? And you can only have immediate family? Five minutes out of an hour. That means Jean and me, unless we ring in Sarah as a sister. She has time and would like to come. Jean can't make it every afternoon."

"Yes," she said, "I'd like that. Did Dr. Jamison call you?"

"Almost scared me to death, but I suppose it would have been worse if he hadn't."

"I can't have any flowers."

"Did you remember that this is Good Friday? Sunday's Easter."

"Your time's up," a nurse said at the door.

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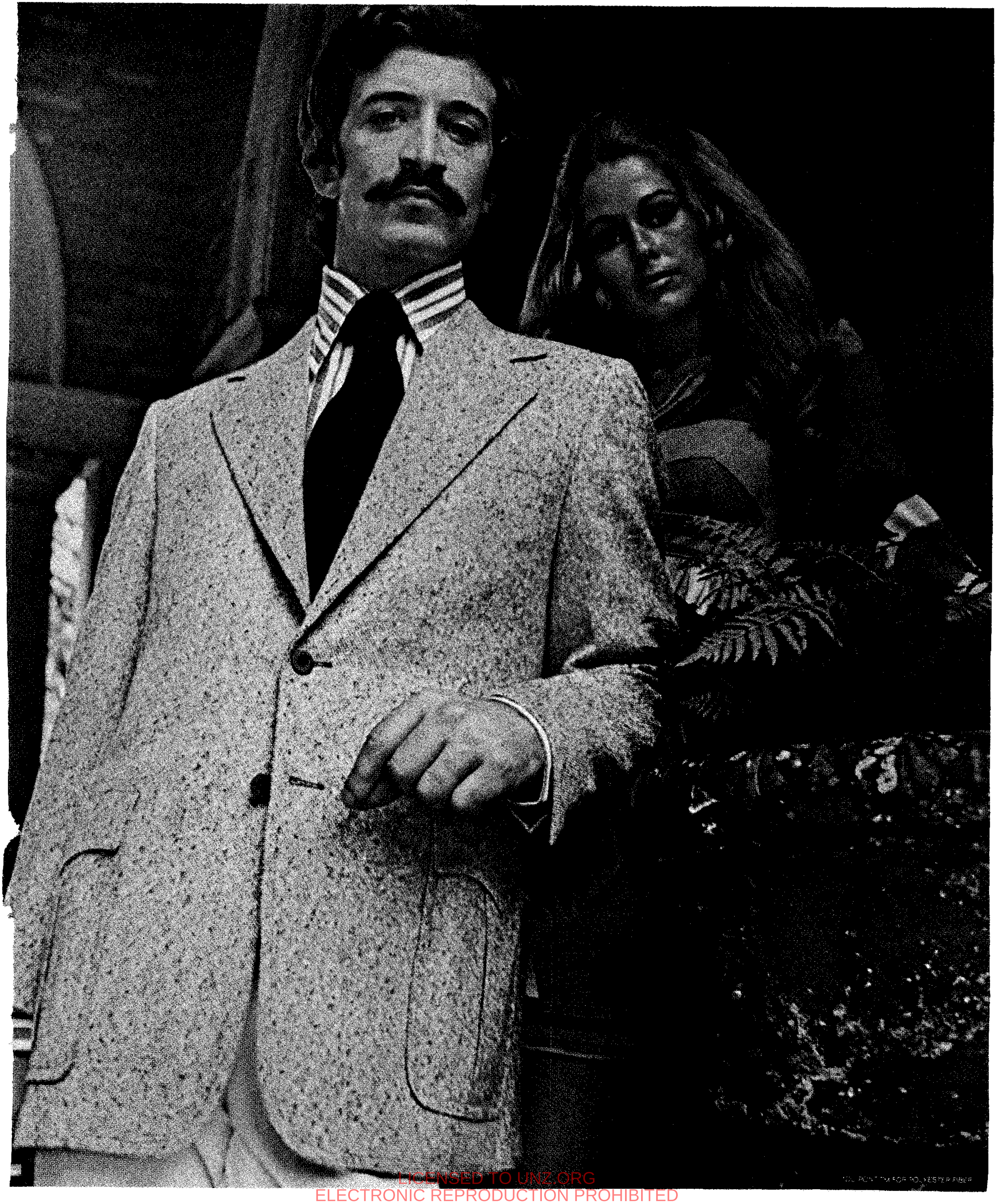
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been. Some days four and five times; sometimes even in the night. Her veins got harder and harder to get blood from. "But why?" she protested. "I've been tested and tested."

"You're still running a fever, and there's still fluid in your lungs. We have to keep trying to find the cause. It might be something we could cure."

"I'm thirsty," she said often.

"I'm sorry, you're on restricted fluids. We can't let you have anything more to drink."

The food was like the food in Intensive Care. She couldn't eat, though aides offered to feed her and were careful to cut up her meat and butter her bread.

•

On Easter Sunday, Ellie brought a large shopping bag. She took out the dear basket that had held the roses, and a bunch of tiny, bright-yellow chrysanthemums and a big bunch of wide white daisies. "They can throw them out tomorrow if they want to," she said. "You're going to have flowers for Easter!" She put the basket on top of the air-conditioner, and she took out a large bunch of little white grapes and washed them and put them on a table next the bed in a bowl she had brought. "From South America, not from California. You can eat them in the night. They might keep you from getting so thirsty. I'll rub your back before I go. Wouldn't you like your hair brushed?"

•

Monday morning Dr. Jamison said cheerfully, "Well, we haven't made it on our first try; I'm shifting to another drug," and he told her what it was.

"No change?"

"No change. Yet. Don't worry, we'll get it."

"How long do you figure it's going to take?"

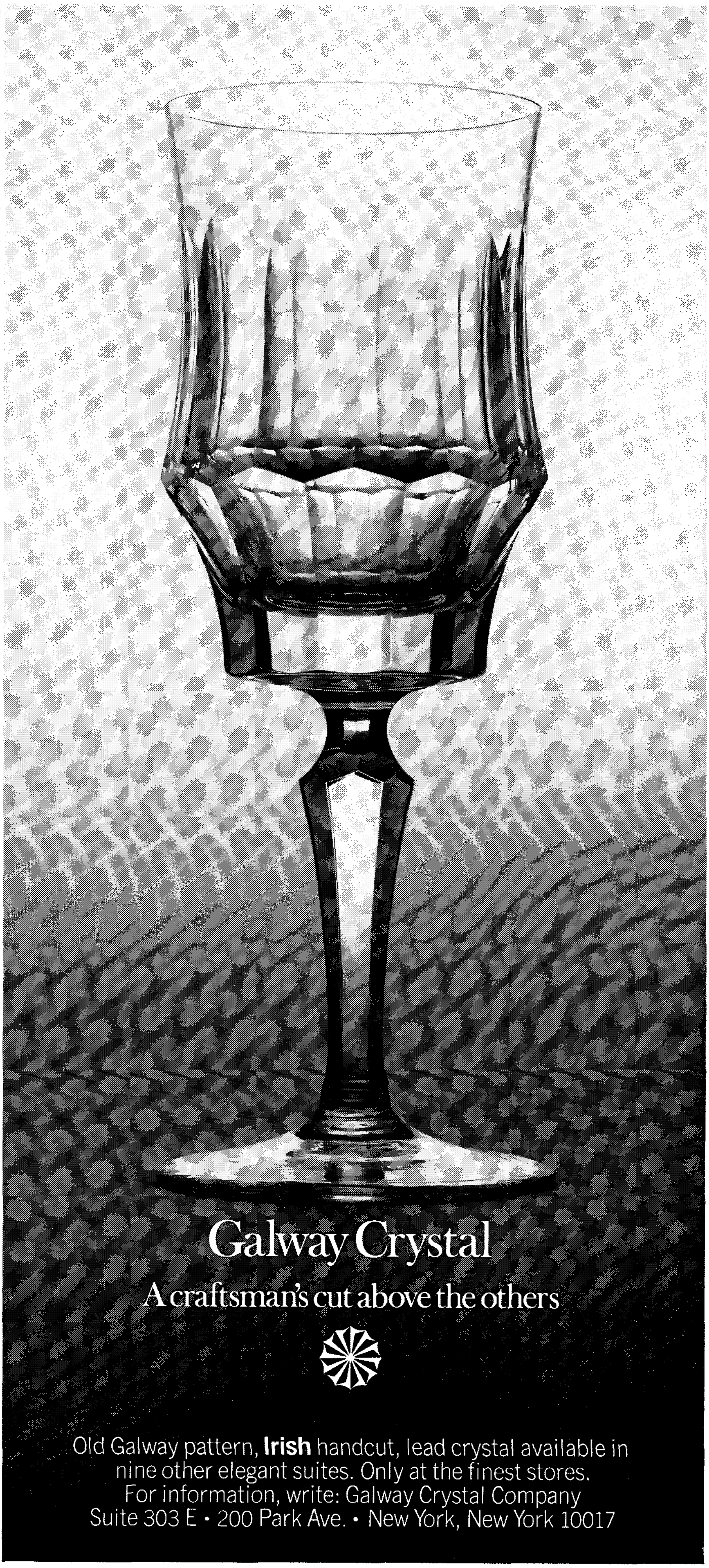
"Oh, just a few more days. Give us till Wednesday. Remember, this is in toxic dose, too. Let us know."

•

"This is Dr. Jamison's party," Dr. Rudd said, but he came every day and changed the dressing, and he explained with care that he was going away for ten days, and the date he would be back. "I get into town on Sunday," he said, "and I want to find you out of here."

"If the beat doesn't get corrected?"

"You can live with it. It's regularized now—a bigeminy beat, pretty



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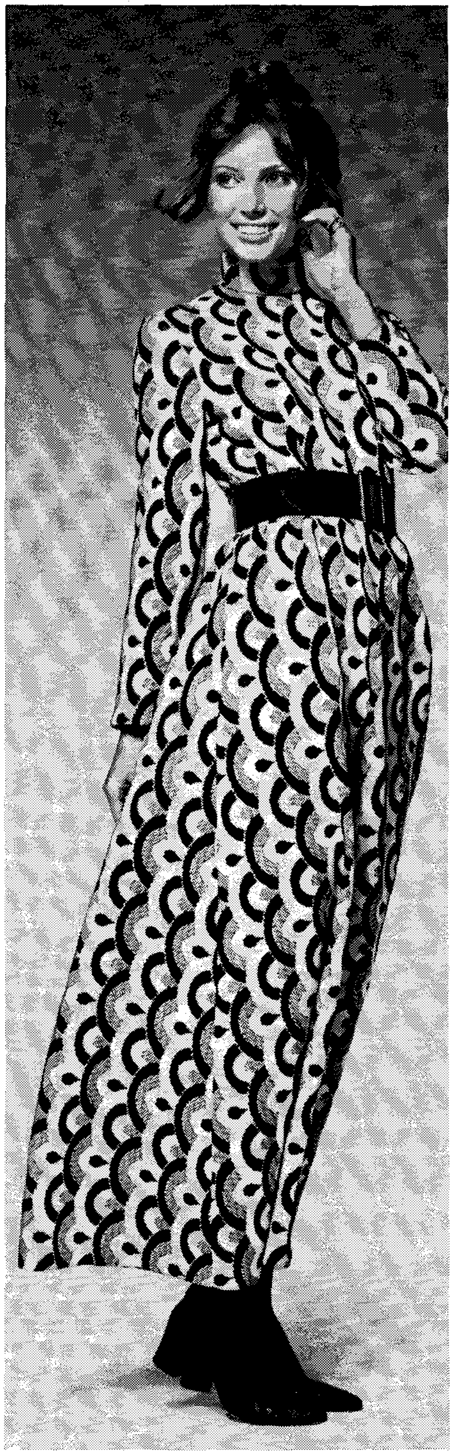

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steady. It just means a less efficient heart. I'd rather it got corrected."

•

The second drug made her sick at her stomach, and Dr. Jamison stopped it and substituted a third. Then he combined two. That made her sick, and he tried a fifth. "Give us till Friday," he said. "That will just be a week. You're stubborn."

"Dr. Jamison doesn't like to be thwarted," one of the internes said.

•

Once more, pain from her chest settled through into her back. When she woke up in the night she was unable to move and had to ring for help.

"What position do you want to be in?" the nurse or aide would ask.

"I don't know. I hurt so much I can't imagine being comfortable."

They were kind. They brought extra pillows. "Well, let's try this." And sometimes it helped, but night after night, except for brief periods, she lay reciting "Bless God bless God bless God bless God" until she numbed her mind to feeling, or morning came.

•

The Infectious Diseases doctor began to bring her paperback mysteries, and though her eyes slid away from the print, she read them, one after another. She read them all day and into the night, but slowly.

•

"I don't mean to be ungrateful," she said to Dr. Jamison on Thursday, "but I'm not sure I can stand it here much longer. I think it's partly being tied down."

"No need to apologize. The normal tolerance for this unit is six days; a good many psychological studies have been made of it. We'll get you up into a chair for a bit. That ought to help."

•

Internes and nurses came in during the night. "Your blood pressure's dropped," a nurse said one time, and she brought in an interne and they took her blood pressure over and over. "I can't even get it," he said. "I'll ask the resident to come in. We'd better give you some oxygen."

With that, all her holds seemed precarious.

FRIDAY morning Dr. Jamison said, "Do you think you could endure it till Monday? I want to try something entirely different: Dilantin. It's been

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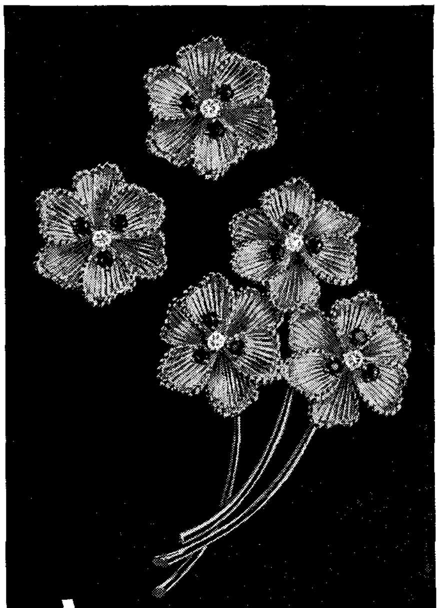

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used for years for epilepsy. About two years ago we found that it had an effect on heart rhythm. I'll be starting you on such a large dose I'll have to have you here. It wouldn't be safe. Monday is a fast promise."

"Whether it's corrected or not?"

"Whether it's corrected or not."

What could she say? But that afternoon, when a new interne came in to shift the intravenous and thrust his long, broad needle into her painful veins in ten different places without finding a place to let it rest, she cried. It was like the earlier time—all tears—and, like the earlier time, she couldn't stop. "I can't let you do it again," she said finally. "I don't care."

"*Why?*" she asked the nurse who came in as he left. "*Why* wouldn't he get someone else? *Why* would he keep trying?"

"Ego," the nurse said. "It's his damn ego. He wouldn't admit he couldn't do it. I can't *stand* it when they hurt the patients. Here, let me wash your face. I'll get you Dr. Kay. He's considered the best interne in the whole hospital."

The tears were still falling into her pillow when Dr. Kay came in. He didn't say a word, but he got the needle into a vein on the very first try and it scarcely hurt.

•

"You know, that interne felt as bad as you did about what happened," Dr. Lewis said in the afternoon. "He was just telling me about it."

"Then why didn't he go get someone who knew what he was doing!" she said in an ugly voice.

Dr. Lewis looked shocked.

•

Around dinnertime Dr. Jamison stopped in. "Is there anything we could do to make things more bearable for you?" he asked. "Would it help if you could have more company and they could stay longer?"

"It might."

"I'll arrange it. The rule's adamant and the nurses won't like it, but if they say anything tell them to get in touch with me. I'll leave word with the clerk. Have your sister stay with you a while when she comes this evening. And over the weekend."

"I'm so ashamed," she said. "But I feel like an animal in a trap."

"There's no reason to be ashamed," he said.

•

Saturday, she walked twenty-five feet or so down the corridor out-

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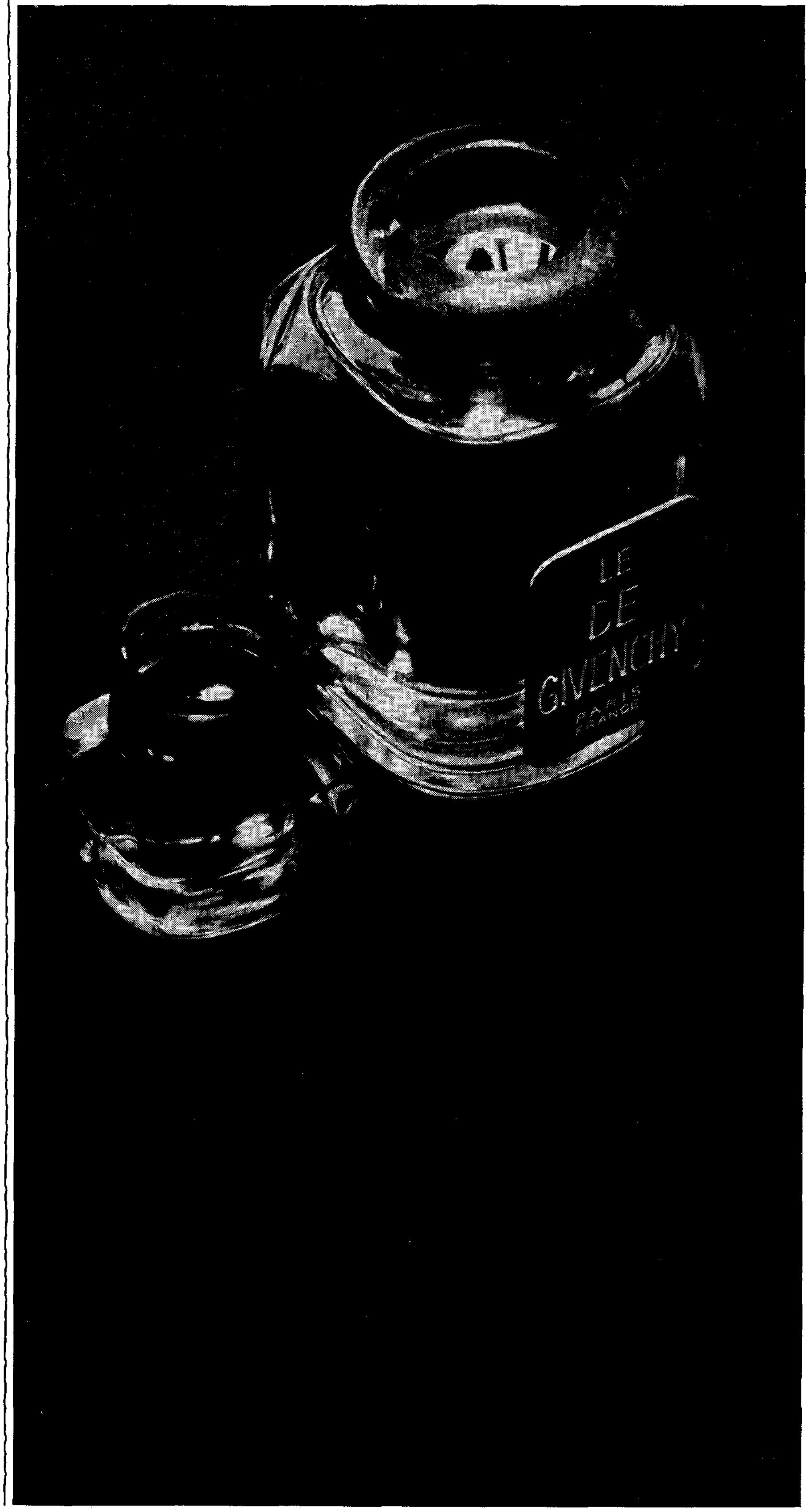

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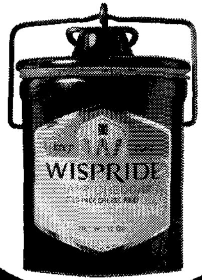

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side her room. The procedure was elaborate. The battery-powered monitor was wheeled in, her wires were connected to it, two freshly filled hypodermics were placed on top ("Are those for an emergency?" she asked the nurse. "That's right"), the intravenous bottle was transferred to a pole on wheels. An aide supported her and pushed the intravenous pole; another aide pushed the monitor; the nurse walked backward, reading the cardiogram. "It's regular!" she called. "She's out of the bigeminy." The internes at the desk came to look and walk backward with the nurse. It was like a parade.

In bed again, wired to her own monitor, her heart returned to its irregular pattern.

"I guess we need to keep you on your feet," Dr. Jamison said.

•

Sunday, two internes stuck their heads in her door. She braced herself.

"We've come to check up on you," one of them said.

"Dr. Bye Bye!" She held out her left hand.

They gave her the news of the Intensive Care Unit. "You were there for Joe's cardiac arrest, weren't you?" one of them asked.

"Was that why he was wheeled out of the room?"

"Yes, we had to take him to the O.R."

"His mind was gone after that, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"Did he make it?"

"No, poor devil, but it was just as well."

"I thought I imagined it."

"No."

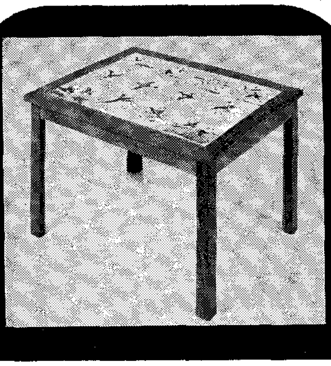
"Remember when you took off the fluid and hollered for the resident? I knew that wasn't blood."

"If you did, you knew more than we did. You should have seen the resident's face—it was ashen. We thought I was in your liver."

"I'm going to get out of here tomorrow," she told them.

Dr. Jamison was late coming in Monday morning. "I have bad news for you," he said. "There isn't a room available, not in the section you want, where the food's good. I've just been over to Admissions. They will have one tomorrow on your old floor. Miss Townsend said she'd hold it for you. I'm terribly sorry, but there isn't a thing I can do."

She nodded, but she had no defenses



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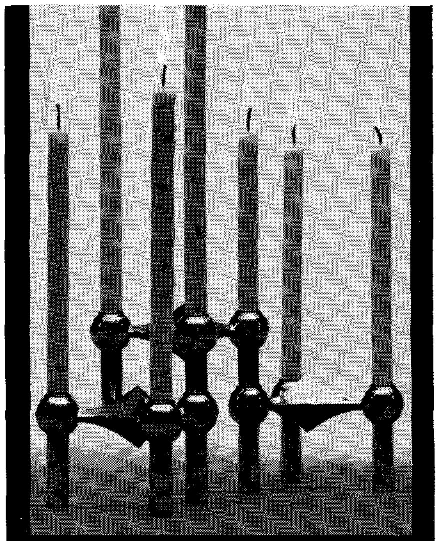

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left. She told everyone who came into her room that she was desperate.

•

The nurse who brought her medication on Tuesday morning smiled and said, "Well, we're all set for eleven o'clock," and the nurse's aide who bathed her said, "I guess we'd better get *you* cleaned up early."

Eleven o'clock came, and twelve, and one, and two, and finally the head nurse came in and said, "They've given that room to another patient. Admissions wouldn't let Miss Townsend hold it. She tried. There isn't anything else. But there will be tomorrow, on another floor."

•

"I don't know if they told you how upset everyone was," Dr. Lewis said. "Dr. Jamison went to Admissions. *I* went to Admissions. Internes called. Nurses called. Tomorrow *is* sure. I've checked myself with both Admissions and the head nurse on the floor. Tomorrow will come."

"I know," she said. "And I know I'm acting like a child. But I feel as if I shall *die* if I don't get out of here."

"Twelve days is a long time to be in this unit."

"The rhythm isn't any different, is it."

"It has very brief periods of being normal, but no, not really. You can live with it, you know. It isn't something you can't live with."

SHE had been in her new room only an hour or so when the rhythm of her heart shifted back to normal. Dr. Jamison could hear it. The cardiogram he ordered showed the change.

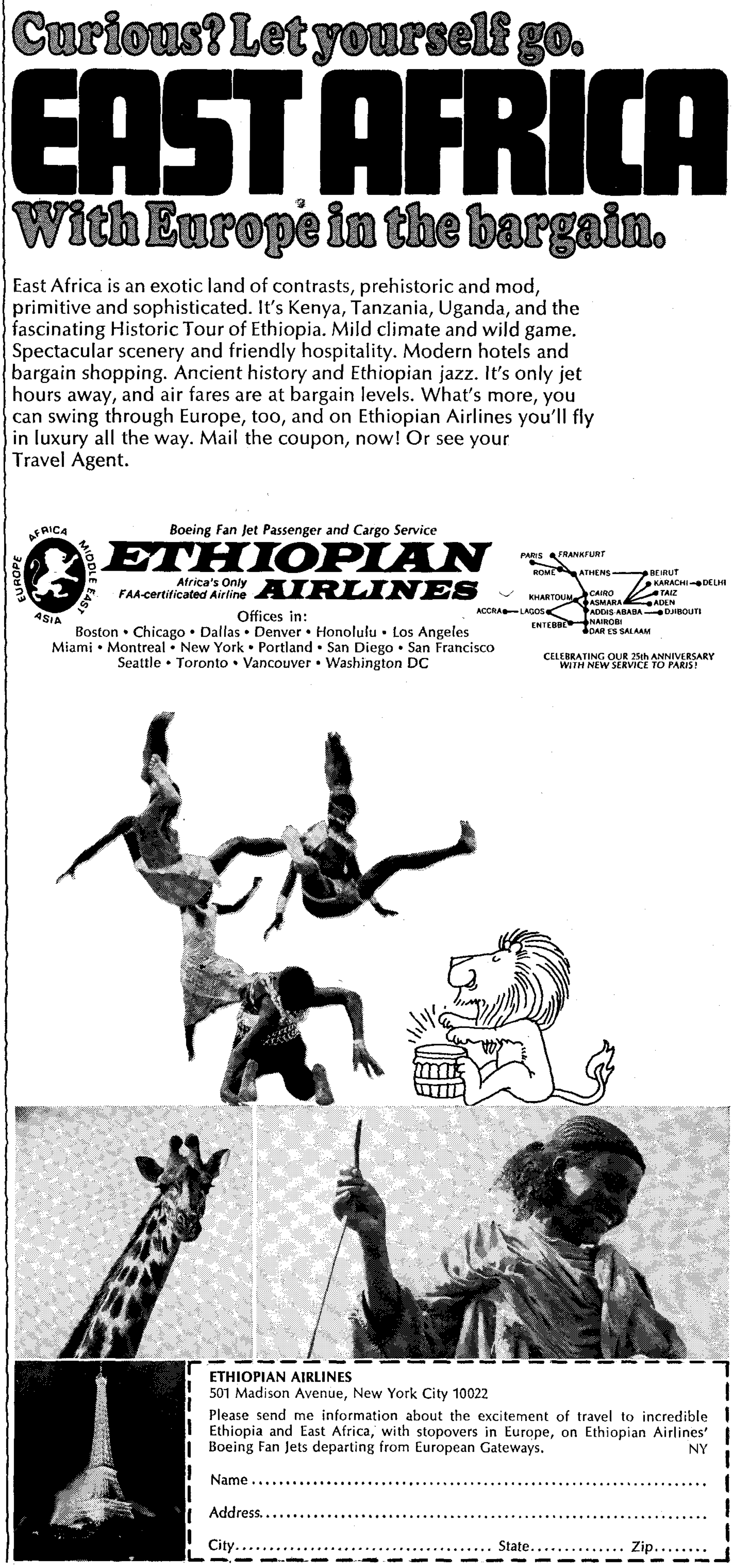
"Was it the Dilantin?" she asked him.

"No. *You* did it." He sounded half disgusted. "I'm going to keep you on it, though, just as a precaution." He was leaving that evening for the rest of the week, for meetings in the Middle West. "I've ordered some iron for you," he said. "We've taken so much blood your hemoglobin's dropped. You'll have to be on it for a few months. And you can go back to a regular diet. We want you to eat."

•

"Are we on our own for the rest of the week?" she asked Dr. Lewis at dinnertime.

"It looks that way. And the interne who'll be looking after you isn't an activist. I've just been talking to



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•

Three benign days. The fever was lower; X-rays showed that the fluid in her lungs was less; the opened incision was definitely filling in. When she coughed, the air no longer whistled through it.

One evening, the interne from the very first floor she'd been on, the one who had disapproved of her surgery, came up to see her. "I'm so glad you're all right," he said, and he sat on the edge of the bed and held her hand and he didn't say another thing.

•

Dr. Rudd walked into her room Sunday afternoon. She took his hand in both of hers, and after a few seconds he brought his left hand up and covered hers. "I've missed you," she said. "Dr. Rudd, why do you suppose I minded the Coronary Care Unit so much more than Intensive Care?"

"Because you were more alert." He smiled. "If you stay here much longer, you may be the first patient I've ever discharged to go back to work the next day."

"HOW much longer do you think it will be?" she asked Dr. Lewis.

"Oh, the day will come when all four of us agree that you're ready. A week or two, I'd think. You have to be stronger than you are."

"You've lost seven pounds," Dr. Rudd said. "Try to eat more."

"You've got some premature beats still," Dr. Jamison said. "But we aren't going to hold you up for those. They'll go away in time, we hope. And we won't hold you up for your fever; it's coming down. You'll probably have it for a few weeks after you get home. I'll want you to take your temperature regularly."

"Did you ever decide what caused it?"

"We never did."

"Or the arrhythmia?"

"That, either."

•

She was sitting up in a chair. With help, she was walking to the sunroom. She was restless. "Isn't it time?" she asked Dr. Lewis.

"Not quite. Soon."

•

One morning Dr. Rudd said, "Whenever the other two agree it's all

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right, it's all right with me. I want a last cardiogram taken at rest and immediately after walking, and a chest X-ray, and that will do it so far as I'm concerned."

"I feel you've given me back my life," she said. It was something she'd been wanting to say to him. "How does it feel to give a person her life?"

Dr. Rudd made his dismissing gesture. "I don't think in those terms," he said. "I'm a surgeon. Surgeons are doers."

●

"I think you're ready," Dr. Jamison said. "It's going to take six months, you know—possibly a year—to reach your maximum level. Don't get discouraged. Remember, you're not sixteen. I'll want to see you in two weeks' time. You've been a wonderful patient—we couldn't have asked for more." He gave her an affectionate pat.

●

"How about Saturday morning?" Dr. Lewis said. "Would you like that? It would only be a few days longer in any case, and why be here over the weekend. I can come down to see you. I think you'll get better faster at home."

IV

MONTHS later, back at work and beginning to be active again, she was in Dr. Lewis's office.

"You're well," he said. "Oh, it will be some months yet, but I don't have to worry about you anymore."

A question had turned up in her mind. "How many of those operations have they done?" she asked.

"Between fifteen and twenty—seventeen is the exact number, I believe."

Dr. Rudd had said the risk was thirty-five per cent or a little more. She figured. Had they lost six? Seven?

"I ran into Dr. Rudd in the corridor today," Dr. Lewis said. "We stopped and congratulated ourselves."

"You mean I'm a credit to us?"

"To us and a good many others you don't know anything about." His expression was thoughtful—entirely serious.

They sat for a moment, unsmiling, looking at each other. Oh God, she thought, those nightmare days. Dear God, the miracle.

—RACHEL MACKENZIE

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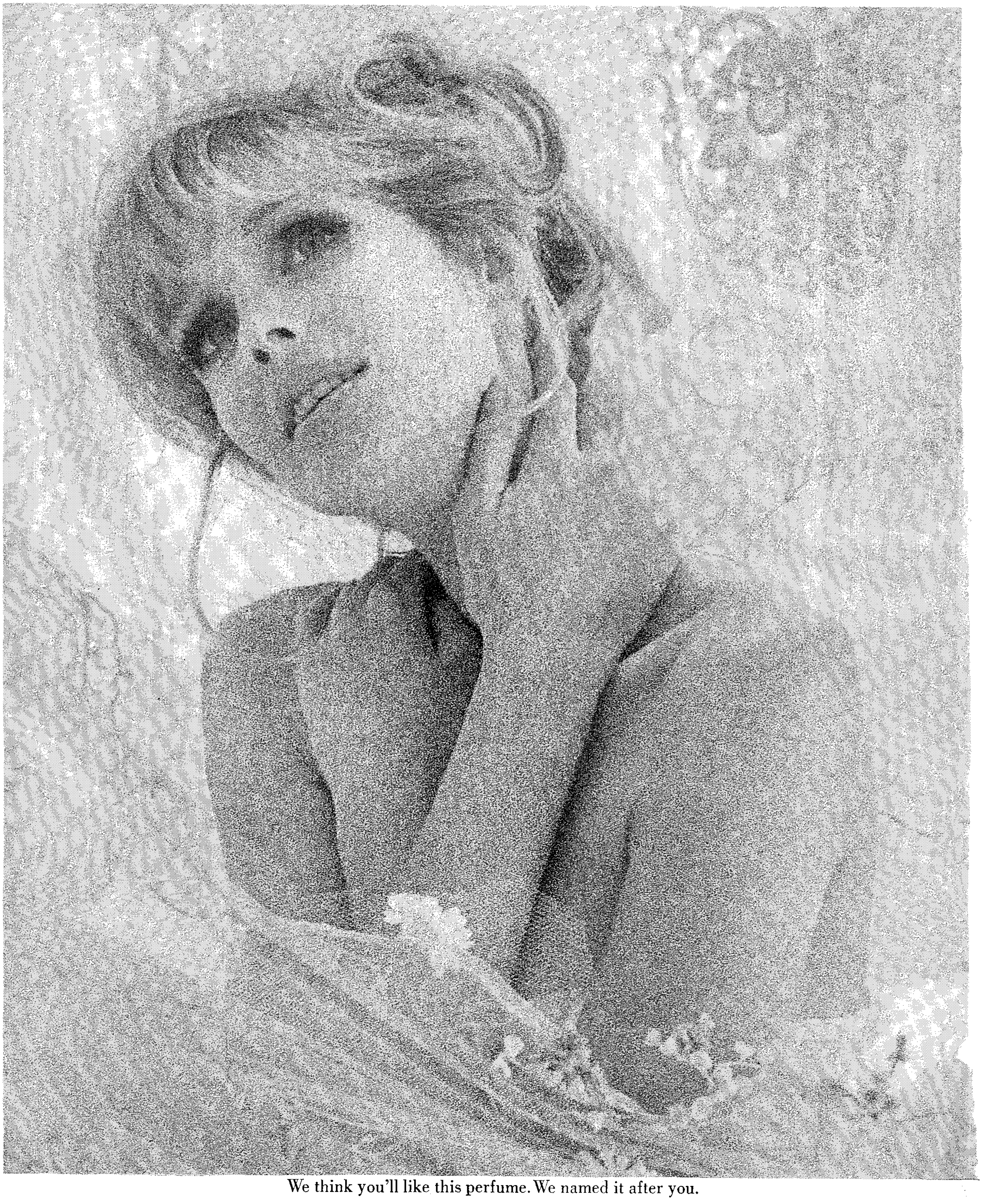

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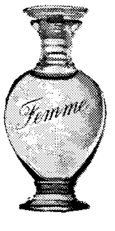

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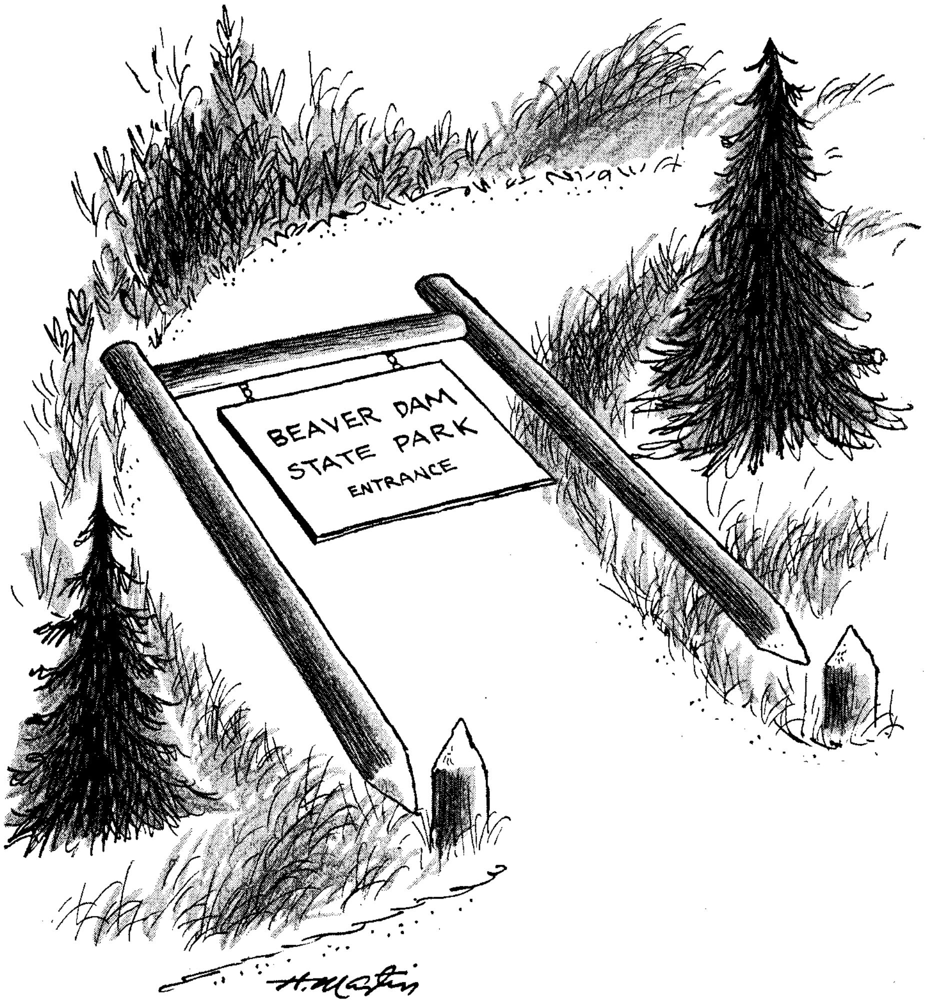
THE THEATRE

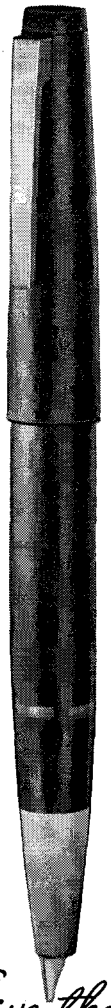
THINGS GOING WRONG

NOËL COWARD is said to have been inspired to write "Hay Fever" by a weekend spent on Long Island as a guest of Laurette Taylor and her notably self-engrossed and self-delighting family. That visit took place in the twenties, when Coward was also in his twenties, and his brilliant little play breathes the impudent confidence of a man joyously engaged in exploring the size and range of his gifts. It is as if Coward were whispering to us from the wings, "Here is a marvellous toy that I've just invented; please observe the ease with which I wind it up and set it spinning. These delightful concoctions cost me practically no effort, you know—they pop into my mind, and two or three days later I have them all ready to pop on the stage. How jolly it is to be the I I am! I *do* enjoy me, I must say!" The ingenious shapeliness of the structure of the play, and the wit—or, on occasion, merely the high spirits—of the lines would seem to make the marvellous toy foolproof, but this is far from being the case, and I am sorry to say that the revival of "Hay Fever," at the Helen Hayes, is in nearly all respects a disappointment. Where everything should have gone just right, it has gone just wrong. One difficulty that the director, Arvin Brown, was plainly unable to overcome was the disconcerting variety of acting styles and, to be blunt about it, of acting abilities displayed by the cast. Most of the performers are Americans, and the accents they have assumed in order to pretend to be English not only are false in themselves but are at war with each other inside their falseness. To make matters worse, there is a genuine Englishman—John Williams—in the play, whose accent worsens the muddle by continually calling our attention to it. Shirley Booth is wantonly miscast as Judith Bliss, an aging but still debonair and invincibly flirtatious actress. Roberta Maxwell plays her role straight, while Marian Mercer and Carole Shelley turn their roles into caricatures. As for Michael McGuire, he is so unlike his role as Coward wrote it that for some minutes I thought he must be reciting the lines of a Bulgarian lexicographer in a totally different play. Nor are my complaints quite at an end: the costumes, by Jane Greenwood, made everyone (especially the adorable Miss Maxwell) look hideous, and the set, by Ben Edwards, was of an exceptional church-basement tackiness.

I MEAN to say as little as possible about "Two by Two," at the Imperial, because my chief feeling in regard to it is one of sadness. It is as nearly dead as a musical can be, and Danny Kaye's attempt to make his own superb vitality mask the lack of it in the book, music, and lyrics (the work of, respectively, Peter Stone, Richard Rodgers, and Martin Charnin) is heroic and in vain. The musical is based on a play, "The Flowering Peach," by Clifford Odets; it is a poor play, having to do with God, Noah, and the Flood, and I see no way that, even under ideal circumstances, a good musical could be fashioned from it. Surely by now it is evident that Jehovah is tiresome when He talks, and especially tiresome when He talks back. Noah being old and garrulous and something of a sot, and having a dismal wife and three dismal sons, his problems cannot be made entertaining by dint of tricks of stage lighting and color-slide projections. Curiously enough, the settings, by David Hays, are almost as ramshackle as Ben Edwards' set for "Hay Fever." Musical-comedy settings cannot afford to be done on the cheap; Mr. Hays' Ark—much of which we see earlier as Noah's house—looks as if it had cost $15.46, mostly for old lumber. It is not enough.

IF I have said little about "Two by Two" for gloomy reasons, I will say little about "Sleuth" for cheerful ones. It is a thriller so cleverly put together that there is almost nothing I can tell you about its plot that will not let some large or small cat out of the bag. The author, Anthony Shaffer, has taken as his subject games-playing, and it is an extra pleasure that a play devoted to murder as a form of games-playing should itself prove to be an attractive game between author and audience. Since it happens that I am very bad at games—Old Maid is the only card game I fully take in, and children can best me at checkers as soon as they are old enough to sit at a checkerboard—I found myself enchantedly in





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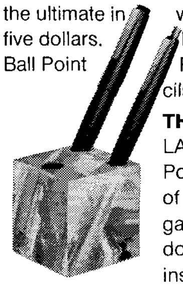

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the dark through most of my evening at the Music Box. Anthony Quayle plays the role of a mystery-story writer whose wife has fallen in love with another man; Keith Baxter plays the other man, an impoverished travel agent for whom adultery turns out to be an unexpectedly dangerous enterprise. Under the direction of Clifford Williams, both actors give bravura performances. (I fear I have just given something away by not giving something away. Please forgive me.) The set, by Carl Toms, is intended to represent a large old mansion in Wiltshire, and I am happy to report that it looks *very* expensive. Since it will be at the Music Box for many months, and perhaps for years, it was certainly a wise investment.

"LES BLANCS," at the Longacre, was written by Lorraine Hansberry, with, according to the program, a "final text adapted by Robert Nemiroff." Miss Hansberry had begun the play in 1961 and was working on it at the time of her death, in 1965. So much has happened in Africa since 1961 that the play, laid in a Schweitzer-like medical mission in some vast equatorial country plagued by white colonial rule and black terrorism, has an air of being far less current than it claims to be ("The time is yesterday, today, tomorrow—but not very long after that"), and this datedness is reflected in its doggedly didactic tone; we are being lectured to and made to see things in the light that Teacher wishes us to see them in and not otherwise. When, fairly late in the play, the plot erupts into melodrama, with people being gunned down right and left onstage, our sympathies are not engaged, for the characters involved have long since come to seem symbols of sets of beliefs and not individuals capable of holding contradictory opinions and of being murdered in cold blood. The redeeming feature of the evening is a splendid performance by James Earl Jones. By force of intelligence, charm, and a presence that makes him appear to be two or three times lifesize, Mr. Jones carries the heavy burden of the play without a moment's faltering. Lili Darvas is touching as the blind wife of the doctor who heads the mission, and Harold Scott and Humbert Allen Astredo are admirable in smaller parts. The handsome, eerie scenery was designed by Peter Larkin, and the costumes were designed by Jane Greenwood. The director of the play was John Berry.
—BRENDAN GILL

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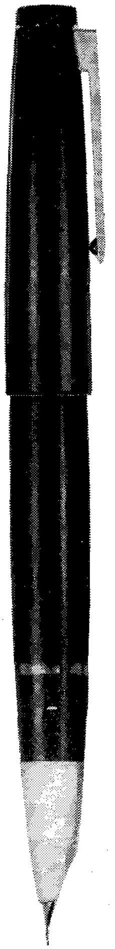
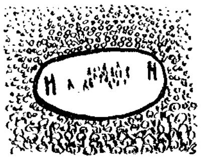


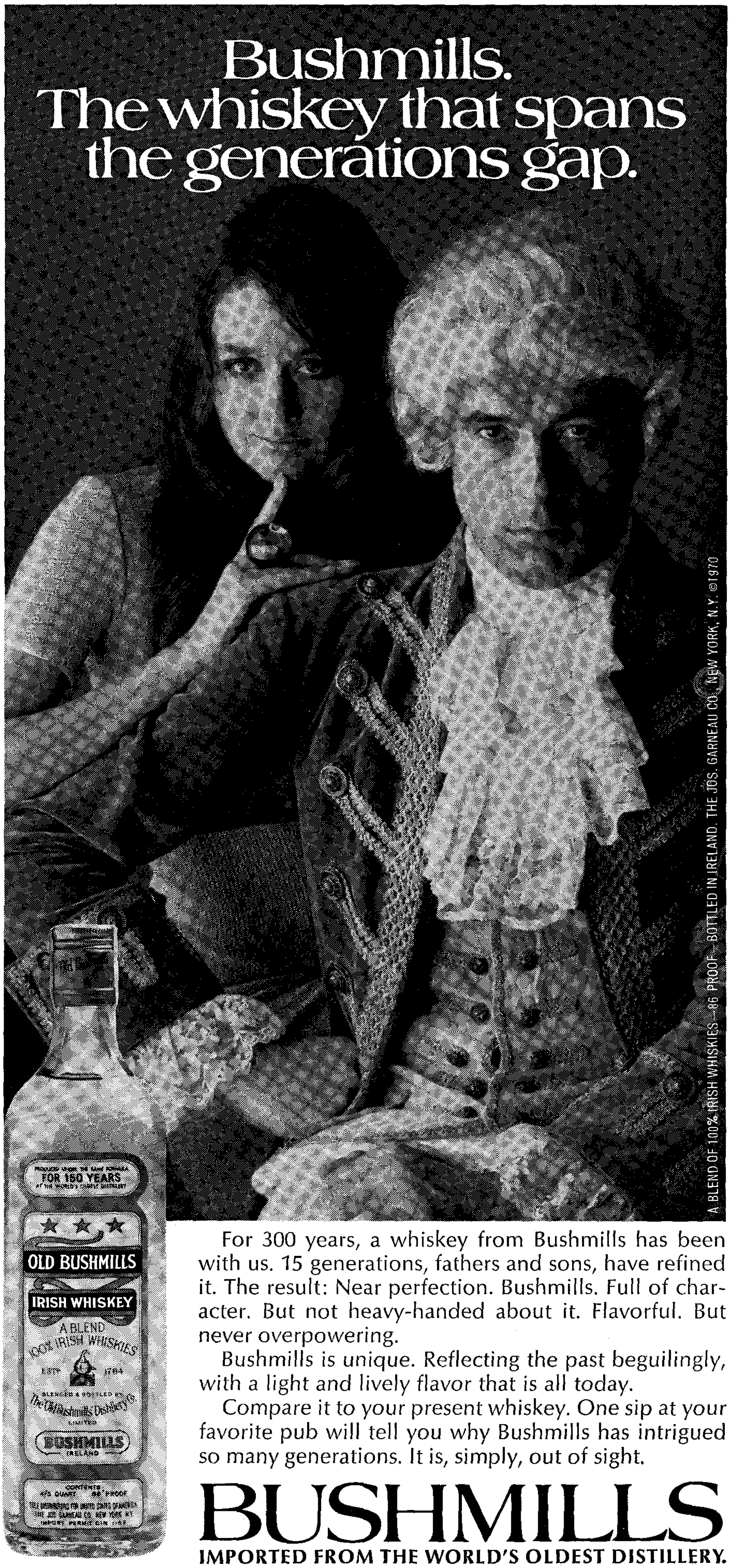
FOOTBALL

Topsy, Not to Say Turvy



NO one in the post-McLuhan new world can be surprised by the disappearance of the classics, and no one in attendance at Yale Bowl last Saturday can have been surprised to discover that Princeton, in its hundred-and-second year of football, has forsworn the sport in favor of a series of Happenings—Happenings both improvised and improvident. A splinter group of Princeton dissidents and troublemakers did steal the ball in the second half and effect an old-fashioned "rally" that left them only five points behind (27–22) at the end, but stern measures will, it is said, be taken to prevent a repeat of that sort of thing. Thirty-seven thousand people who still believe in such classics as Y-P and Santa Claus had not much to look forward to when it became apparent that Massey, the little gamecock whose quarterbacking has kept Yale so alive for two seasons, would show up only for a couple of minor plays, and that Bjorklund, the mighty Princeton long-distance runner, would not show up at all—too many bruises for both of them. Yale, under the jurisdiction of Sizemore *vice* Massey, played a waiting game—waiting for Princeton fumbles and passes to come its way—and it had not long to wait. However, it shall be written—in the Book of Kells, inevitably—that Ron Kell, the great Yale linebacker, was the man of the day. With the aid of such as Lolotai and Gallagher, he spent the afternoon disabling Princeton machinery, and his sprint, after nabbing a Princeton pass, to the enemy twelve-inch line guaranteed the winning touchdown.

Thirty-nine thousand people who believe in Army checked bravely in at West Point to view Army's ninth defeat of the season—what else, against an Oregon that had just overrun an unbeaten Air Force?—and got a genuine match for their money. It was the first that any of us back East had seen of Moore, the Oregon junior who collected fifteen touchdowns last year and has accumulated eleven this fall. This chap—two eighteen, six feet two—not only runs but catches (six passes against Army, and the try for point that tied the game up, 22–22, in the final minutes). That last catch was turnabout being fair play; in 1969, in Oregon, Army tied up *that* game, 17–17, with Jensen's field goal eight sec-



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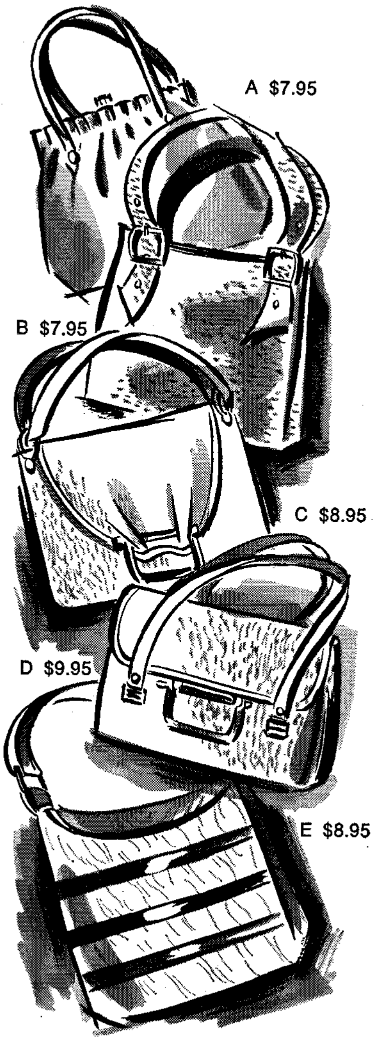

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onds before time ran out. Jensen, an unorthodox booter (he is neither Hungarian, South American, nor Hawaiian; he has never played soccer; he never even kicked a ball until he became an Army man), made it three out of four tries against Oregon on Saturday, which is to say thirty-five field goals so far during his term of duty at the Point. And out of his sixty tries for point after touchdown, he has managed fifty-eight. Another Gogolak, to be sure, but even after graduation, next year, he remains Army property for a number of years. Atha, the coming Army quarterback, for the first time ran almost a full game, and he ran it extremely well. He is a contact-lenses man (and that is a real problem for a footballer), but he skipped only one play, when he went to the sidelines to report a missing lens. While a delegation went through his effects in the locker room in search of a replacement, he kept on with the game, throwing a one-lens touchdown pass and galloping for another touchdown on the ground before he was restored to 20–20 vision. Good on him.

A correspondent in Ithaca—muddy, damp, windswept—said that he never doubted that Dartmouth, though it moved so slowly toward its destiny (Dartmouth 24, Cornell 0), would come out ahead. The tackling applied to Marinaro, Cornell's fine runner, and the harrying applied to Furbush, the Cornell quarterback, were, he reports, just too much. Playing football in Ithaca in November is, for spectator and player, like wintering at Valley Forge, and it took time for Dartmouth to warm up. Only Pennsylvania intervenes between it and an undamaged season. Fat chance.

Harvard and Yale meet this Saturday in Boston—the end of the Big Three classics—and perhaps without either Massey or Foster, the best quarterback Harvard can muster. Harvard, as always the week before Yale, met Brown, and the customary comedy of errors ensued before Harvard won, 17–10. Let us hope that there will not be another one this weekend in Boston.

Watching Air Force on film (this commentator's only recourse this year), one is led to wonder how, as Parker throws those passes into the left or right flat, or pitches out to his flankers, or sets in motion those draw plays, anyone can stand up against it. (Stanford, even with Plunkett throwing, didn't last week. The count: Air Force 31, Stanford 14.) There must be more than meets the camera's eye. —J. W. L.

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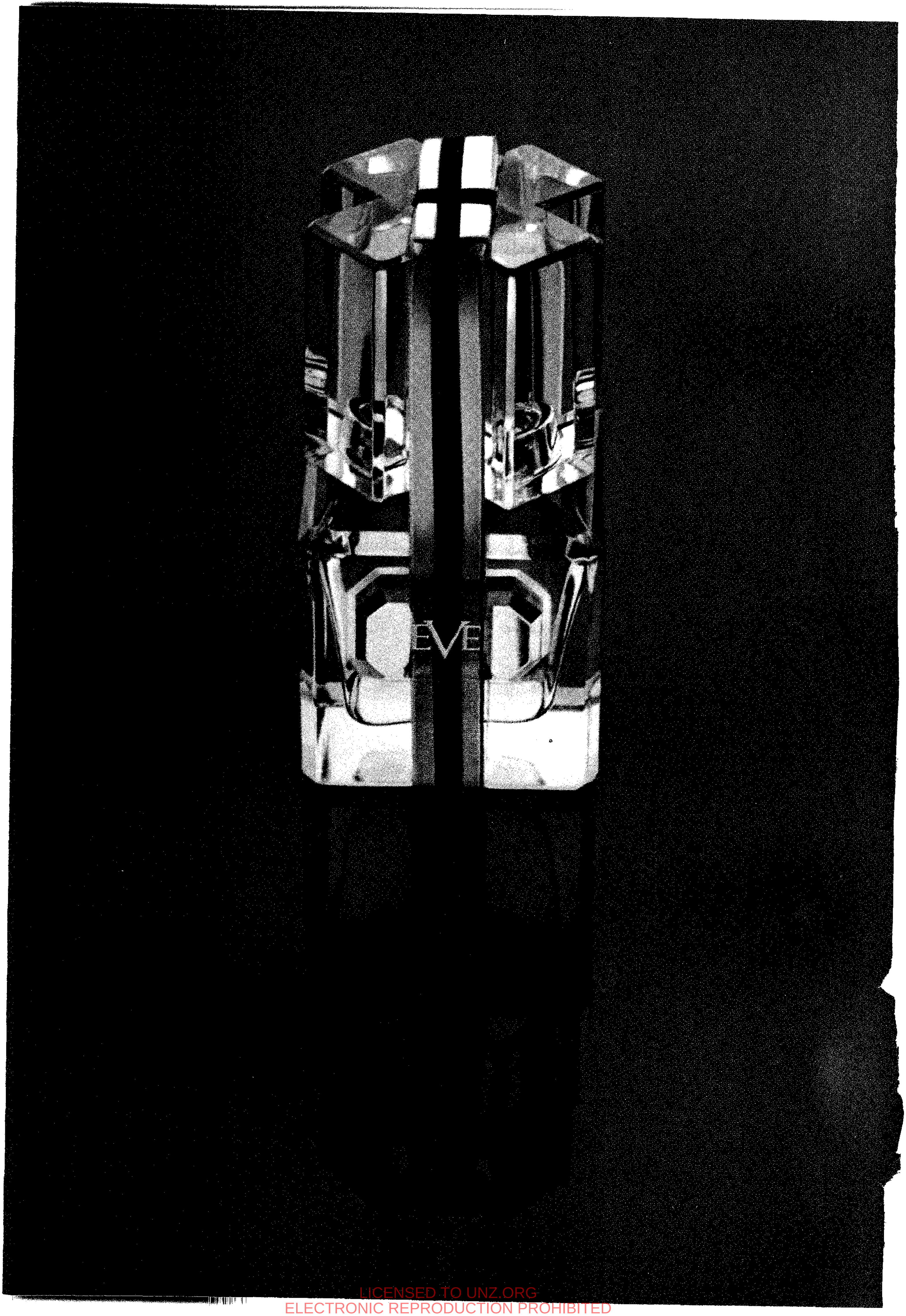
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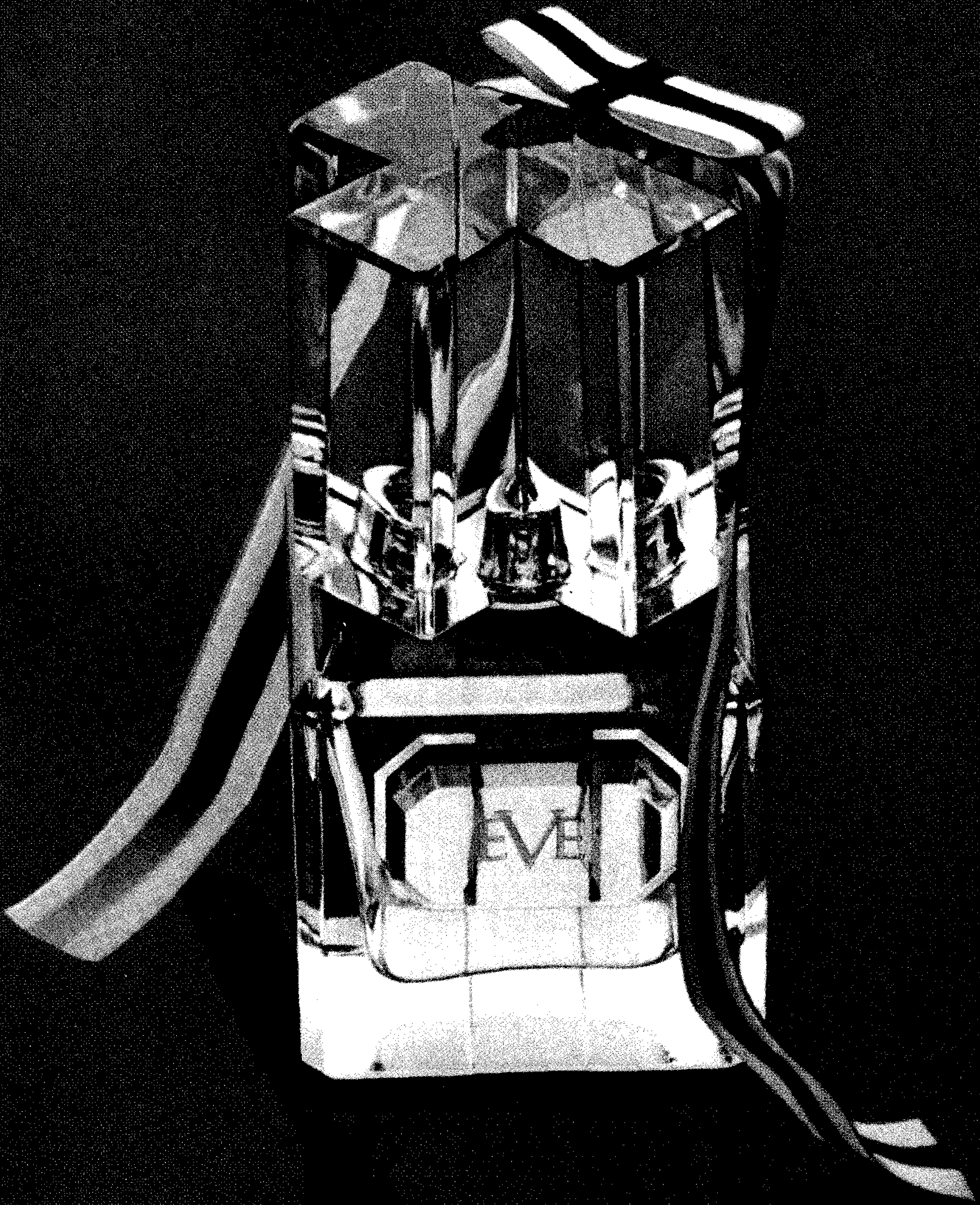

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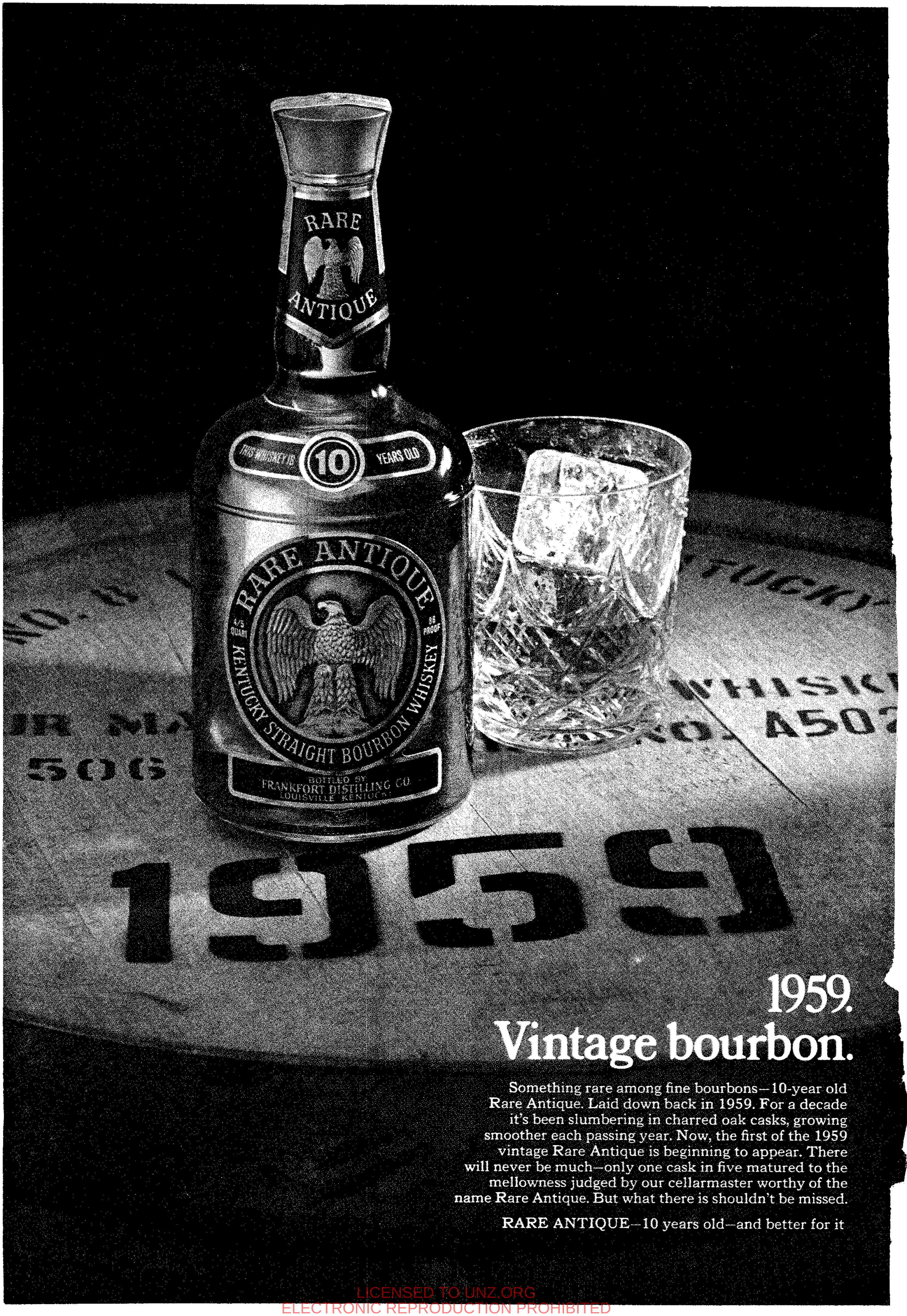
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LETTER FROM PARIS

NOVEMBER 11

UPON the death of General de Gaulle in his rural retreat last week, President Pompidou stated, "France is a widow," thus announcing the country's new historical condition with the loss of the single elderly citizen who had husbanded the nation's failing strength in the war in 1940 and from then on had given himself, in devoted obstinacy, to saving France whether in war or in peace, whether in office as its President or in retirement as its critic. He created France's modern history, and wrote it in his "Mémoires de Guerre" and "Mémoires d'Espoir," the latest volume of which appeared only last month. As a people, the French have a special, civilized gift for words suited to their larger events, which seems to enlarge them further, as if the lucid French language were a magnifying glass, presenting selections from French history in bold, big type, easy to read and difficult to ignore. It was by his words that de Gaulle took control of France. To be sure, as a soldier he won a battle at Abbeville, in Picardy, in 1940—possibly the only battle that France did win in those sad days—but it was a victory so obscure that the French public, and even the French Army, practically ignored it. It was by his words, then, that he conquered his people and united them around his person, for or against him, whether in detestation or in devotion—at some moments it seemed to make little difference. Both attitudes were recognitions of a national fact: that he was the polarizing figure of France, imprinting his name on three of its Republics—the waning Third, the disastrous Fourth, and his particular creation, the Fifth. His press conferences, held in the glittering ballroom of the Presidential palace, and attended (on invitation only) by journalists assembled from all over the world, consisted of long, faultless recitations, committed to memory and spoken in his peculiar buglelike voice. His pronunciamentory style was better suited to listening to than to reading. He coincided with the advent of the radio, which served him to perfection, and without which his career, fame, and power would all have been less, muffled by printer's ink and interrupted by punctuation. The grandeur of France was his salvational theme. He altered the invisible map of Europe, the geography of power. He changed the relations between his country and her inherited enemy, Germany, by concluding a pact of friendship watered by the Rhine—a pacific invention that no other Gallic or Germanic chief of state had ever thought of. He interrupted the bitter war of repression against the Algerians to force upon them the freedom they had been fighting for. Though it was Mendès-France who ended France's endless bloodshed in her Indo-Chinese war, thus freeing the region to become a mantrap for American participation, de Gaulle successfully stood off the Communist influence in France itself, which had one of the largest and most powerful Communist Parties of any democracy in Europe, one of his methods being to call the Communists the separatists.

A jealous Frenchman, de Gaulle worried about the seductive strength of America as France's richest neighbor—indeed, as everybody's richest neighbor—and, with cupidity and ingratitude, tapped our gold reserves in Fort Knox in a system of skillful, legal exchanges that restored the fallen franc, in part at our expense, we being, in his opinion, the only country that could afford to put France back on her feet. His strange political invention of the referendum, which served as a popularity contest for the French voters, in the end led him to retirement, because, as a proud man, his popularity was integral with his pride, and the lost referendum in the spring of last year was a refusal he could not accept. It is a pity that the French themselves could not accept the referendum's aim, which was for a reformed regionalization of France, by which Paris would have lost many of its isolating privileges.

By 1958, de Gaulle discovered that he was further in the lead than the dominant bourgeois political class was able to follow. He radically transformed France's political structure with a new constitution, which was, in a way, a step backward, in that it weakened Parliament by making government an emanation of the Presidency rather than of the National Assembly's deputies, in whose elected strength and wisdom de Gaulle felt that France could no longer completely trust. In obliterating the antiquated Fourth Republic, he dismantled France's remnants of empire, such as the vast territories of sub-Saha-

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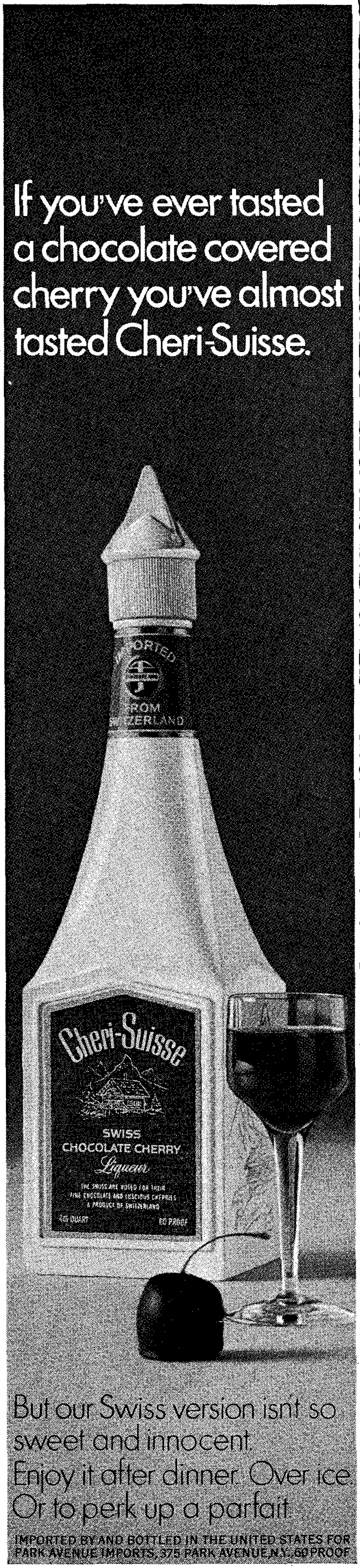

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ran Africa, and gave freedom to Algeria, which many French regarded as a physical part of the nation. In the angry political heat in France over the loss of Algeria, de Gaulle narrowly escaped assassination when a band of malcontents tried to ambush his car on the road from Paris back to Colombey. Their bullets passed behind his head and in front of the head of his wife, Yvonne; de Gaulle criticized them as bad shots. He never lost his sang-froid on any occasion.

Because France had dismantled her own empire, he became a kind of spokesman for the little nations. At the same time, he denounced the splitting of the world into two hegemonies, the American and the Russian—to which, of course, he added a third: France herself, in her new position in the front rank of the Western nations, where he had placed her. He built up France's atomic power as the only military force that had contemporary meaning. At peace with the world, France had a philosophical and foreign policy that seemed close to ideal, in which de Gaulle alone was criticized, for his authoritarianism, his overweening patriotism. He was, indeed, an international figure of first-rank importance whose patriotism was his main blemish.

IT was on de Gaulle's trips to the provincial centers of France—to the great wine hills of Burgundy, to the industrial steel centers, to the agricultural southwest—that most of his fellow-citizens saw him in his towering person. These were stately visits, achieved all too often in driving rain, which he would weather without a hat, with a muffler around his throat, and generally with a bad cold, as he sang the "Marseillaise" even more off key than usual at the big factory or vineyard rallies. Once, near the Burgundy cathedral town of Tournus, he made a special visit to a nearby village chapel to see the tomb of an early-eighteenth-century ancestor of his, the de Gaulles having originally been Burgundian, starting with a certain Gaspard de Gaulle, given special privileges by the king in 1581. De Gaulle's father was a professor at Lille; his lineage was ancient. He was a member of the powerful French bourgeois upper middle class to his dying day. The foremost man of Europe and a great French eccentric for more than a decade of personal power, he remained a profound believer in a better, civilizing world. His voice on the air was that of the French leader of his epoch, reciting his convictions.

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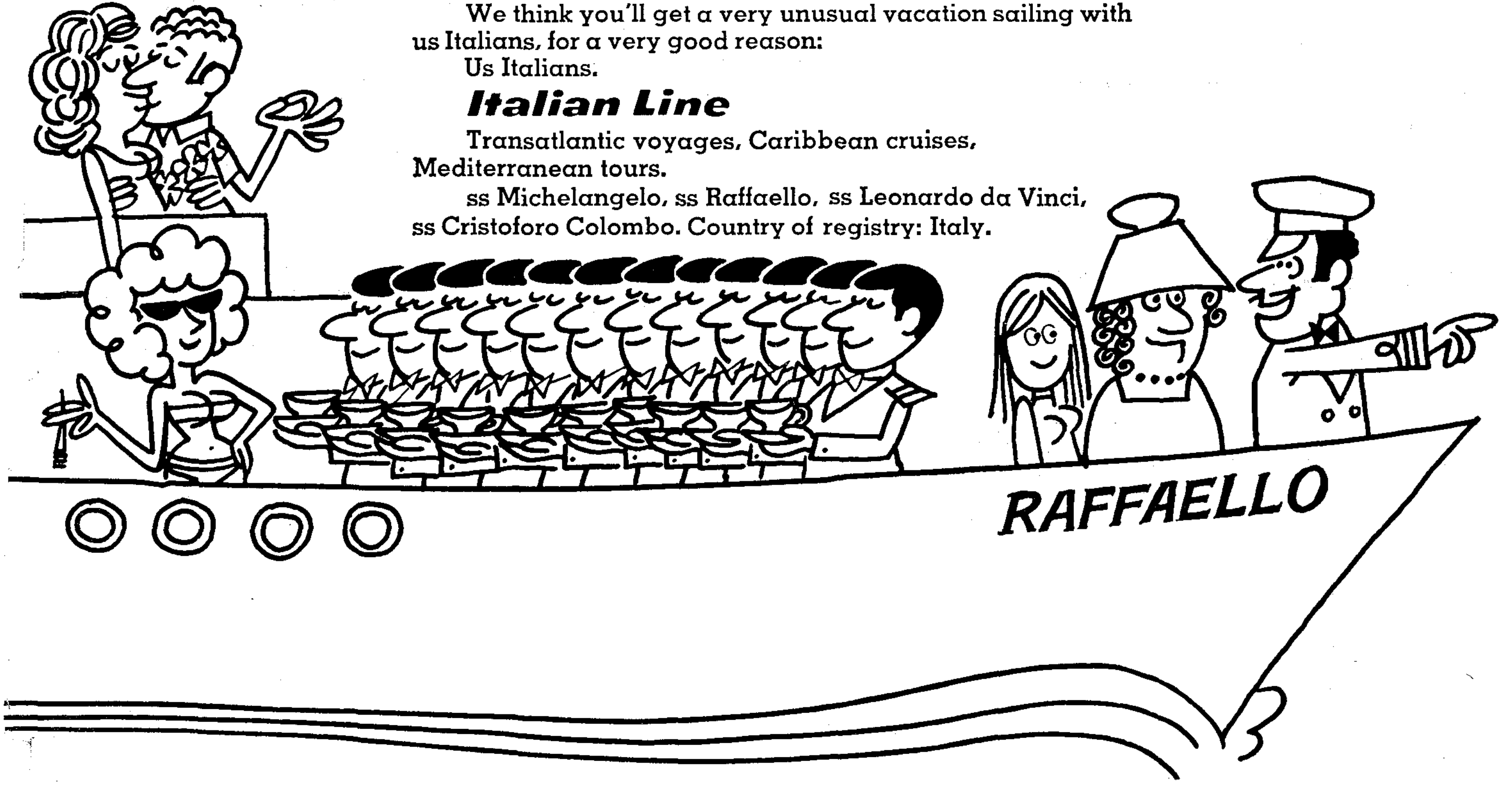

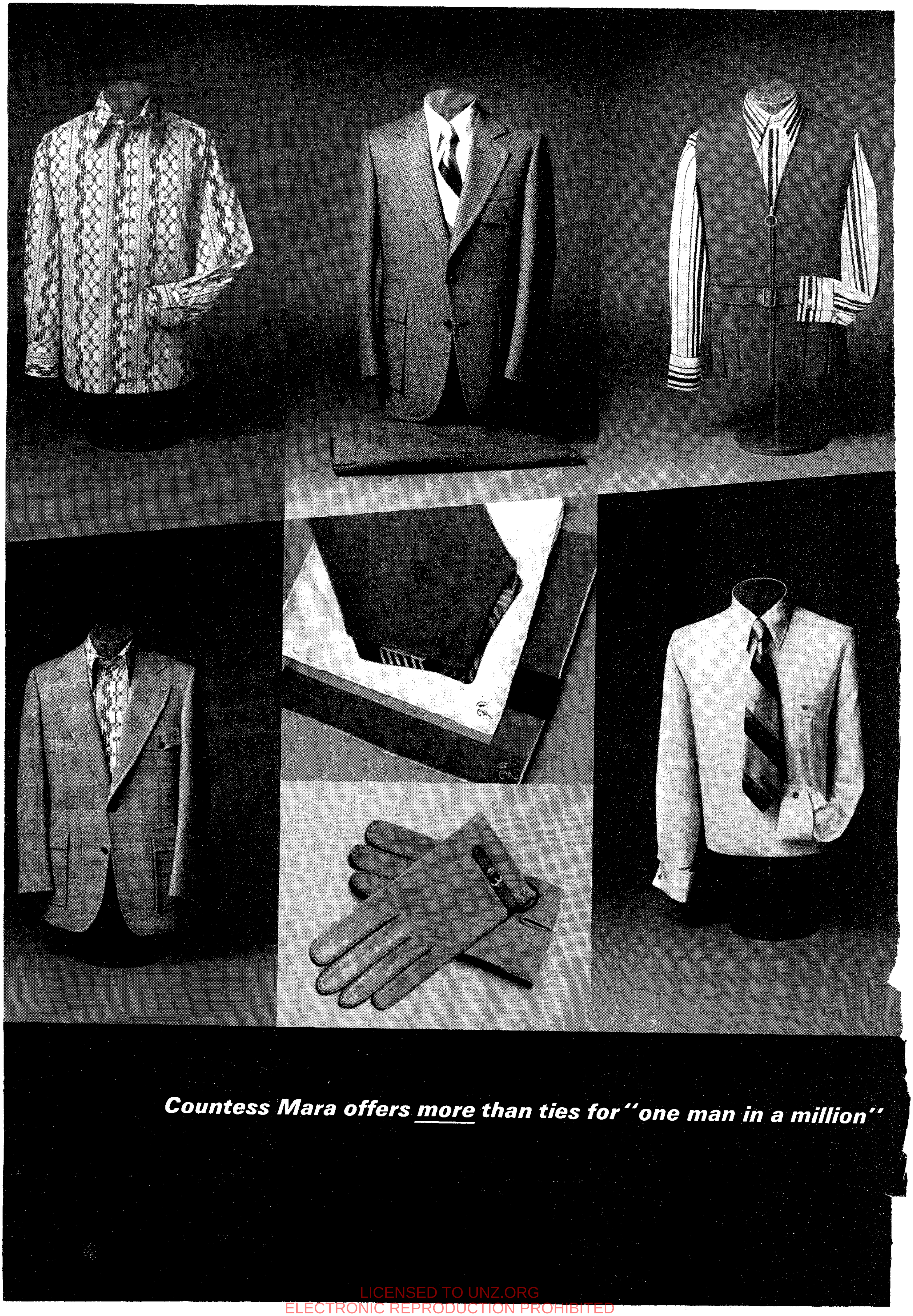
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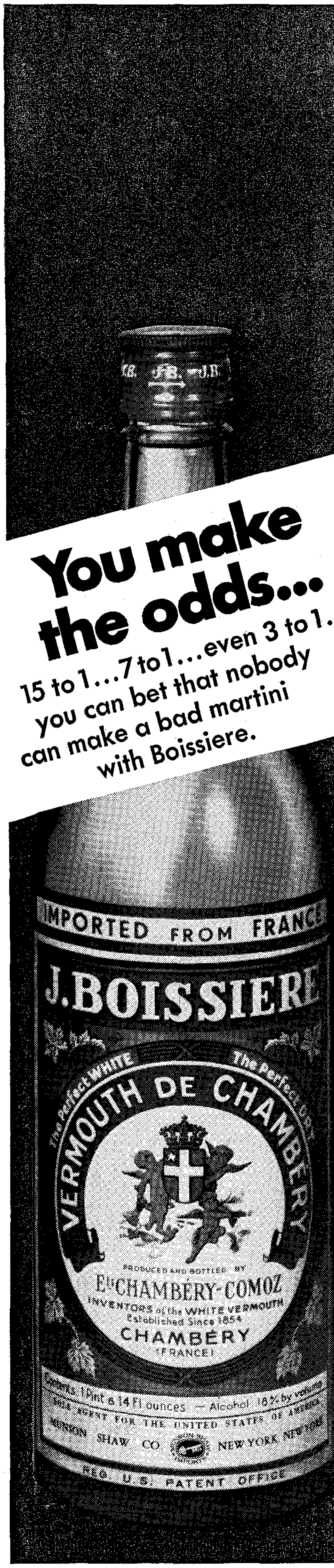
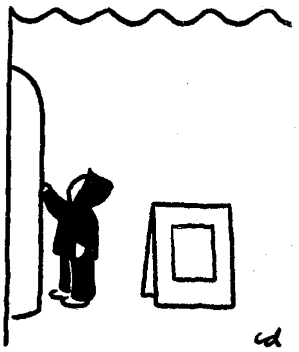


THE CURRENT CINEMA

Bolt & Lean



VIRGINIA WOOLF wrote that the cinema was a case of the savages' beginning not with two bars of iron and working up to Mozart but with grand pianos and nothing to play. David Lean makes pictures—like "Doctor Zhivago" and the new "Ryan's Daughter"—that consume years and involve enormous physical effort as well as enormous expense. As a director, he is a super-technician, and probably he doesn't really have anything he wants to do in movies except to command the technology. He probably enjoys working in his characteristic gentleman-technician's tasteful-colossal style. But tasteful and colossal are—in movies, at least—basically antipathetic. Lean makes respectable epics, and that's a contradiction, and self-defeating. Humorlessly meticulous, his epics have no driving emotional energy, no passionate vision to conceal the heavy labor. The painstakingly constructed streets, the antiqued houses, a field of perfect daffodils or of quivering lilies waiting to be fructified, even a flight of seagulls—when we see them, we know they were put there to be photographed. The style of the sets is like the style of Lincoln Center—Monumental Temporary.

At the opening of "Ryan's Daughter," with cosmic vistas of sand and seashore in impeccable focus, and the actors seen from above and at a great distance, as if photographed from the moon, one's first thought may be that the moviemakers are trapped. What spectacle could they give an audience this jaded? What story could they tell that could conceivably be commensurate with this technology? Lean was the savior of the previous regime at M-G-M when the sluggish but romantic "Doctor Zhivago" rather inexplicably became one of the half-dozen biggest financial successes in movie history; now Kirk Kerkorian and James Aubrey, who head the new regime, are hoping Lean will rescue *them*. Lean has been to the mountaintop, and seen a big mountain; that's what is in his pictures, and the mountains keep getting bigger.

Everything in "Ryan's Daughter" is familiar, but it was previously on a smaller scale. The movie is about a yearning Irish girl, Rosy Ryan (Sarah Miles), who marries a widowed schoolteacher twice her age (Robert Mitchum), has a rapturous affair with a war-shattered British officer assigned to duty in Ireland (Christopher Jones), and is punished by the villagers, who strip her and cut off her hair. It's "Ecstasy" blown up to the proportions of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." The setting—and it is never more than that, because it's not organic to the love story—is the Irish "troubles" during the First World War.

Despite Lean's reputation as a storyteller, his movies have a way of falling apart on him. His Zhivago often looked as if he just happened to be around when some big events were taking place, and the themes that should have bound character to event kept evaporating. Robert Bolt, who wrote the adaptation of "Doctor Zhivago" and an original script for "Ryan's Daughter," has understandable difficulties with prestige-epic construction: it really isn't easy to write literate dialogue for credible characters and still place them in the huge, photogenic predicaments that the genre requires. The game of superspectacles is a big-money, big-prizes game. Bolt and Lean are doing something essentially crazy and extravagant without a craziness in themselves to match it; they're working on a gargantuan scale with *restraint*. Bolt, too, is a technician; his "literacy" is another form of expensive technology. In "Ryan's Daughter," he's trying for a wild, lyrical spirit, and he just doesn't have the temperament for it; the script trudges on with carefully calculated excesses. He comes up with a mute, crippled idiot who tears a claw off a live lobster and who is himself tormented by the morally crippled Irish villagers. The idiot loves Rosy the way Quasimodo loved Esmeralda, and Bolt must be pleased with his creation, because he throws him into damned near every sequence in the movie, with Maurice Jarre providing a Felliniesque idiot-gambolling tune.

The camera swoops in on people from a heroic distance, but the characters are small—they're "pawns of fate" rather than heroes—and the only possible justification for the scale of the picture is the heroine's passionate nature as she walks on deserted beaches or, with her lover, lies in a fairy-tale forest, made magical by desire. Unfortunately, Sarah Miles (Mrs. Bolt) is not a passionate performer. She's a good, modest actress, and occasionally a fine one, but the role requires a star. In a sense, every star is a freak: Sarah Miles isn't unusual enough. One can barely remember what movies she has been in before, or be positive that it was she, and not Susannah York. In "Ryan's Daughter," there is nothing in her personality that links in with the Gothic effects that Bolt and Lean pile on; she isn't so much more intensely alive than other people that her yearning could find an equivalent expression in waves and storms and flowers and stars. This girl simply does not move the heavens, and that's what this picture needed to get up to the level of entertaining-daydream trash.

After we have gone through her disappointing wedding night with her, we wait for a lover to appear, and after an hour or so Lean deposits Christopher Jones on the giant screen like a maimed sun god arriving on earth. He stands there alone for an eternity, with a limp and a scar and a permanently pained expression; soon he begins to shake uncontrollably. Lean has made him such a romantic wreck that the picture never recovers from his landing. The sex-starved colleen falls for the shell-shocked hero when she sees his anguished twitching, and soon there are shots of her lying in bed awake next to her husband while, back at the barracks, the solitary Jones lies in his bed, sweating. This routine was already a gas when Rossano Brazzi was a youth; David Lean was once a famous film editor—where are those skills now? When Jones starts looming up on the horizon like Heathcliff but dragging a leg, the picture is a comedy, beyond salvage. (No doubt some of the laugh-provoking shots will be trimmed. Too bad, because they might alert the credulous.)

In this movie, everyone is trying to be something he isn't—not only Bolt and Lean and Miss Miles. Robert Mitchum is trying to be unsexy and self-effacing; at first he just naturally livens up the movie, but then he becomes as dull as his role. Why cast Robert Mitchum as a gentle schoolmaster who pores over students' notebooks and presses wild flowers? Obviously, to suggest strength within. But Mitchum has such immense camera presence not just because he's a natural

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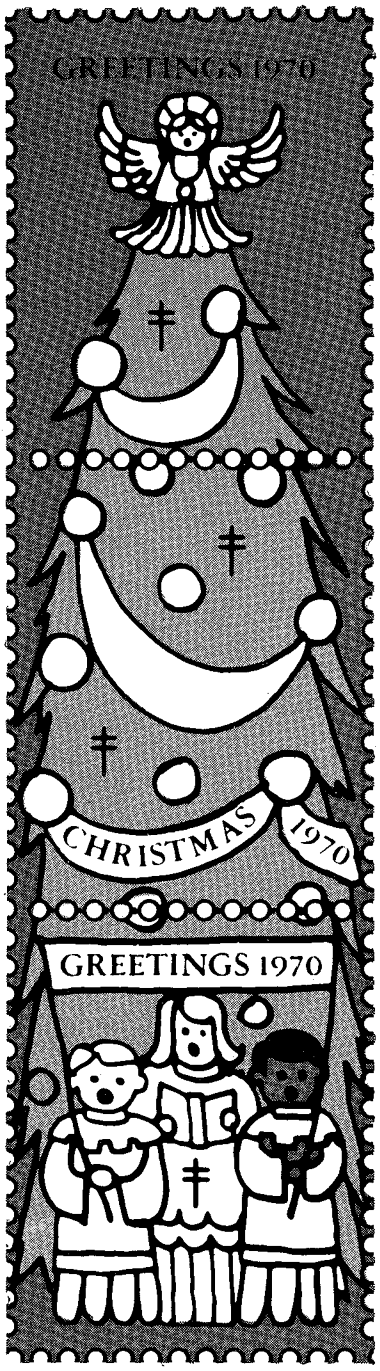

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and original actor but because his cynicism is there in the drooping eyelids and the great, reptilian face. To use him in a Herbert Marshall-John Forsythe-type role is to cancel him out. Sure, we'd rather watch him than Forsythe, but Bolt and Lean ought to recognize that if they have to try to make a role more interesting by casting an actor against the grain, it's because of a failure in conception—because they're trying to trick a stereotype into life. The characters in this movie are all just detailed stereotypes, worked up to fit the giant screen and the mass market. Christopher Jones has been drained of vitality and remade into a synthesis of exhausted romantic clichés. In addition to the scar and the limp, he has been given a green complexion and dark hair, like the soulful, sickly Sharif of "Zhivago;" the doomed look sits on his wily James Dean face like enamel. John Mills is the idiot, and Trevor Howard is a wise old darlin' of a priest. Everybody (with the possible exception of Leo McKern, whose role as the publican Ryan would fit right into any old "Gunsmoke") is cast against his natural appearance and aptitudes, so one is always aware of the acting. (This is the kind of thing that gets people Academy Awards, because the acting is so conspicuous.)

There is no artistic or moral rationale for this movie—only expediency. It is amoral to put Emma Bovary back into the romantic Gothic tradition from which Flaubert took her—permanently, one had hoped. Bolt and Lean have given us an Emma Bovary without Flaubert's irony. This girl dreams of bliss, and the bliss she gets is beyond her dreams. Her orgasms are recorded in glinting star-shaped patterns in the heavens; the sun itself has become a strobe light blinking in rhythm with Rosy's pleasure. And the picture puts Lady Chatterley's lover back into the pseudo-aristocratic pulp romanticism from which D. H. Lawrence wrested him. The upper classes were the masters of the art of love in those pre-Lawrentian fictions; this frightfully noble British officer is right out of the pitiful nonsense of aristocracy-crazed silent pictures. Bolt must have recognized this, because Jones has been given almost nothing to say; what could this figment of soggy romanticism talk about?

At the beginning, we see the dreamy Rosy reading a cheap romance. Many of the novels that a girl in that period would have furtively enjoyed must have been very like this movie: illicit bliss with a classy lover, ruin and suffering,

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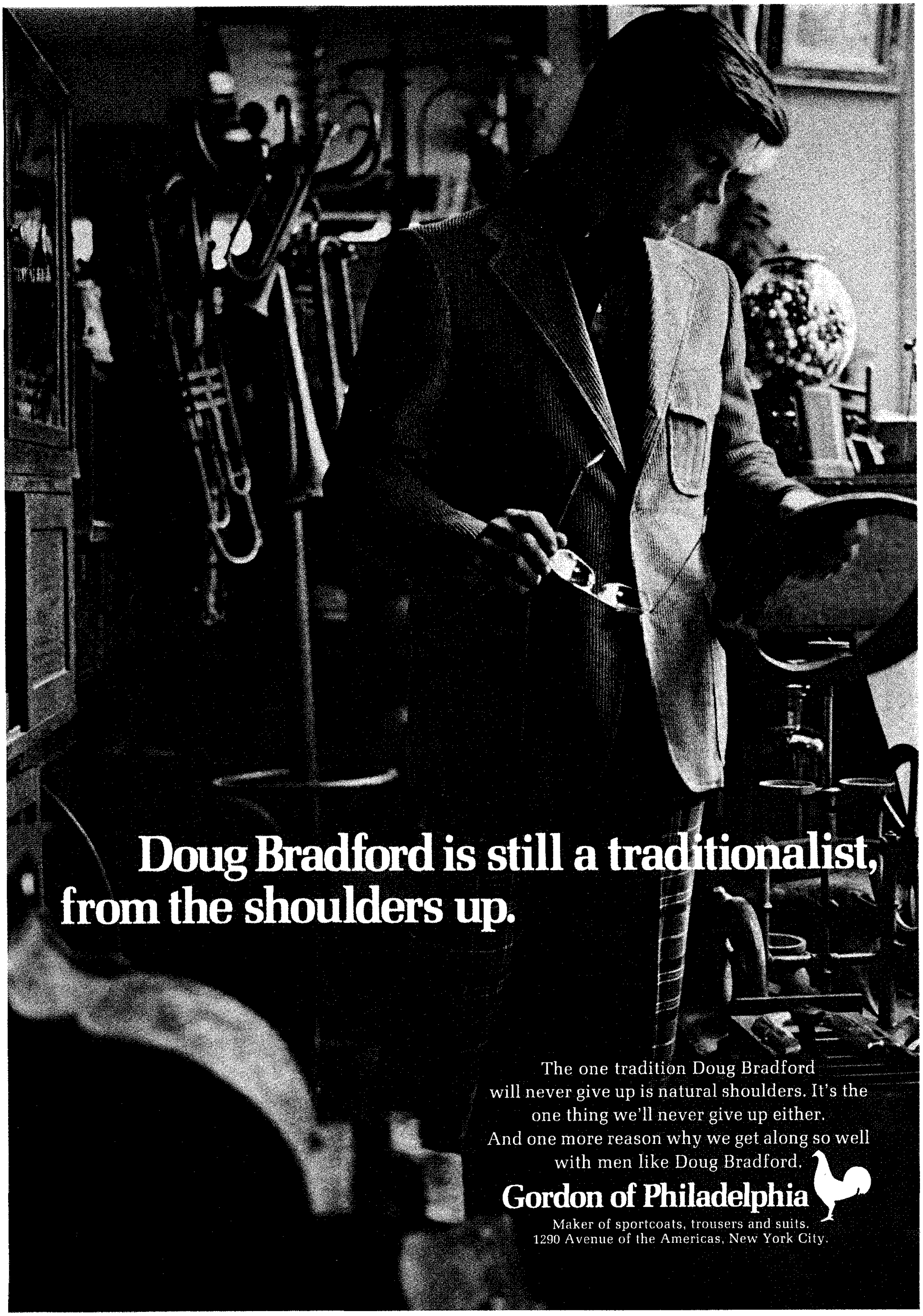
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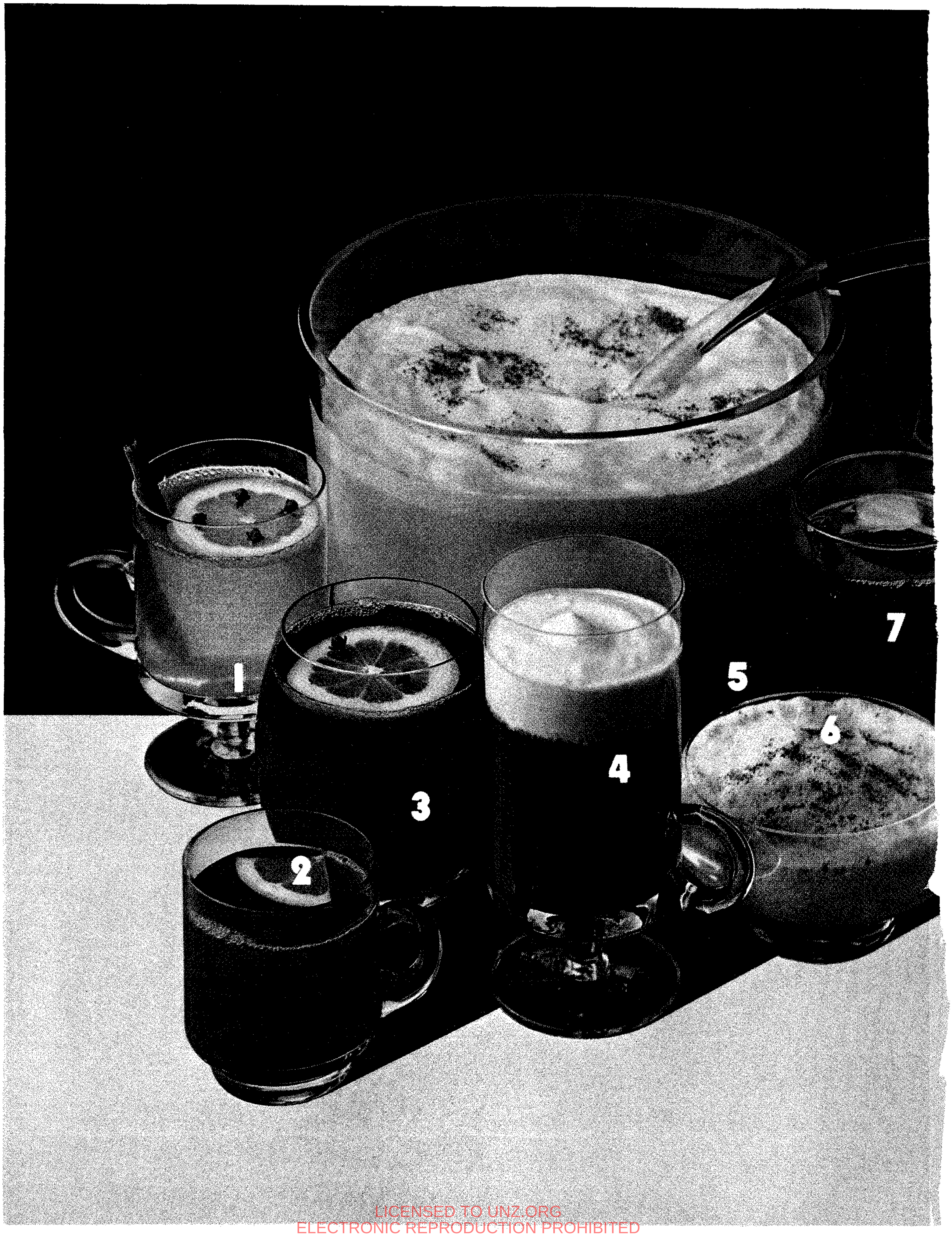

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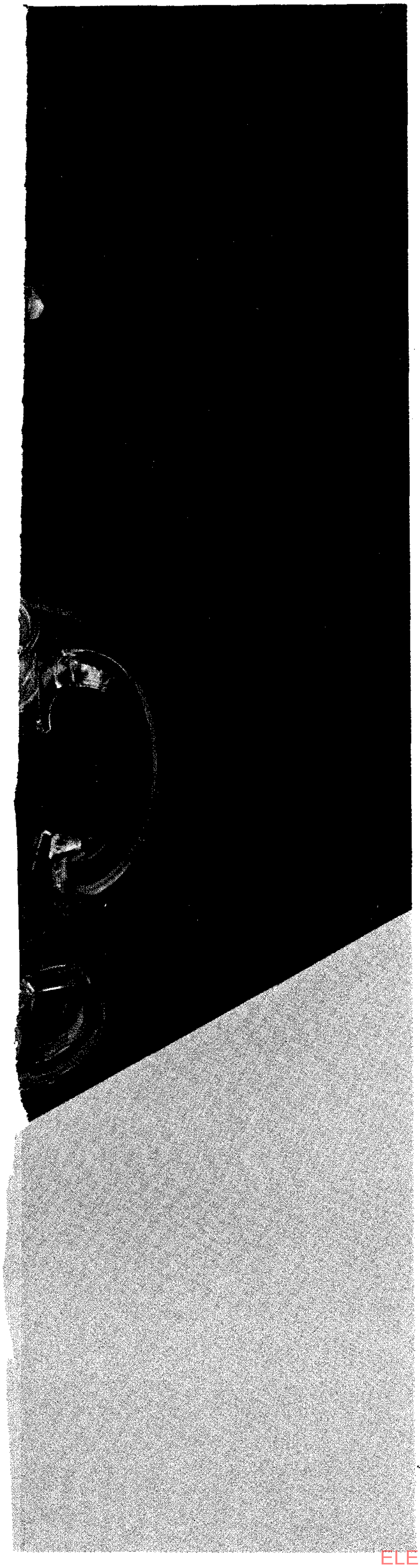

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2 *Thanksgiving Punch*

Mix together in a punch bowl ½ cup (4 oz.) lemon juice, ¼ cup (2 oz.) sugar, 1 cup (8 oz.) each of cranberry juice, orange juice and strong tea. Then add 1 "fifth" bottle (25.6 oz.) of White Puerto Rican Rum and a dozen cloves. Introduce ice cubes to chill the punch. Decorate with thin lemon slices. (Serves 15.)

3 *Hot Rum and Cider*

In a preheated mug containing 1½ oz. of White or Gold Puerto Rican Rum, add one teaspoon each of maple syrup, sugar and the juice of one lemon; fill with hot apple cider; stir; garnish with two cloves and a slice of lemon.

4 *Café Puerto Rico*

Pour 1½ oz. of White or Gold Puerto Rican Rum into a cup of strong, hot black coffee; add one teaspoon sugar and stir; float whipped cream on top.

5 *Egg Nog*

Beat 12 egg yolks until light; beat in ½ lb. sugar till mixture is thick. Stir in 1 qt. milk and a "fifth" of Gold Puerto Rican Rum. Chill 3 hrs., pour into punch bowl. Fold in 1 qt. heavy cream, stiffly whipped. Chill 1 hr., dust with nutmeg. (Serves 24.)

Quick Recipe: Use 1 qt. eggnog mix from your dairy; add 12 oz. rum. Fold in 1 cup heavy cream, whipped. Chill; add nutmeg. (Serves 12.)

6 *Tom and Jerry*

Beat 1 egg yolk; work in 1 tsp. sugar; ¼ tsp. allspice; 1 oz. Puerto Rican Rum (Gold or White). Continue to beat until smooth and thick. Beat egg white separately and add to mixture, stirring well. Put mixture into pre-heated Tom-and-Jerry mug; fill with hot milk and dust with nutmeg.

7 *Hot Buttered Rum*

Dissolve 1 tsp. sugar in a mug with some hot water; add 1 oz. Puerto Rican Rum (Gold or White); a cinnamon stick; a pinch of nutmeg. Fill mug with boiling water; top with pat of butter.

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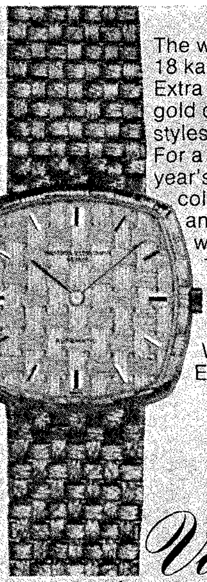

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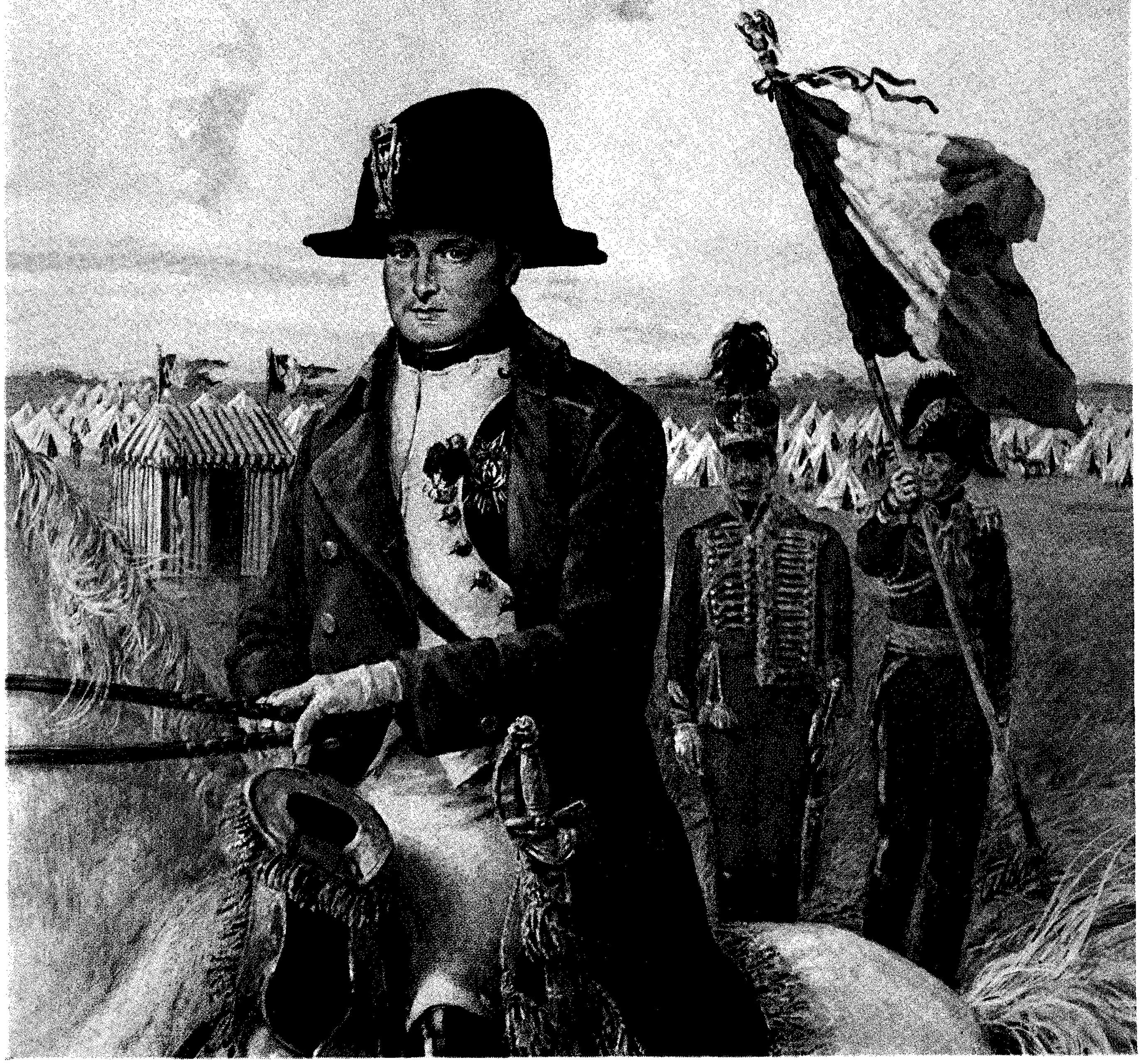
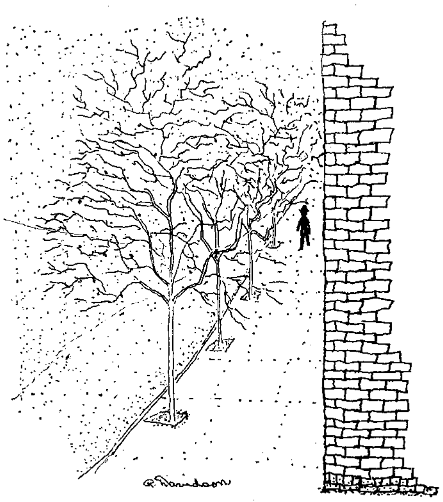


forgiveness from the devoted, ever-loving betrayed husband, and, at last, losing one's uppitiness and finding redemption. At her wedding party, Rosy refuses to kiss the idiot; we wait for the final cliché, knowing that the picture can't end until Rosy is chastened and humbled enough to deliver the kiss that means her salvation. That, I am afraid, is what Bolt's craftsmanship has come down to.

"Ryan's Daughter" is an expensive movie, but it's a cheap romance. Lean and Bolt are probably the leading exponents of bourgeois romanticism—gush made respectable by millions of dollars "tastefully" wasted. When a David Lean movie takes five years and fourteen million dollars, there is the presumption of perfectionism, but the technology he commands is really only in the set construction and in the perfectly focussed, salon-quality cinematography. Those crafts give Lean's movies their distinctive look of impersonal, glorified realism—like a face-lift of the world. Even the sun and the moon look reconstructed, and Ireland didn't have beaches big enough, so a stretch of African coast was grafted on.

There is enjoyment to be had from the smooth unfolding of a story, and at the beginning "Ryan's Daughter" *is* smooth, but despite the years Lean puts in on his films, "Ryan's Daughter" (like "Doctor Zhivago") looks as if he'd been rushed and hadn't had time to complete the editing or tie up loose ends. (A constable is murdered at the beginning and his body is hidden, but apparently he's never missed, because he isn't mentioned again.) Literal-mindedness may be passing for craftsmanship. The big sequences are just unrelated set pieces that don't function in the story. Lean featured the sun in "Lawrence of Arabia" and the snow in "Doctor Zhivago," and now he gives us the sea. This picture has the biggest



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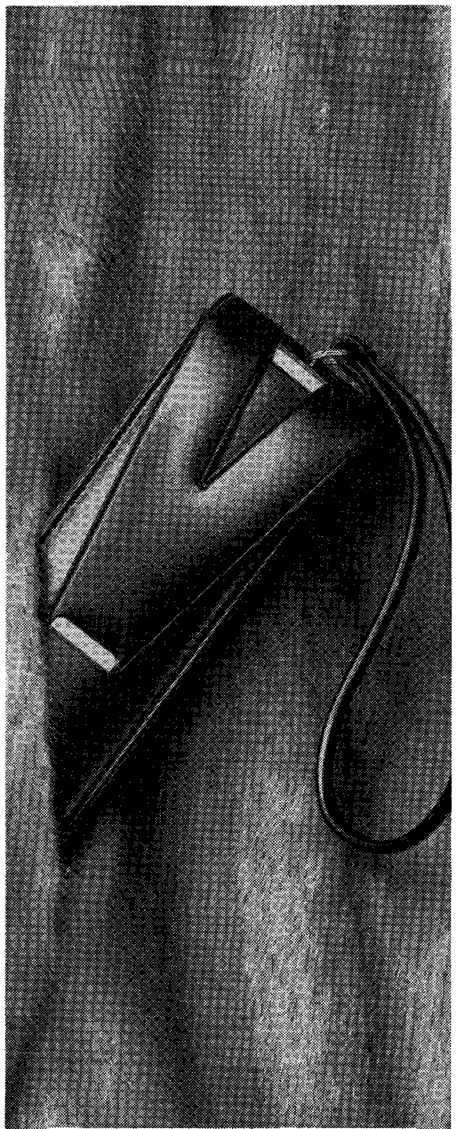

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(and loudest) Gothic storm ever photographed, but the spirit is missing. Bolt has failed to get the principals into the storm, or even emotionally involved in it, so it's antiseptic. On the other hand, Lean works up such a frenzy when the villagers come to punish the adulteress that one expects her to be stoned or beaten or mutilated, and seeing her afterward with her hair cut is as anticlimactic and absurd as the few little scratches on Tippi Hedren's face after she was attacked by that roomful of Hitchcock's birds.

The only reasons for placing this story in 1916 were to legitimatize the fact that every idea in it is shopworn, and to build sets. For years, during the making of a Lean film, publicity people send out photographs of the handsome director standing in the cities he has built, and then the movies arrive and he never seems to have figured out what to do in those sets. They have a gleaming pictorial look, a prepared look—everything is posing for a photograph. Do people who rave about Lean's "professionalism" ever *look* at his movies? What do they *think* when they see the Russian revolution come marching neatly down that perfect street in "Zhivago"? In "Ryan's Daughter," the villagers never for an instant convince you that they live in that perfect village. And when they mill about, you can practically see the invisible assistants directing their movements. The villagers are treated as sheep, with the priest their only shepherd. Trevor Howard keeps rounding them up and telling them they've been bad again while they bleat apologies. The exigencies of the silly plot lead Bolt and Lean to be condescending to the Irish—a stuffy mistake when they're flogging themselves trying to whip up some of the wildness that the Irish are rich in. They don't have it in them to create Irish characters; there isn't a joke in all the hours (three and a half, including intermission) of "Ryan's Daughter," except maybe the idea that an Irish girl needs a half-dead Englishman to arouse her.

There's no point in asking "What's it all for?" We know what it's for; it's to try to repeat the financial success of "Doctor Zhivago." The question is "Can they get by with it?" Will the public buy twinkling orgasms and cosmetic craftsmanship? The emptiness of "Ryan's Daughter" shows in practically every frame, and yet the publicity machine has turned it into an artistic event, and the American public is a sucker for the corrupt tastefulness of well-bred English epics. One begins to

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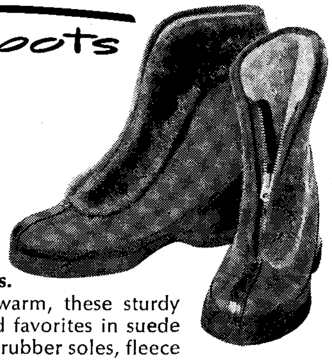

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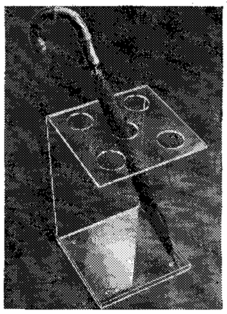

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feel like a member of a small cabal, powerless to fight this well-oiled reverence.

"PERFECT FRIDAY" is a modish trifle—a suspense film about how an amoral trio (Ursula Andress and David Warner, her husband, and Stanley Baker, her lover) rob a bank. The only reason to see it is that the Swiss actress Ursula Andress, who has always been sensational-looking and has indicated a certain amount of good humor, has improved her English and has turned into a witty deadpan comedienne. With her face and figure, the addition of technique makes her dazzling. The picture is a bit humdrum, despite an attempt to be jazzy with flash-forwards, and the director, Peter Hall, doesn't do much to set Ursula Andress off, but, even without the elegant trimmings, she's seductive and funny, like the larcenous Dietrich of "Desire." Unfortunately, without the trimmings she doesn't leave one with that fine afterglow of remembered images. The picture holds one's attention, but the memory is starved.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

ECHO FOR THE PROMISE OF GEORG TRAKL'S LIFE

Quiet voice,
In the midst of those blazing
Howitzers in blossom.
Their fire
Is a vacancy.

What do those stuttering machines
Have to do
With the solitude?

Guns make no sound.
Only the quiet voice
Speaks from the body of the deer
To the body of the woman.

My own body swims in a silent pool,
And I make silence.

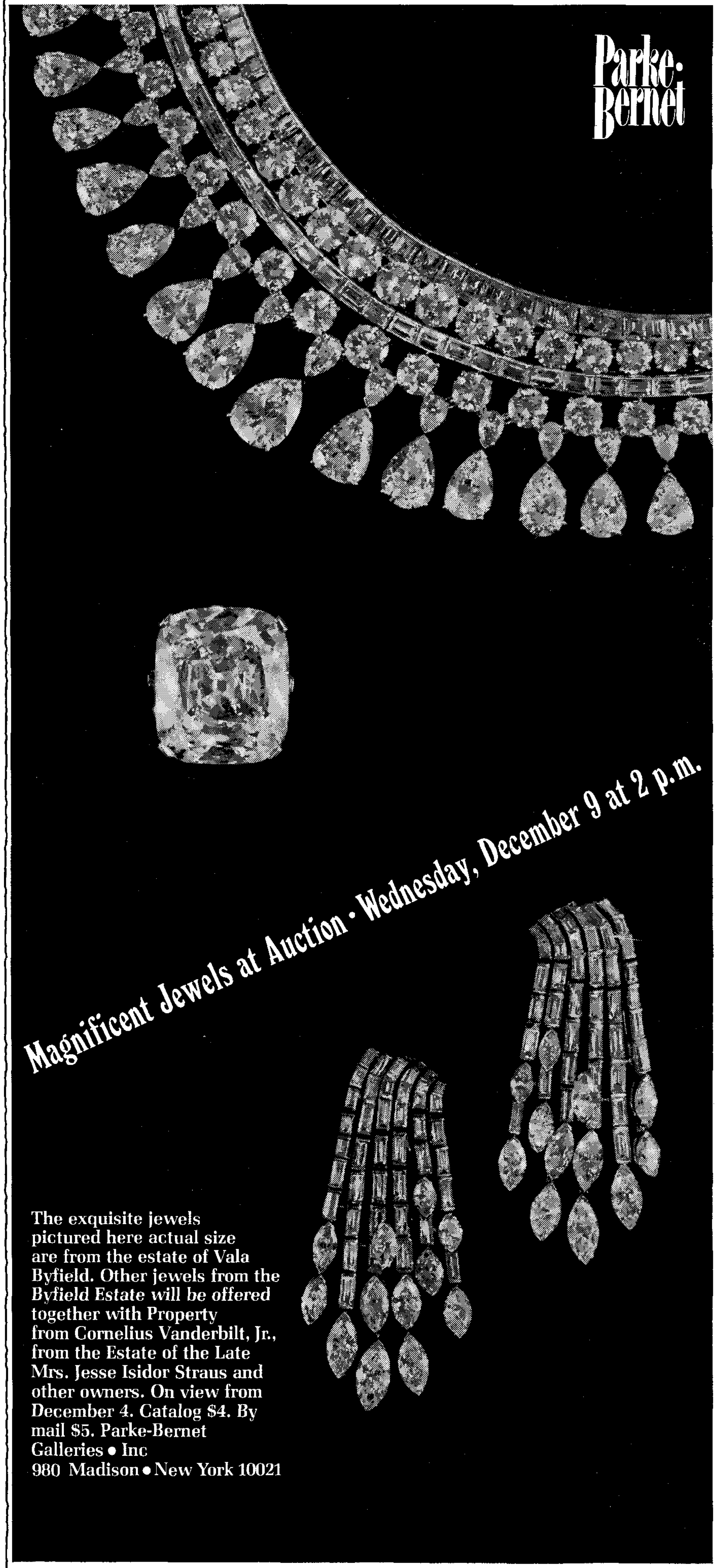
They both hear me.
Hear me,
Father of my sound,
My poor son.

—JAMES WRIGHT

•

VISALIA, Calif. (AP)—Robert B. Mathias, twice winner of the Olympic decathlon crown, won a third term in Congress by a wide margin Tuesday.
wild sexy
—*Los Angeles Herald-Examiner.*

Ah, California!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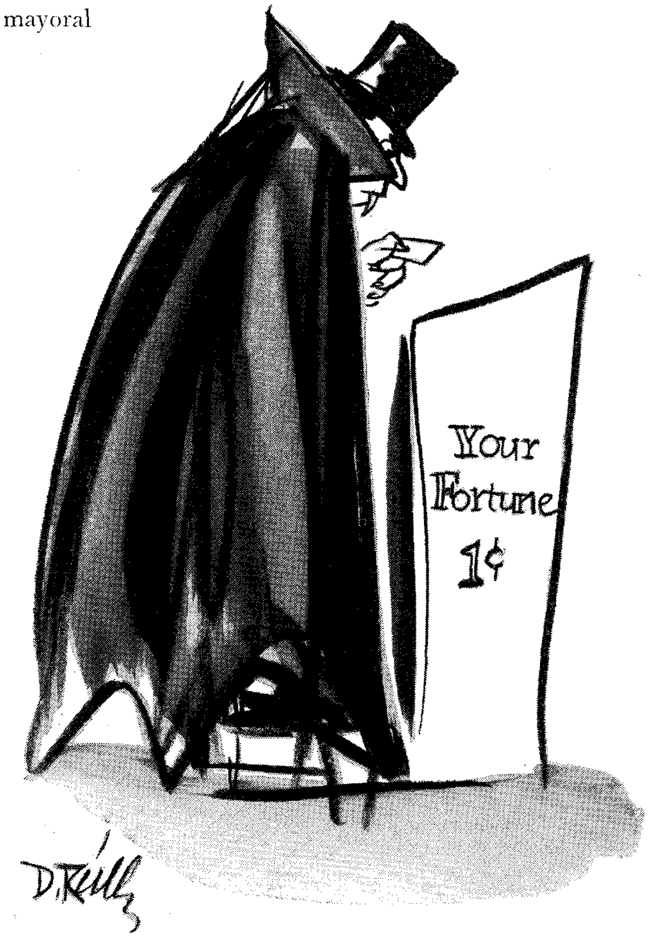
AROUND CITY HALL

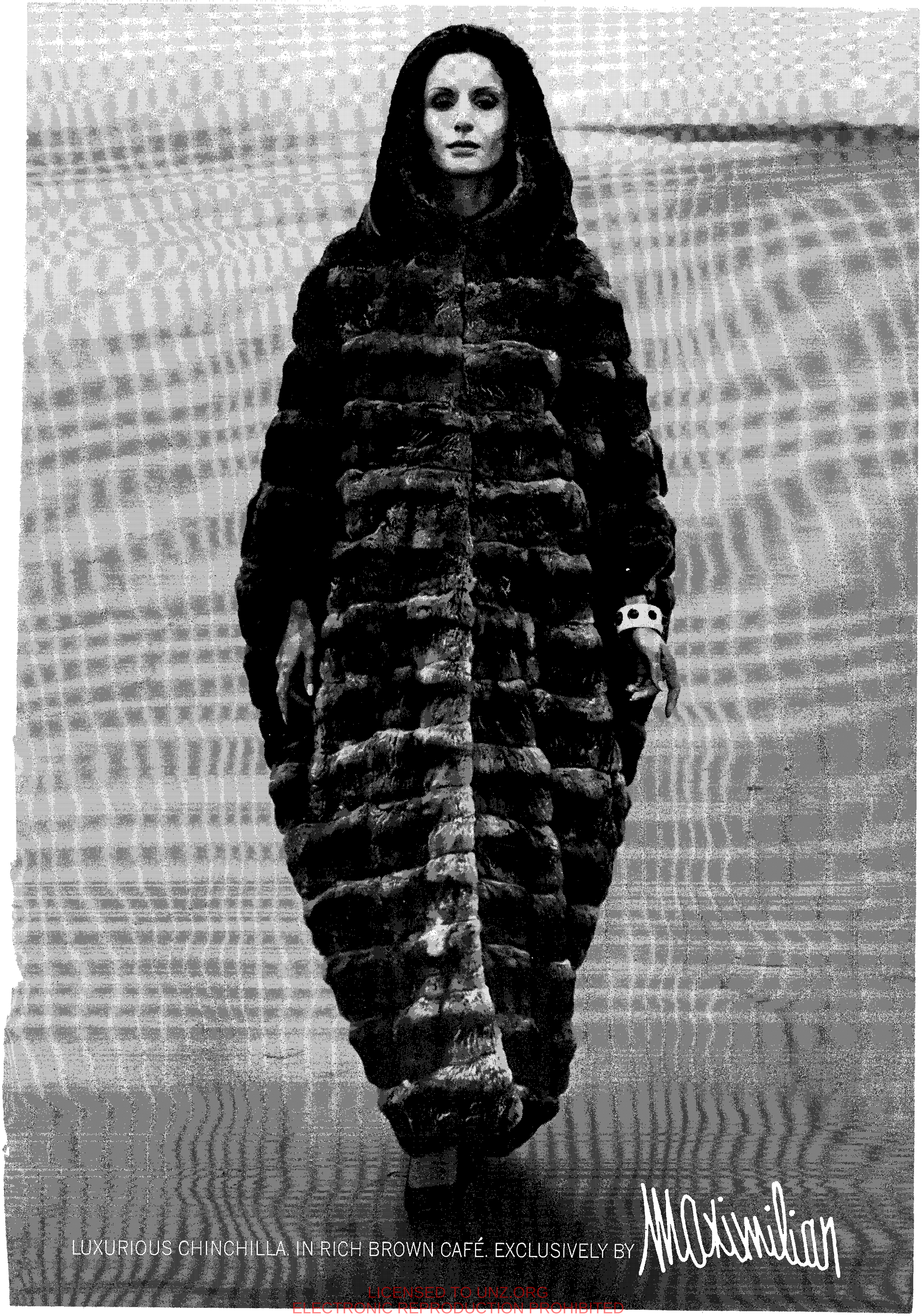
ON the V.I.P. reviewing stand during last month's Columbus Day parade up Fifth Avenue, a reporter noticed at one point that Nelson Rockefeller seemed to be leaning slightly against John Lindsay. A jocular exchange followed in which the Governor was asked if this pose symbolized his interest in having the Mayor's political support in the gubernatorial campaign. "I'd sure like to have it," said Rockefeller genially, clapping the Mayor on the back. "Stop tugging at my sleeve, Nelson," said Lindsay, with a big smile. "I'm still thinking it over." A few moments later, a dark-haired young woman burst through unresistant police lines and handed out to the political celebrities large green plastic buttons that read "Kiss Me, I'm Italian." The first to pin one on his coat was the Democratic candidate for governor, Arthur Goldberg, who was standing on the other side of Rockefeller. In the 1969 mayoralty campaign, of course, Goldberg had rejected the Democratic candidate, Mario Procaccino, in order to endorse Lindsay. For his failure to go along with his party's choice, Goldberg had been denounced by Procaccino as a traitor and a man who had "stabbed the Democratic Party in the back." In the same election, Rockefeller's endorsement of the Republican mayoral nominee, John Marchi, instead of Lindsay had been accompanied by a Rockefeller sermon on the obligations of party loyalty. On the reviewing stand Columbus Day afternoon, however, no one was heard delivering any lectures on consistency either to Rockefeller or to the bustling Procaccino, although in this 1970 campaign, in what the *News* hailed as an example of "the well-known Procaccino sincerity and courage," *he* had rejected *his* party's candidate, Goldberg, in order to support Rockefeller—as had a number of other prominent Democrats among the Columbus Day marchers, including Paul Screvane, former president of the City Council; Lawrence Gerosa, former comptroller; and Vincent Impellitteri, who was mayor from 1950 to 1953. After the Lindsay-Rockefeller exchange, the conversation on the reviewing stand diplomatically veered away from the convolute subject of local political endorsements. A topic to joke about safely was the discovery by early risers that morning that the statue of Christopher Columbus in the middle of Columbus Circle had been defaced in the night by slogans reading "Red Power!" and "*Indians* Discovered America!" The paint had been scrubbed off in time for the ceremonial wreath-laying that preceded the parade. Though the red men undoubtedly did get to the Western Hemisphere first, they are one of the few ethnic blocs that local party leaders don't seem to worry about offending. Actually, since some of the construction workers who marched at last May's giant hardhat rally at City Hall were Mohawks, and at least one of them was seen carrying a sign that read "Love It or Leave It—And Take Lindsay with You," there is ground for suspicion that, whatever their differences over historical credits, some Indians share the political views now held by the large number of New York's formerly Democratic Italian voters whose defection to Rockefeller and, especially, to the Conservative Party's senatorial candidate, James Buckley, played such a significant part in this month's election.



"Avoid people with high cholesterol."

As is well remembered, there was no smile on the face of either the Mayor or the Governor on the morning a week after Columbus Day, when, standing in front of eight television cameras and ten microphones at Gracie Mansion, Lindsay "stabbed his own party," as the *News* described it, by endorsing Goldberg and Basil Paterson, the state senator from Harlem who was the Democratic candidate for lieutenant governor. Citing "the ominous political trend to the right" in the state, the Mayor announced that he was supporting Goldberg and Paterson because they were the only state gubernatorial ticket that stood fast against the threat of "men who seek political gain by attacks that polarize our people" and because "they have expressed the strongest commitment to the battle for urban progress." A day earlier, Rockefeller (who, despite the reviewing-stand banter for the benefit of reporters, had almost certainly never expected Lindsay's endorsement, and—so one story goes—may even have asked that he be spared it, as not helpful to his new, carefully programmed appeal to the state's conservative voters) had issued what the press described as "a veiled warning" to the Mayor to stay neutral in the race. "If I were him, I'd sit this one out," he told a television interviewer. At Gracie Mansion, Lindsay went on to say, "Some have counselled me to stand on the sidelines. But silence when fundamental principles are at stake is unacceptable."

What Rockefeller clearly found most unacceptable in the morning's rhetoric was the Mayor's implication that the Governor was insufficiently committed to the problems of the city (and its voters). "No governor in the history of the state has done more for the city," he declared, and although for upstate consumption he had occasionally made fun of the Democratic slate as "the Island of Manhattan ticket," he called New York "the city in which I have spent most of my life—which I love as my home town." Then, losing his breezy composure for the only time in the campaign, Rockefeller lashed out at Lindsay, taunting him for not having intervened soon enough in the four-and-a-half-day mutiny of inmates of five local pris-


LUXURIOUS CHINCHILLA. IN RICH BROWN CAFÉ. EXCLUSIVELY BY
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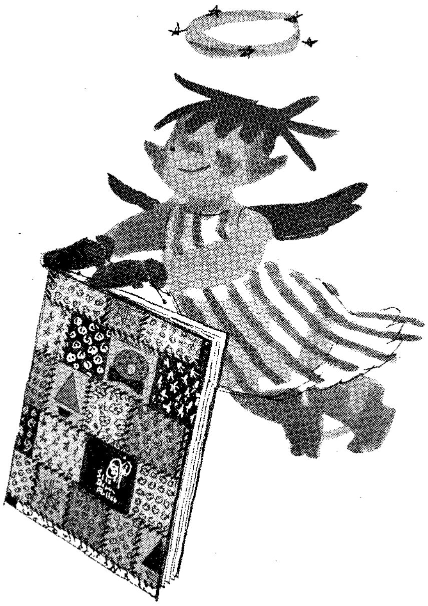
ons early in October. Of these uprisings, the most serious had been the ones at the Queens House of Detention and at the Tombs, in Manhattan, where a total of twenty-five persons—twenty-four guards and a cook—were taken as hostages. At three o'clock one morning, Rockefeller told the press, Representative Shirley Chisholm, of Brooklyn, and former Bronx Borough President Herman Badillo had telephoned him from the Queens jail, where they were working to bring about the release of the guards. "Don't ask *me* why Shirley Chisholm and Herman Badillo were down there," said the Governor, waving his arms. "Why wasn't someone else there solving the city's problems? Don't ask why Herman Badillo called *me*. Why didn't he call someone else? That's right—they couldn't get through to him." Thus Rockefeller did his best to distort and diminish what Lindsay regards as one of the considerable achievements of his administration—the ending of the prison rebellions without the loss of life among hostages, inmates, and perhaps the police that he felt would almost certainly have resulted if the Tactical Patrol Force had been ordered to storm the captured cellblocks. Taking a very high degree of risk, Lindsay had decided to begin by trying to negotiate with the rebels for the guards' freedom, and he promised that he would come to the jails, accompanied by the Commissioner of Correction, and confer with the inmates about their grievances—but only after the hostages were released unharmed. The danger that the guards might be killed during the long wait (not necessarily according to some deliberate plan but in a fit of rage by one or another of the inmates, more than half of whom were narcotics addicts) was, of course, great, and, in the current law-and-order climate, would have been considered less forgivable politically than any fatalities that resulted from aggressive police action. Badillo, who this month became the first Puerto Rican elected to Congress, and Mrs. Chisholm, elected in 1968 as the nation's first black congresswoman (both of them had broken Democratic ranks to endorse Lindsay in 1969), were among the numerous minority-group leaders who joined with members of Lindsay's staff to negotiate with the prisoners, most of whom were black or Puerto Rican. The telephone call to the Governor was made to secure necessary high-level state permission for judges of the State Supreme Court to hold immediate bail hearings inside the prison—one of the inmates'



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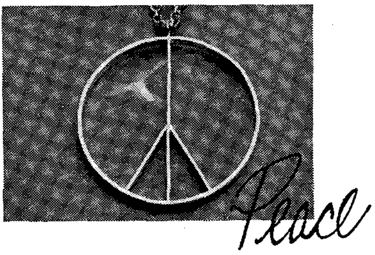

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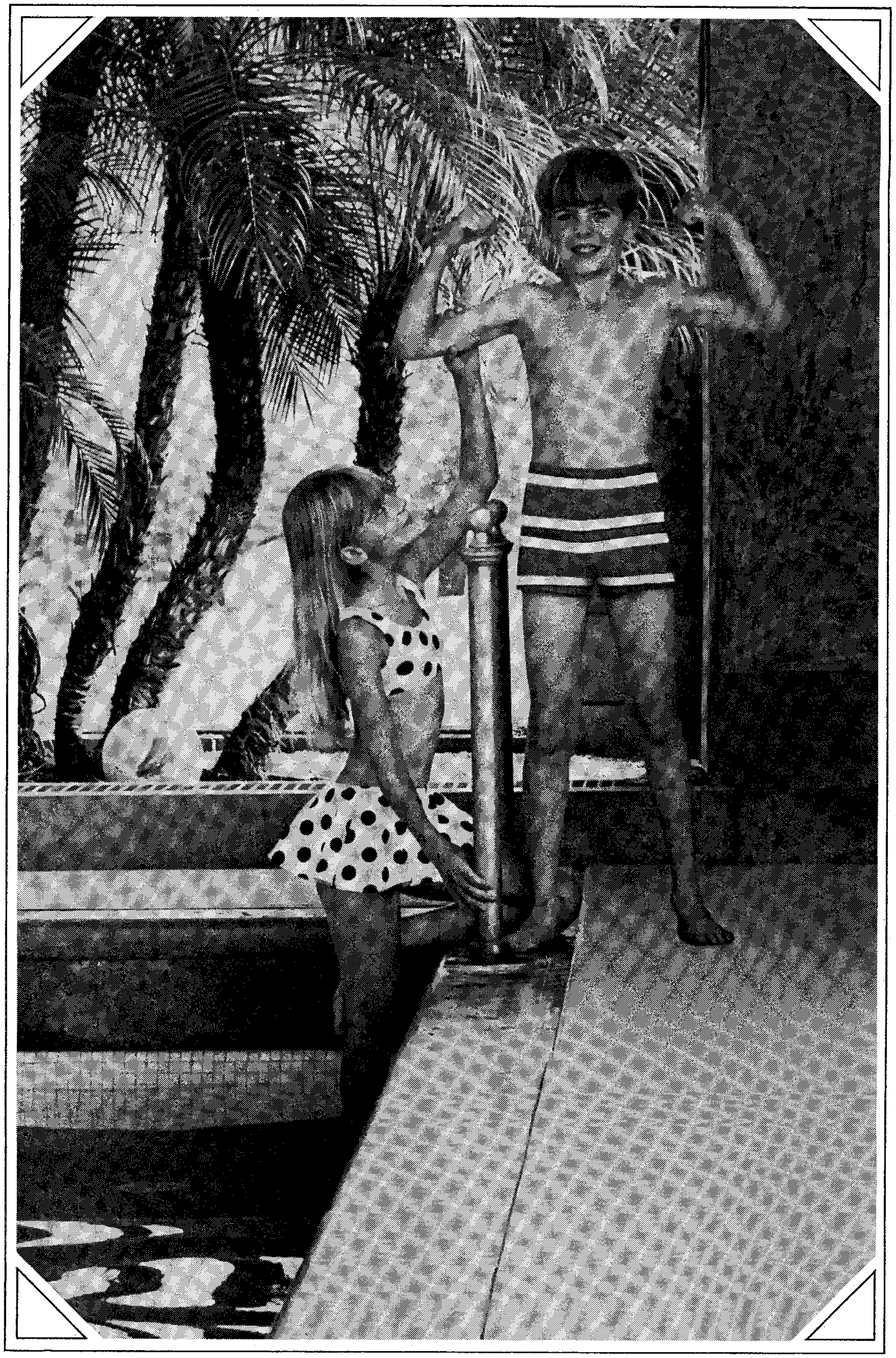
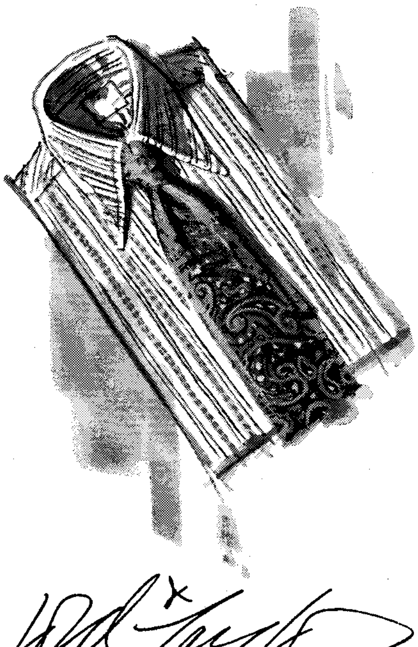


Are Florence Eiseman children nicer than other children, or do they just look that way?

demands in return for the hostages' release. Though the permission was given and the hearings were held, no guards were released until thirty-six hours later, at the end of a virtually sleepless weekend for Lindsay and his staff, and an even more harrowing time, of course, for the guards' families. Just before midnight on Sunday, October 4th, the Tombs hostages were finally set free, and Lindsay, as he had promised, made his way into the immense, dark prison for a conference with the inmates. It lasted until nearly 3 A.M. When a similar resolution of the Queens House of Detention uprising followed within a few hours, the Mayor's staff felt—one of them told the *Times* reporter Paul L. Montgomery—as if they had weathered something very like the Cuban missile crisis.

"NO, we're all professionals in this business," Lindsay often says, with a shrug, when he is asked whether he bears any personal rancor toward his more prominent political critics, so he was presumably not greatly astonished that a couple of weeks before Election Day the Governor chose to misstate an opponent's role in a crisis. Lindsay is himself no slouch at misrepresenting or ignoring inconvenient political realities. For example, possibly because prison guards vote and prisoners generally do not, he has not yet made any comment on the fact that from a vantage point on a nearby roof three reporters, including Michael McCardell, of the *News*, saw and photographed a number of non-hostage guards (who thought they couldn't be seen from the outside) savagely beating the Queens inmates with axe handles and baseball bats as they emerged from the riot area and again, later, as they sat hunched in the littered courtyard—actions in direct violation of the guarantee of Lindsay's Commissioner of Correction that there would be no physical reprisals. As the inmates kept telling the Mayor during that early-morning confrontation, only a part of what is wrong with the city's jails can be attributed to overcrowding—which, since these jails are primarily detention centers for defendants awaiting trial, can, in turn, be attributed to the need for state help in reorganizing the scandalously clogged court system. (Of the eight suicides in the city jails this year, three have taken place in the Tombs since the Mayor's midnight visit.) Still, the Rockefeller attack on the handling of the jail crisis must have reminded Lindsay of the peculiar, relentless immediacy of the responsibilities of a big-city mayor, and



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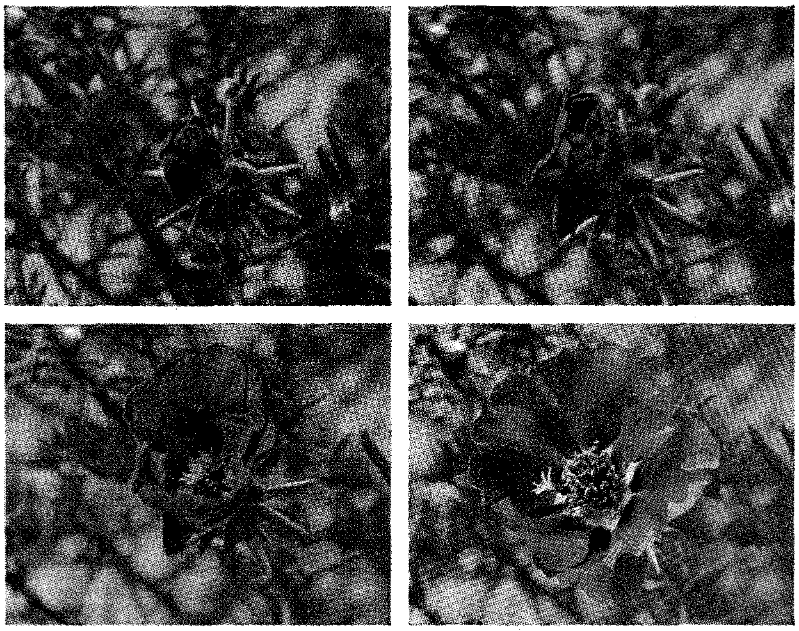

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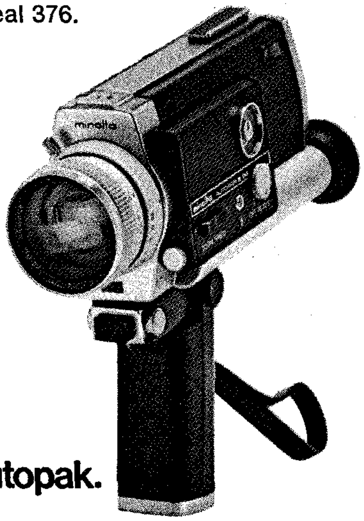

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The endorsement of Goldberg, whom Lindsay recognized as an almost certain loser, was, of course, another of his calculated risks. Goldberg hailed it as "an act of political courage." If it was that, it was also a move that Lindsay could hardly have failed to make if he has any idea of seeking a significant change of venue with Democratic support in the near future. Deriding the Mayor's talk of putting principle above party, Rogers Morton, the chairman of the Republican National Committee, declared that Lindsay's subsequent attack on White House campaign tactics was proof that Lindsay put personal gain above principle. Rockefeller called the attack Lindsay's "first major step for the Presidency in 1972"—on either ticket. Since Rockefeller is believed to still harbor a dream of making that run himself, under the Republican standard (on the day after his smashing victory against Goldberg, one of his staff speculated publicly on the possibility that Nixon might bow out in 1972, as Lyndon Johnson did in 1968), the Governor presumably would not mind if the present City Hall administration appeared to be in a state of total disarray during the year before the big national preliminaries. This should not be hard for him to arrange. The state legislature is perennially Republican, and this month the Republicans picked up a few extra seats. The majority leaders of the two houses—who never had any use for Lindsay, the handsome downstate giant-killer, even before he officially became a political turncoat—hail from Niagara Falls (pop. 84,000) and Montauk (pop. 597), and often appear to believe that the problems of New York City's nearly eight million citizens are mostly their own fault, and certainly are not traceable in any way to the fact that the city's powers derive entirely from a generally hostile and grudging state government. (There is no mention of cities in the United States Constitution, as Lindsay frequently points out, and a year or so ago New Yorkers learned with astonishment that they were not permitted even to rearrange the working hours of members of their police force without an enabling vote from Albany.) Most awkward of all for any City

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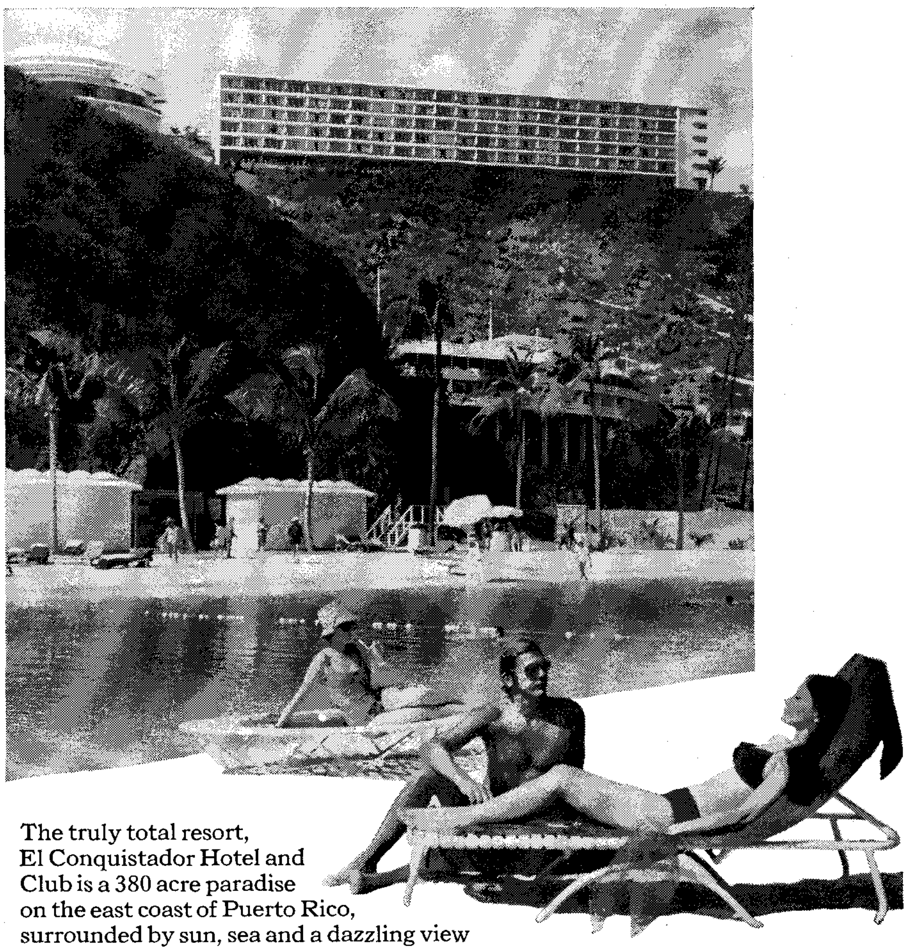

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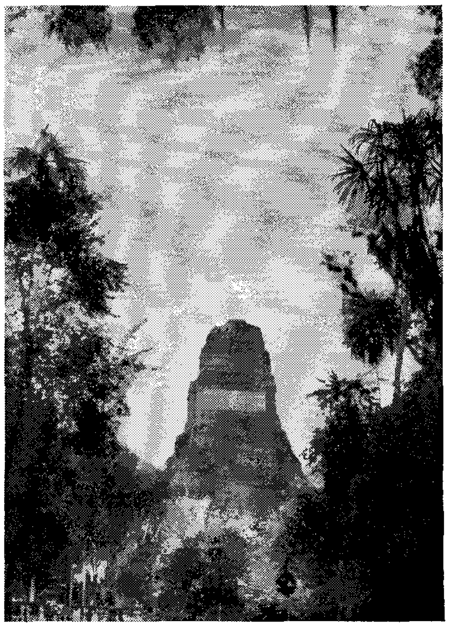

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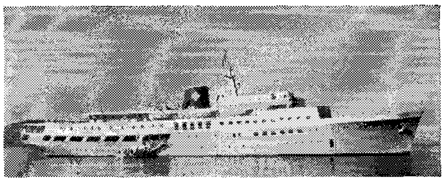

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Hall administration is the fact that the state has total control over the fiscal powers of the city, which can raise taxes or provide for other major revenues only with legislative consent. At the moment, these authorized sources of income cover about half the city's annual expense budget; of the rest, the largest share must come from the state, whose leading legislators are not persuaded of the fairness of this arrangement just because—as Lindsay claimed in his book "The City," published earlier this year—New York "currently sends three billion annually to Albany and receives only half that amount back."

The great annual budget melodrama will begin shortly before Christmas, when the Mayor writes his traditional letter to the Governor mentioning the upcoming budget and the desperate need for financial help from the state, and the Governor writes his traditional answer promising nothing. The tone of Lindsay's 1970 letter may be even grimmer than usual. As a result of the national economic slowdown, city-income-tax and local stock-transfer payments are showing a deficit—or "shortfall," a word now heard daily at City Hall—that promises to reduce by some two hundred million dollars the amount of money the city administration had expected would be available for current expenses, and Lindsay has announced the probability of a freeze on most city jobs, and even "payless paydays." In the midst of this fiscal crisis, the biennial end-of-the-year date for renewal of contracts with the city's uniformed employees looms just ahead. The package outlined by Edward Kiernan, the head of the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, which is the policemen's union, includes a thirty-per-cent increase in pay, which would bring the salary of a first-grade patrolman, for example, to sixteen thousand dollars. With added benefits—the policemen also want a four-day week, triple pay for Sunday duty, and retirement at full pay after twenty-five years—the sum would come to thirty-five thousand dollars annually per policeman, the city says. The demands listed by Michael Maye, the head of the Uniformed Fire Fighters Association, are similar—that is, staggering, even allowing for the ceremonial hyperbole of first ultimatums. The alternative, police- and fire-union leaders say openly, is a strike by both services; in Maye's words, he will simply tell the city's eleven thousand three hundred firemen "to not answer fires as of New Year's Day." So far, no one

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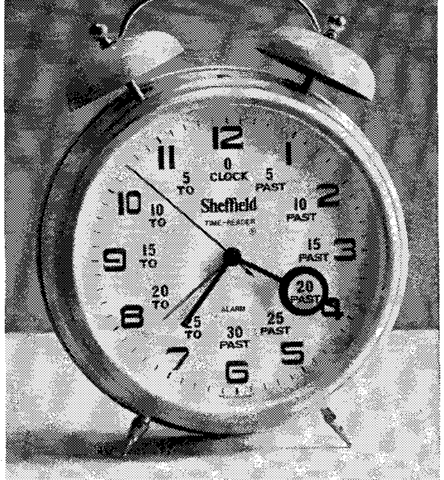

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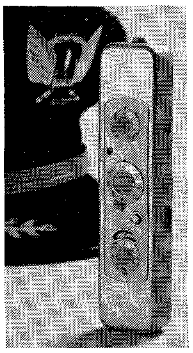

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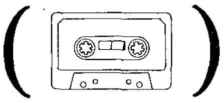

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Our machine, on the other hand, sounds wonderful. By that, we mean as good as the best LP records. (Please see Inset.) The Advent Model 200 cassette tape deck takes cassettes out of the merely-convenient class and makes them possibly the most satisfying medium available for recorded music.

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The resulting Advent Model 200 Tape Deck costs \$260, measures 14¾" wide by 10⅝" deep by 3¾" high, and weighs 14 pounds. By "deck," we mean that it's designed to plug into and play through a stereo system or properly fitted console. It records and plays beautifully with a minimum of fuss, and gets the most from all pre-recorded cassettes (including the new "Dolbyized" variety just beginning to appear).

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Thank you.

From the November *Stereo Review*

"The Advent Model 200 holds a special position among cassette decks. It is the most expensive (\$260), the most 'professional' in its operating features, and... our test data and listening evaluation clearly indicated that the Advent Model 200 is 'the best' of the currently available cassette decks.

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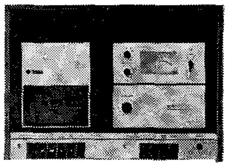

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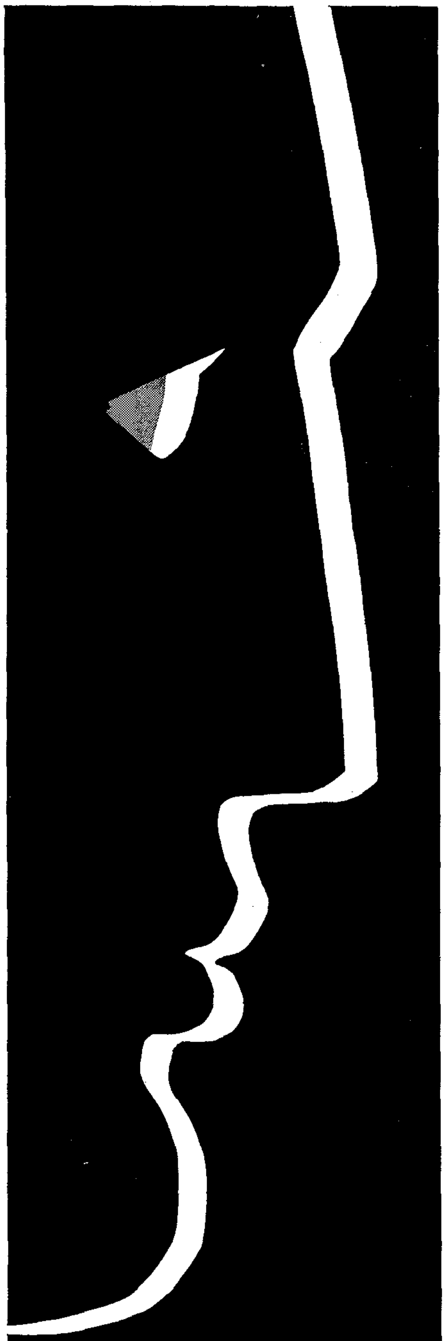

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has mentioned the step that might come after that: a request to Rockefeller from Lindsay—the political friend of the young and the dissident, the man who flew the City Hall flag at half-staff after the deaths at Kent State—to call out the National Guard, as he unsuccessfully requested Rockefeller to do three years ago during the long sanitation workers' strike. In a discussion earlier this year of what might happen if increased wage demands were not met, a spokesman for the firemen's union warned Lindsay against this move. His men were fed up, he said, with Lindsay's "holding the National Guard over our heads like a Diogenes sword."

If the city somehow does work out a monetary armistice with its uniformed employees, Lindsay's next crisis will come in the spring, when he carries his completed budget up the river to see whether he can get the money for it. If he returns virtually empty-handed, he can't say he wasn't warned. On the day Rockefeller advised him to sit this election out, one of the Governor's aides told the press, "If Lindsay does endorse Goldberg, let Stanley Steingut bring the city's budget to Albany"—Steingut being the comparatively powerless Democratic minority leader of the State Assembly. Even in 1966, when Lindsay's relations with both the state Republicans and Rockefeller were in fairly good repair, the *Times* reported that at the end of the long days of budget sessions the Mayor "looked like someone had just rescued him from the sharks." His only hope for rescue this year may be that a man like Rockefeller, possibly thinking of running for the Presidency in 1972, will eventually conclude that he needs the votes of his home town. The Governor, however, has publicly credited much of his overwhelming election victory to the help of the state Conservative Party, whose position is that the city is already getting more help from Albany than it deserves, and the campaign directors for James Buckley, the Conservatives' newly elected senator (who, like Lindsay, is Yale '43), have pointed out that a majority of the Republicans in the newly elected legislature—forty of the seventy-nine Republican assemblymen and fifteen of the thirty-two Republican senators—won with Conservative Party support. At the Conservative Party's annual dinner, held at the Waldorf on the night of Columbus Day, Buckley, one of the guests of honor, made no known objection to numerous posters on the walls that referred rudely to his old classmate, including one that showed a caricature of Goldberg,

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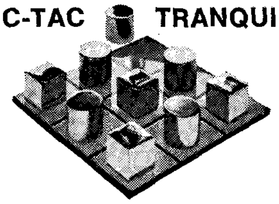

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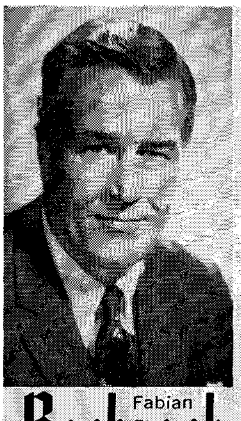

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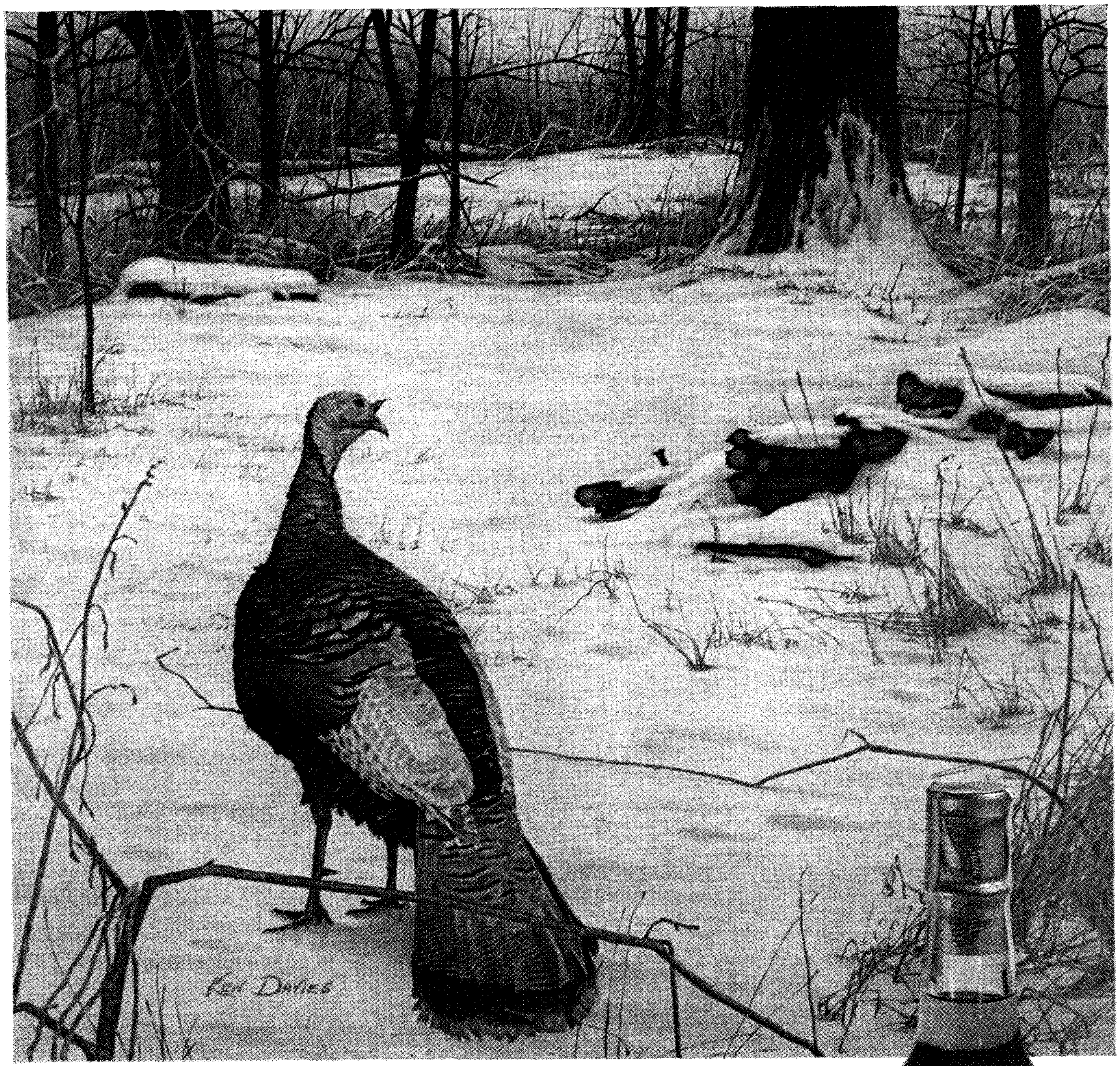

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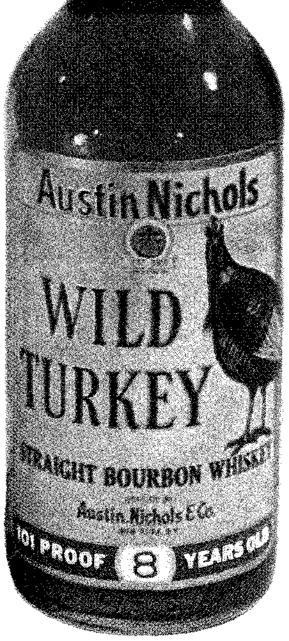
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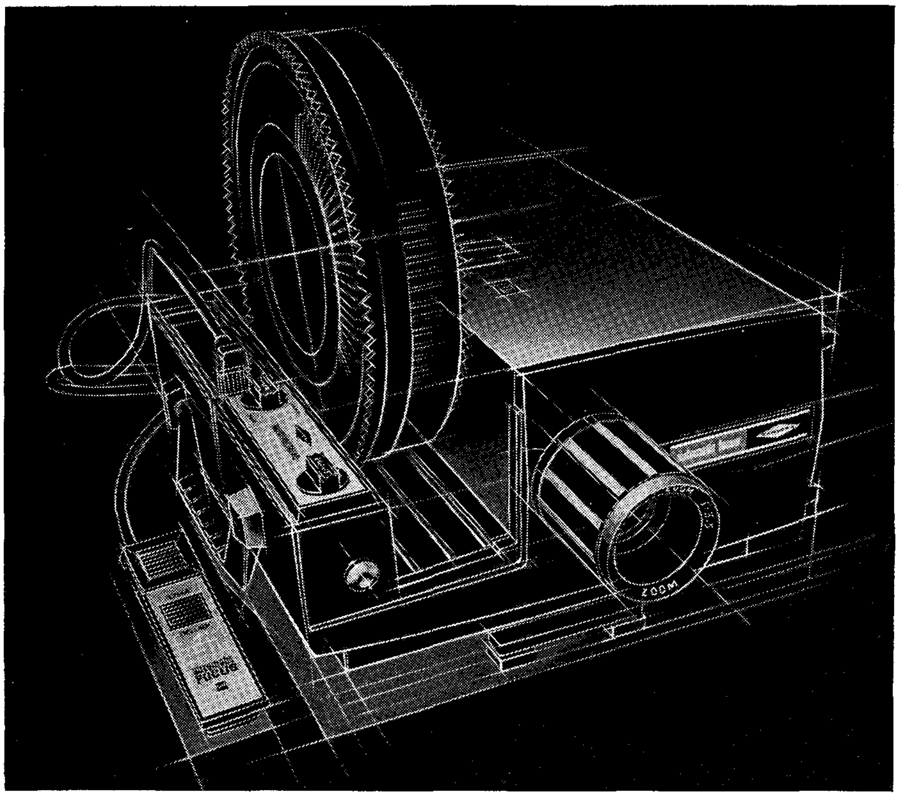
As in the case of Rockefeller, the Buckley rhetoric may well change in the coming months as those inevitable thoughts of running for the Presidency (in an election in which he couldn't count on two liberal candidates' splitting the other sixty-one per cent of the votes) suggest the desirability of a more civil attitude toward large blocs of voters: other handsome, charming, conservative-minded brothers from large, rich Irish families have had their viewpoints similarly enlarged in the past. But on Election Night Lindsay can't have found much encouragement in the scene as Buckley stood before a battery of TV cameras to discuss his victory. The four beaming men closest to the new senator were his brother William, former Mayor Vincent Impellitteri (Mario Procaccino had stood beside Rockefeller under similar circumstances earlier in the evening), Kiernan, of the policemen's union (not Lindsay's new Police Commissioner, Patrick Murphy, who in recent weeks has acknowledged the existence of a substantial amount of corruption in the department, has transferred ninety-three policemen, of whom several were top officers, and has reiterated the importance of civilian control of the police), and the Uniformed Fire Fighters' President Maye (not the black Fire Commissioner, Robert Lowery, who pointed out recently that if firemen were to strike "people will die . . . and the largest number will die in the areas where poverty, overcrowding, and blight are at their worst," adding, "If a strike should be called, I can only say, 'God help the Fire Department.' Because someday the firemen will have to return to the neighborhoods where people will have died because no one answered the alarm"). It is little wonder that Lindsay was happy to take off the next morning for London—his first trip to Europe since he was first elected mayor, in 1965. In England for a few days, he could chat with Prince Charles, attend the theatre with the American Ambassador, charm the British with bad jokes about *their* garbage strike and the fact that the London *Daily Sketch* had just named him the sexiest man in the world, and gain strength for his return to the gantlet of legislative sharks and Diogenes swords that he must run in the next months while political kingmakers of all parties chafe about his chances for moving into a larger political arena.

—Andy Logan



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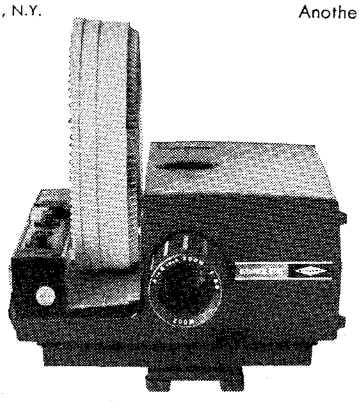

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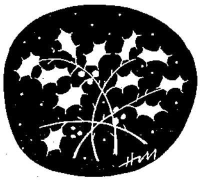
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

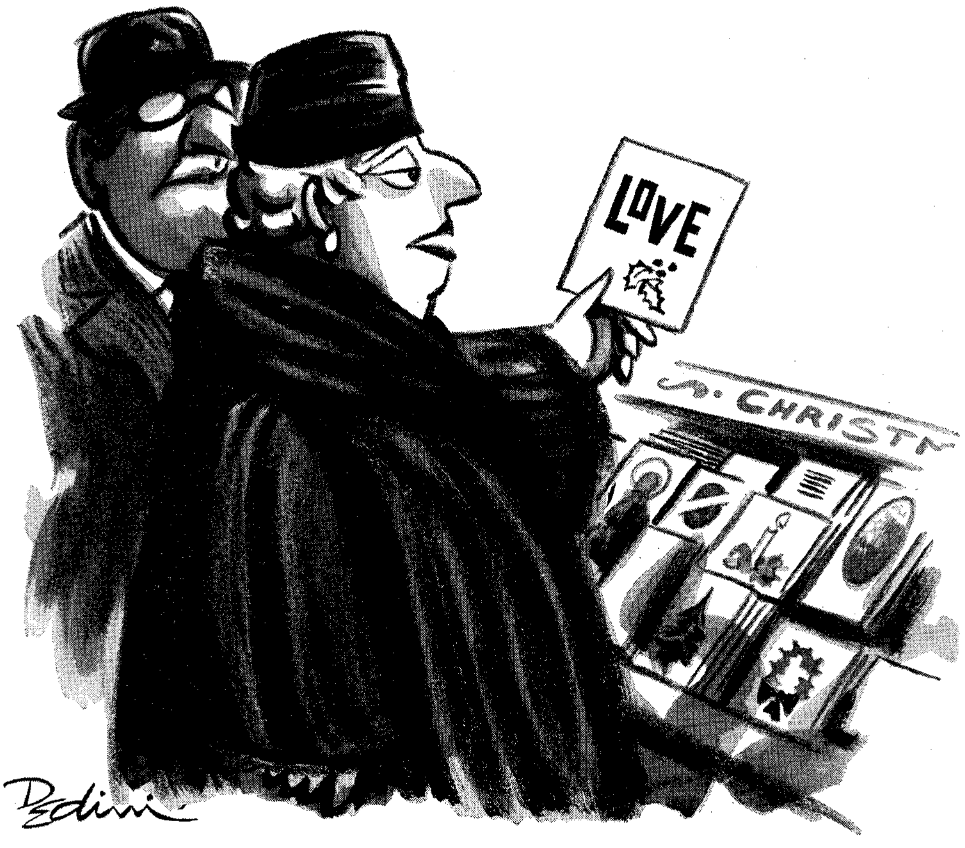
GIFTS FOR WOMEN



AT this time of year, the civilized world grits its teeth and begins to rush around the shops in search of tokens of friendship, devotion, or obligation. Because it is hard to buy attractive reflections of our attitudes, recent Yuletides have seen an increased traffic in stylish rubbish, whose unabashed uselessness lessens the donor's commitment, and whose chic is supposed to ease the recipient's disappointment. In these pages of suggested Christmas gifts for women, we have tried to set our face against this trend without robbing the hurried and the cowardly of all solace. We hope that braver shoppers—after a furtive perusal of the labels in a woman's closet—will enjoy the risk involved in buying clothes.

From the timid with greetings to those who already have a bewildering number of possessions might go any kind of container—a present that stands every chance of giving pleasure if it is also filled. Marco Polo, at 1052 Lexington Avenue (75th), has pretty lidded boxes of braided brass that any giver—or recipient—could fill with knickknacks. A handspan in breadth, oval or round, and $12. S. Wyler, 713 Madison Avenue (63rd), has a selection of silver-plated Victorian sugar bowls that might serve as leprechauns' coal scuttles, or even be filled with jelly beans; $35. Antica, at 802 Madison Avenue (67th), has some oddments of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English porcelain from such houses as Davenport, Spode, and Worcester. Saucers and handleless mugs like those Dr. Johnson drunk his chocolate from could be put to good use, and cost between $20 and $30. The same shop sells English and French antique tea canisters and biscuit tins, painted with flowers, birds, and Japanese ladies, for from $15 to $40. Ffolio 72, at 888 Madison Avenue (72nd), is crammed with things to comfort baffled shoppers. A tall glass jar, like a drugstore straw-holder, has a green enamel lid that lifts to splay some forty marbleized pencils, and costs $10. A lacquered wooden box to hold a roll of stamps is painted with mice and flowers and other small things. It can be made to order (three weeks), according to your whim, as can a pair of doorknobs that will work on almost any door, and a wooden clothespin to mark a page or secure a diminutive correspondence. All are decorated by the same hand, and the prices are $7.50, $25, and $5, respectively. Cartier suggests a solid-silver colander for fruit or wet spaghetti or—with its glass liner—for flowers or salad. The six-inch size costs $125, the eleven-inch $250. Or there's a pillbox—a one-inch cube of brushed silver, with a hinged lid and a ribbon-and-bow decoration—that costs $50.

Some containers are already filled. At Henri Bendel, a handsome wicker hamper of fruitcakes is $13. A nine-inch wooden garden basket is tastefully filled with tablets of soap in subtle colors, which are packed in chips of cork that look like autumn leaves. Its wooden handle is trimmed with a noble woolly pompon, and it costs $11. More energetic souls might buy a basket somewhere, perhaps line it with cloth, and fill it with things they have picked out themselves. Caswell-Massey, at 518 Lexington Avenue (48th), is justly famous for its cosmetics made from the juice of cucumbers. A sample package of gentle night cream, skin lotion, cold cream, emulsion, and soap costs $10. And you can fill out a basket further with Caswell-Massey soaps—oil of mink ($2.50 a tablet), strawberry and glycerine (three for $3.75), French lettuce (three for $4.50), or tomato juice ($1.75 each). A sample box of fifteen international soaps costs $18.75, and four powder puffs of pastel swansdown are $12. Other containers—Christmas stockings, for example—might be filled out with an eight-ounce jar of delicious shrimp paste from Soupçon, 147 East 70th Street, for $4, and its companion, an eight-ounce jar of the establishment's homemade mayonnaise, for $2. An eight-ounce jar of aged Cheddar laced with chutney and curry is $3, and an eight-ounce jar of a Smithfield-ham-and-truffle mixture is $5. A cyclamen or a hyacinth might do well in one of the handsome Italian pots from Marco Polo. These are white and patterned in basketweave, some of it openwork. A square pot, nine inches wide, has a cherry-size bauble guarding each of the top corners, and costs $21. A small round pot is $5.50. The gift shop at the Metropolitan Museum of Art can now supply a replica of a rare example of an Early American glass flowerpot—a lapis-colored pot that comes with its own saucer. It is finely ribbed, with a basket of flowers in relief, and costs $12.50. Parrish Wood-



"It's not bad, but do you think it's Christmassy enough?"

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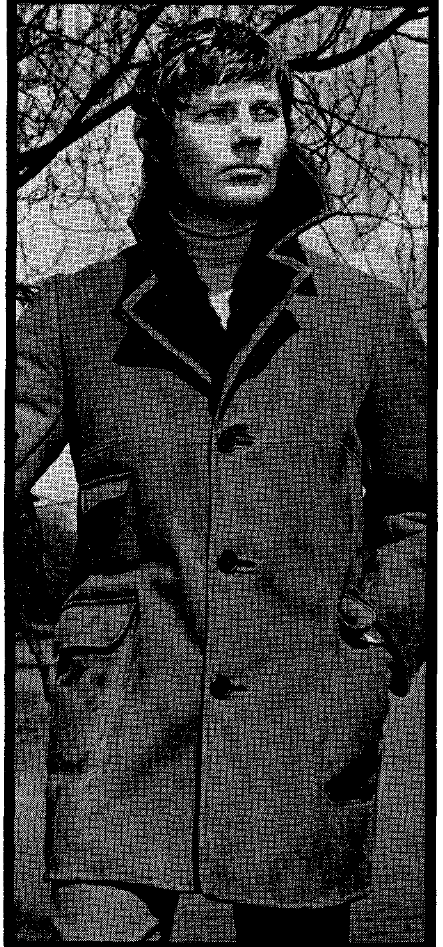

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worth, 680 Madison Avenue (61st), will brighten the holidays with dwarf myrtle and boxwood trees, trimmed by topiary into spheres and hung with crystal balls; $60. The shop also has a wide assortment of baskets. Animal-lovers might be intrigued by colored rattan in the shapes of the crowd in the ark. The creatures include swans, donkeys, snails, and roosters, ranging in height from twenty inches to thirty-six inches and in price from $25 to $50. A seamstress would appreciate a Victorian white wicker sewing basket from the collection at Nina, 860 Madison Avenue (70th). With their legs, these stand about two feet high, and cost from $75 to $90. A plump red velvet pincushion from Lord & Taylor's Fantasia would enliven things. It is shaped like a mushroom and studded with rhinestones and cloth canaries and bumblebees; $7. The burgeoning of needlepoint shops suggests that many women go as far as to start out, at least, on the hobby. A kit from B. J. Mitchell, at 928 Madison Avenue (74th), would increase a beginner's confidence. Eight dollars buys a four-by-four-inch canvas printed with the design for a butterfly, a ladybug, or an improbable whale; the necessary wool; foolproof directions; and a tortoiseshell mount to make a coaster. The experienced purist who scorns any such painting-by-numbers technique, and prefers to work on virgin canvas, might enjoy one of the needlepoint kits from the gift shop at the Metropolitan Museum. They are based on ancient Peruvian designs in the museum's fabric collection. The materials for a tote bag—the sort of thing in which a pre-conquest Peruvian kept his coca leaves—cost $19.95. Woolworks, at 783 Madison Avenue (67th), which takes care to keep needlepoint up with the times, has added a patchwork design to its stock. The makings of a cover for the Manhattan Telephone Directory, including wool but not the cost of mounting it on a leather binding, are $25. A woman might lift her bleary eyes from her grubby, unwound, and tangled wools and be encouraged by a wool sampler worked at sea by a mariner who might have served in Joseph Conrad's crew. The design, of flags, ships, and remembered trees, is built around photographs of the lonely sailor's relatives. A selection of such samplers may be found at Antica for between $100 and $200, the price depending on the intensity of the nostalgia. Nina can provide the makings of a collar—for a woman or a dog—for $12.50. Ffolio 72 has the stuff for a dog's pillow. It costs $25

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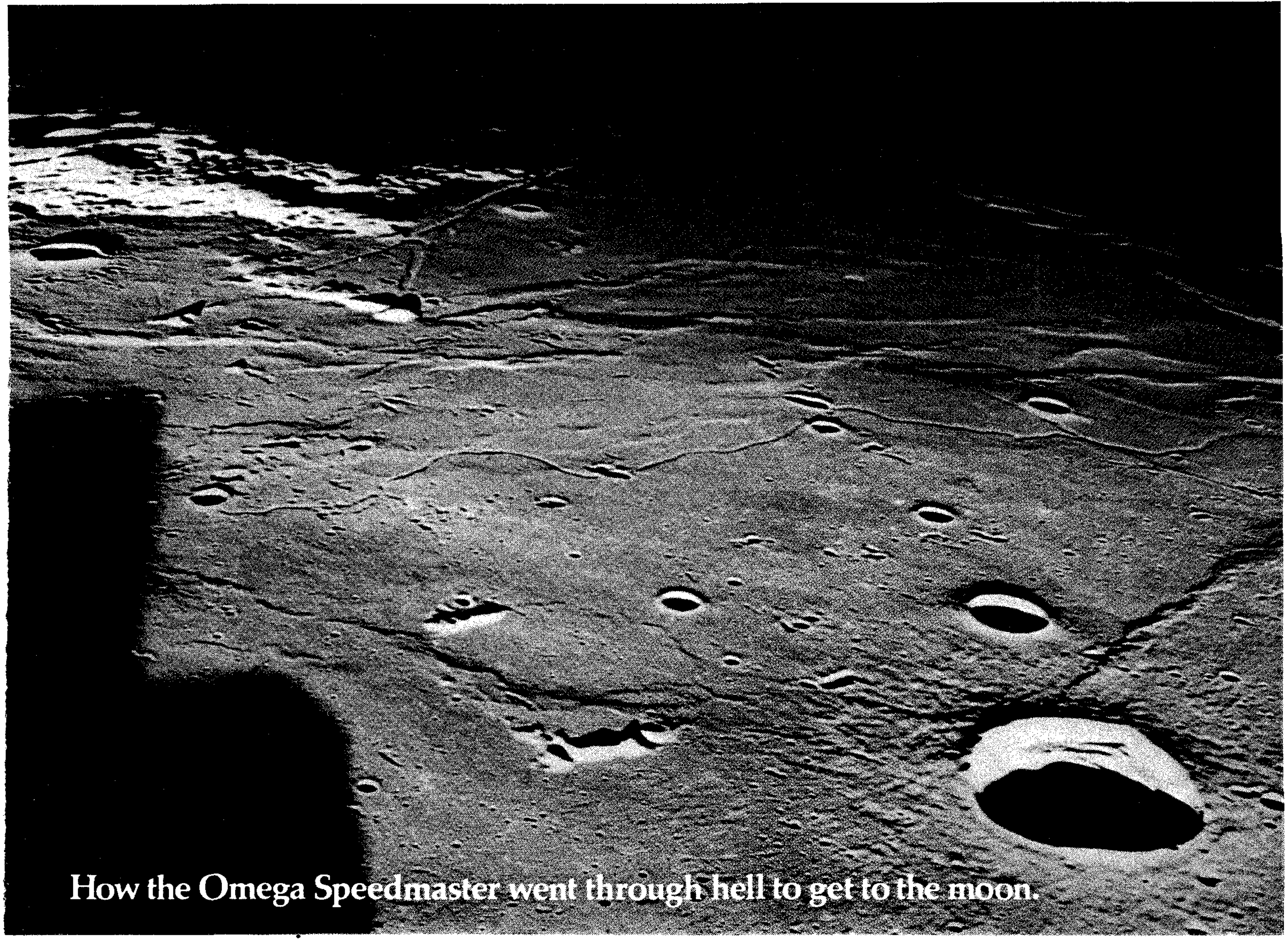

How the Omega Speedmaster went through hell to get to the moon.

It was back in 1965.

A group of men from NASA space headquarters quietly purchased three standard chronographs.* (Ours, and two others made by watch companies who shall remain nameless.)

The watches were taken back to Houston to a little chamber of horrors that had been devised for NASA alone.

For the next six weeks they were subjected to a thorough and unrelenting hell:

Strapped to whirling centrifuges. Pulled by the force of fifteen gravities. Hurled into a simulated outer space.

The murderous heat was turned on. Then the searing cold. Then heat. And cold. And heat and cold again.

Without warning, they were rocked and shaken to violent vibrations. (The kind that would someday be for real if a space capsule got into trouble.)

Crystals popped. Systems failed. Time went crazy.

It went on and on and on.

When it was over, only the Omega had survived.

Since that day, the Omega Speedmaster has been strapped to the wrists of all U.S. Astronauts. It is the only watch to have gone on sixteen space flights, six space walks, and the first walk on the moon.

We have to admit, even we're a little impressed.

The Omega Speedmaster.
The moon watch.

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*A CHRONOGRAPH NOT ONLY TELLS TIME, BUT COMPUTES IT IN SECONDS, MINUTES AND HOURS.
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FOR FREE STYLE BROCHURE OF OTHER WATCHES, WRITE OMEGA, 301 E. 57TH ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022.

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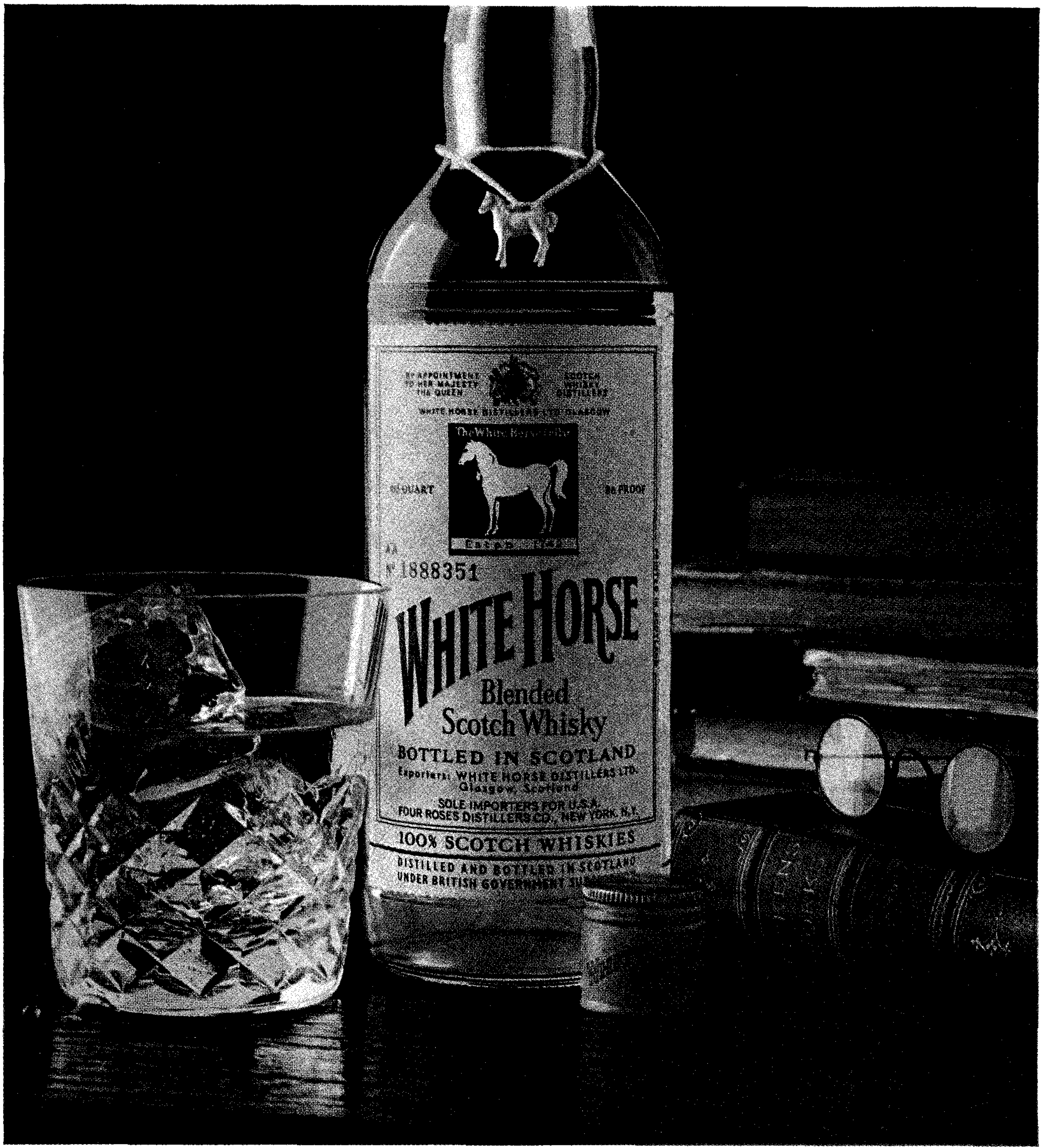
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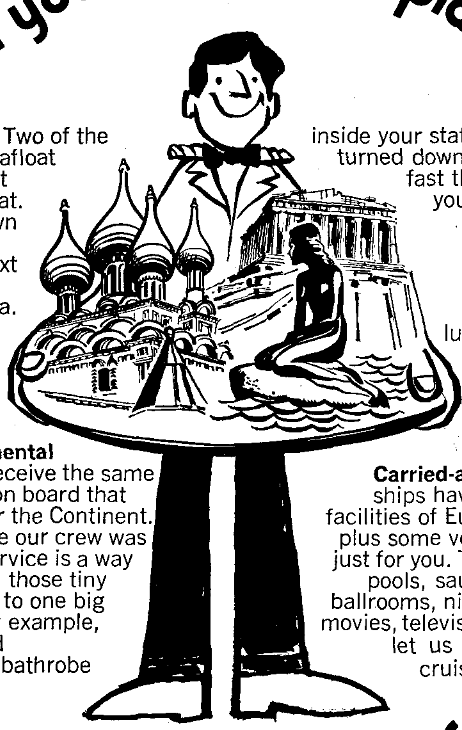
and portrays a dachshund, its instincts all awry, busily retrieving a blue or purple flower. Many dogs this Christmas will wish someone had thought of gift certificates. At any of Bonwit Teller's branches it is possible to buy a gift certificate for Harrod's of Knightsbridge, in denominations of £1, £5, and £10. These solve the ticklish problem of what to give an English girl, and might please an American who likes to see smoked salmon arrive by air.

There are some handsome portfolios around for the use of those who want to work on their needlepoint in the taxi and arrive at the stockholders' meeting in style. Madonna, at 304 East 53rd Street, has an envelope for papers of a reasonable size; it is made of beige suède printed with coffee-colored zigzags, and costs $60. Matching trousers, for emancipated offices, are $135. Bendel has a ten-by-fifteen-inch document case in rust, brown, or lichen-colored buckskin, its flap secured by the trusty thong-and-toggle principle; $20. Ffolio sells all sorts of legal-pad folders—lined with silk and covered with, say, snake, suède, or zebra—at $25. For more substantial journeys, Abercrombie & Fitch can offer a twelve-by-fifteen-inch bag, buckled in brass and made of harness leather that has been stained and burnished to a deep chocolate; Italian, and $85. At Le Weekend, 69 University Place (10th), you will find a roomy duffelbag of featherweight nylon that emerges, like a conjurer's rabbit, from its own six-inch pouch. It comes in a choice of primaries, and it costs $11. The truly elegant traveller would be happy to follow a porter bearing her huge Gladstone from Madonna. It has a gilt frame and a navy leather handle, and it's made of natural handwoven linen with twining Florentine embroideries of pale blue and saffron; $200.

Where this season's purses have handles, they are often made of rings and chains, and are likely to be shoulder straps. For Him, for Her, at 910 Madison Avenue (73rd), will show you a tan or chocolate leather bag, seven inches by nine. Hoops of gold metal and fake tortoiseshell form the shoulder strap and reappear as chain mail wrapping the purse; $50. At Jacomo, 25 East 61st Street, an Italian envelope purse might well be just what a woman would buy for herself if she had $75 for the suède one or $110 for the snakeskin version. The purses are eleven inches long and six inches wide, and appear in fashionably neutral colors. Lady Continental, at both 760 Madison Avenue (65th) and three doors



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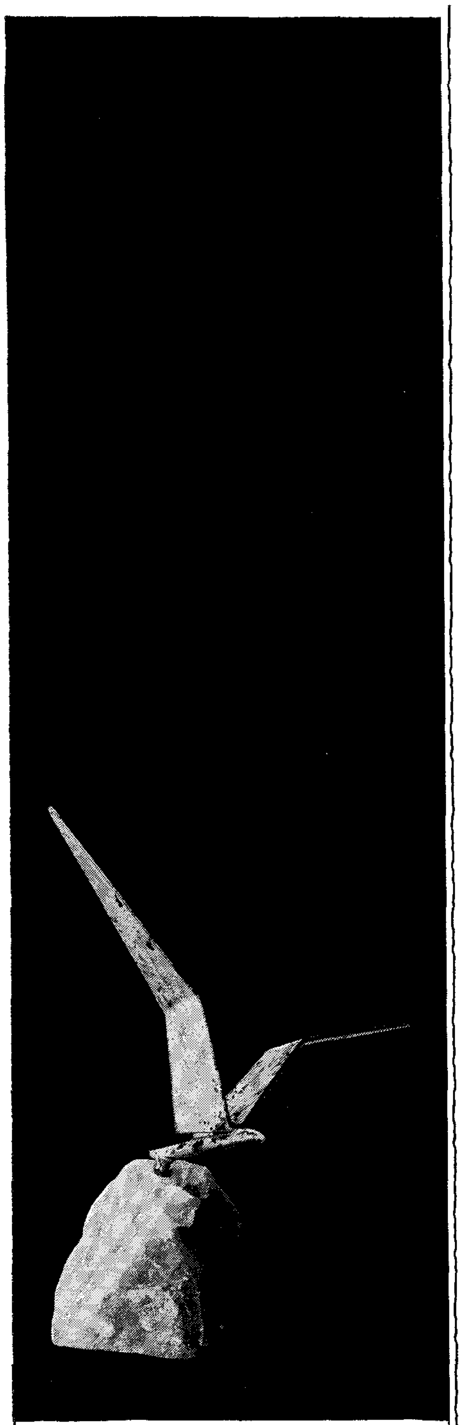

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GUMP'S

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down the street, at No. 754, has a black crushed-patent shoulder bag that turns into a clutch purse when the gold chain handle is in use as a belt. The fancy gold clasp, though, is fixed, and never becomes an egg timer or whatever; $60. A handbag shaped like a fourteen-inch butterfly in flight makes a pleasant change from rectangles. It is suède, and very flat. This distinctive beast, to be netted at Mark Cross, comes in several color combinations—a purple body, for instance, with violet-and-pink wings. Whatever the colors, the price is $22. At Gavroche, 827 Madison Avenue (69th), one can find some more downy surfaces. A buckskin shoulder bag in gray, black, or deep pink is a foot square and has an outside pocket and a strap three inches wide; $18. A matching floppy-visored cap is $30. For joggers-in-the-Park who don't take it too seriously, Jean Lanvin has dreamed up a practically snatchproof purse—a long, thin one that hugs the wearer's chest and is secured at one end by a silver ring and anchor suspended from a choker and secured at the other end by a pair of narrow reins that tie behind the back. This is available, for $60, at Lederer, 711 Fifth Avenue (56th), in patent, calf, or suède—black, brown, burgundy, or navy. Artbag, 735 Madison Avenue (64th), is making bags from Paisley shawls handwoven many years ago in Kashmir. Anyone who has an eye for their intricate curls and their scramble of magic-carpet colors might carry such a bag by day or by evening. They hang from the shoulder, and their soft, elongated shapes, some as much as ten inches long, are set on frames of old Dutch silver embossed with garlands or curious friezes of chubby, festive harvesters; prices start at $100. The small bags of frogskin dyed gold or silver at La Jeunesse, 800-B Madison Avenue (67th), are unquestionably intended for exquisite evenings. They hang from dewy strands of gold filigree and *émail* or of silver and pearl; $155. The nineteen-thirties produced mesh evening bags adorned with Art Nouveau motifs and swinging from fine chains, and such bags are now to be found at America Hurrah, which is open every afternoon except Monday, at 316 East 70th Street; $12 to $16. The small bags at Rakes, 37 East 65th Street, are neat and lively. The edges of a bag of lime-green suède are overcast in beige, its shoulder strap is of braided beige suède, and an abstract butterfly is worked on the flap in green and blue counting beads. The bags here also include some in embroidered cut velvet,

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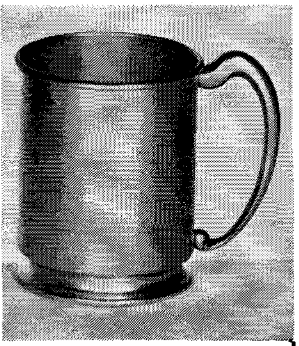

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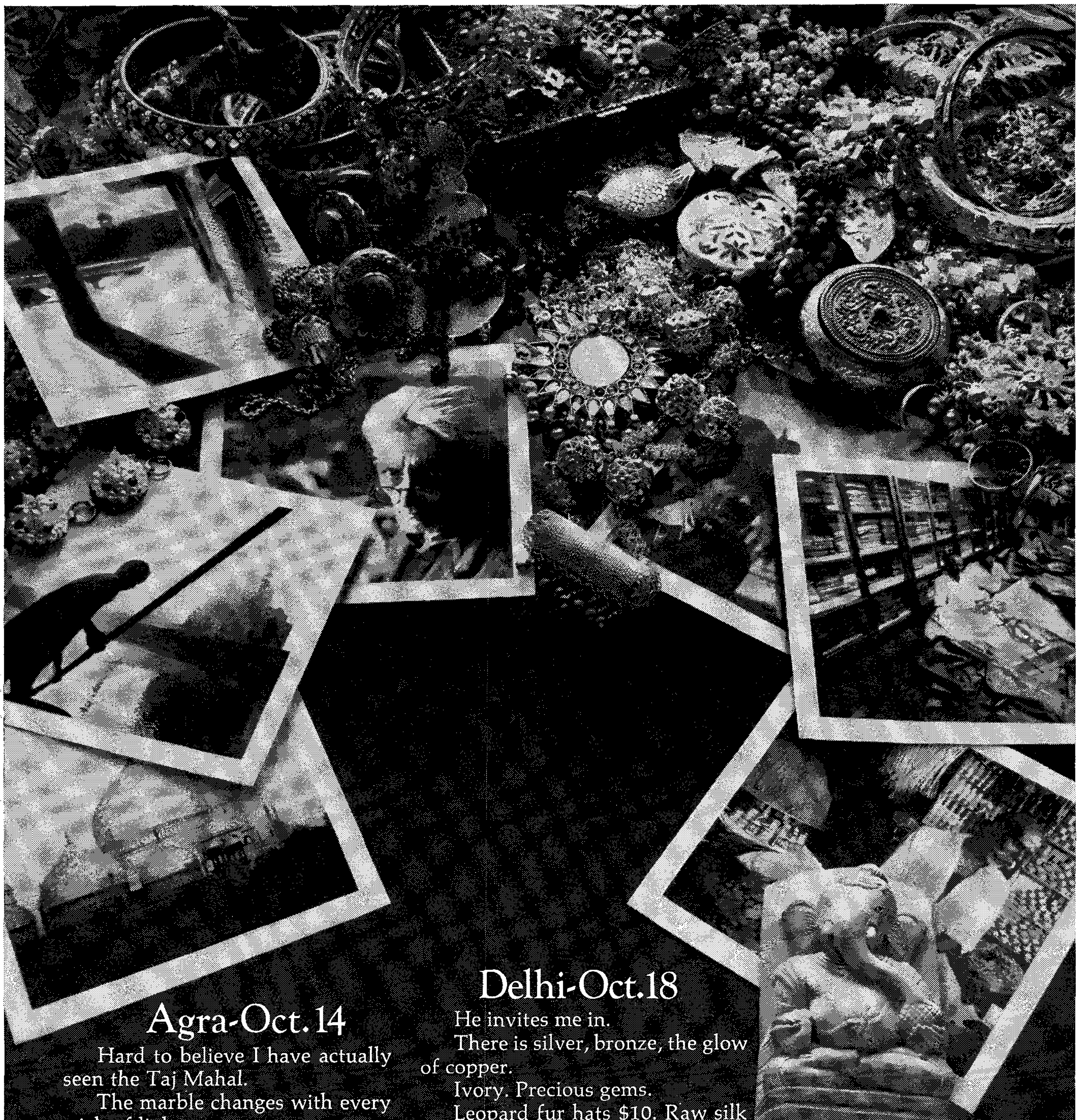

Objets d'art courtesy of SONA.

Agra-Oct. 14

Hard to believe I have actually seen the Taj Mahal.

The marble changes with every trick of light.

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But the Taj rises above her, encrusted with gems, glowing; I wonder if her husband was comforted by the beauty he raised over his lost love.

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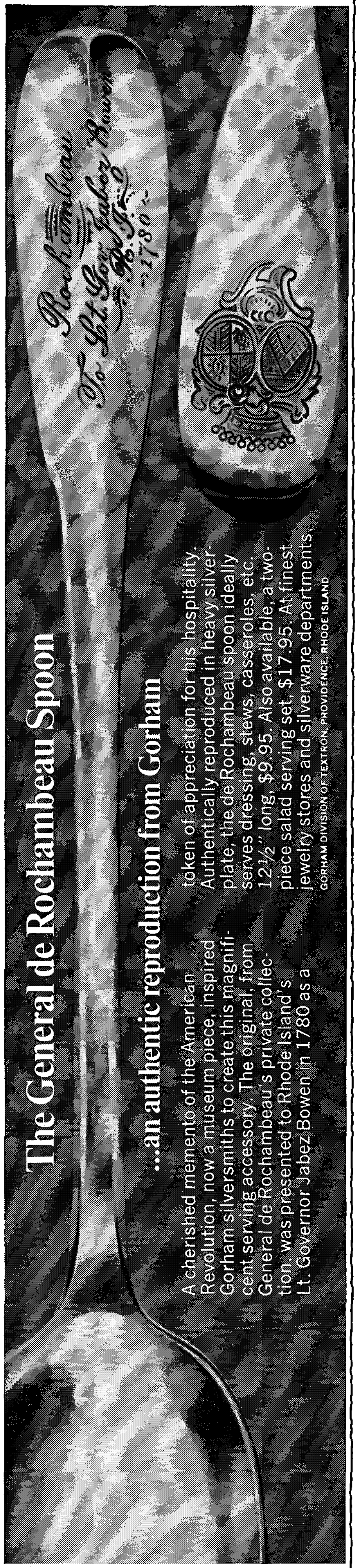

The General de Rochambeau Spoon

...an authentic reproduction from Gorham

A cherished memento of the American Revolution, now a museum piece, inspired Gorham silversmiths to create this magnificent serving accessory. The original, from General de Rochambeau's private collection, was presented to Rhode Island's Lt. Governor Jabez Bowen in 1780 as a token of appreciation for his hospitality. Authentically reproduced in heavy silverplate, the de Rochambeau spoon ideally serves dressing, stews, casseroles, etc. 12½" long, $9.95. Also available, a two-piece salad serving set, $17.95. At finest jewelry stores and silverware departments.

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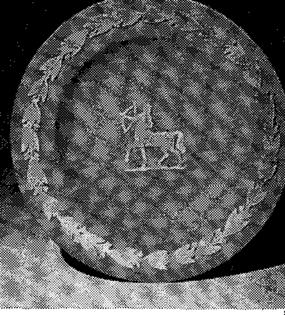
and range in price from $30 to $45. Irene Allen, 150 East 54th Street, has suède shoulder bags in almost every color. They have a circle filled in with seed beads on the flap, and suède tassels swing from strings of the beads growing out of the bottom of the bag; between $60 and $90.

WITH our fringed and beaded suède, our snakes and butterflies, our shoulder bags and clutch purses stamped with history, craft, and travel, we have journeyed from the gentle pastureland of containers into the tumultuous terrain of fashion. The situation could be worse. The stores have a wide range of outfits that can be bought in layers, to encourage women who are worried about skirt lengths. Separates that match make things simpler for people buying presents, since there is a good chance that at least *part* of the set will please. Many of the components are appropriate to every way of life and every hour of the day. And lots of women are spending their lives in trousers. From Le Drugstore, newly arrived at 1085 Third Avenue (64th), come slightly belled, patch-pocketed velveteen jeans, for $18. Their fruity colors (cranberry, apricot, and such) find exact companions in gently shirred and bubbled nylon shirts; $11 for a short-sleeved, zippered style, and $20 for a long-sleeved turtleneck. Scalera, 794 Madison Avenue (67th), has man-tailored shirts in a wool-and-polyester with a rather soft feel and printed with Paisley, floral, or geometric designs. Straight-leg knitted wool trousers will echo any of the many colors of the shirts. The shirts are $29.95, the trousers $36.95. At Lady Continental, $105 buys a trim wool jersey tunic with braided epaulets and the trousers to match it—in navy, dark brown, or purple. Further ladylike hints of the military in operettas are seen in a midi-length tunic of white crêpe, designed by Kiki Hart and found at Irving Karshan, 24 East 64th Street. Gold-and-silver braid trims its high round neck before rushing diagonally across the chest and down the left side. The tunic, a sash belt, and matching trousers cost $225. Veneziano, 819 Madison Avenue (68th), has a tunic-and-pants set of taupe cashmere, with a top that has a high neck and four brass buttons on one shoulder; $150, and the set also comes in brown or black. Altman's Studio 3 has pullover shirts in creamy satin-backed crêpe splotched with brown and pretending to be ponyskin. These cost $70, and may be successfully paired with brown crushed-velvet trousers,



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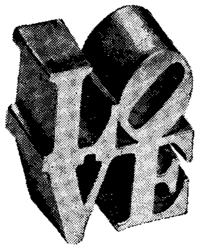

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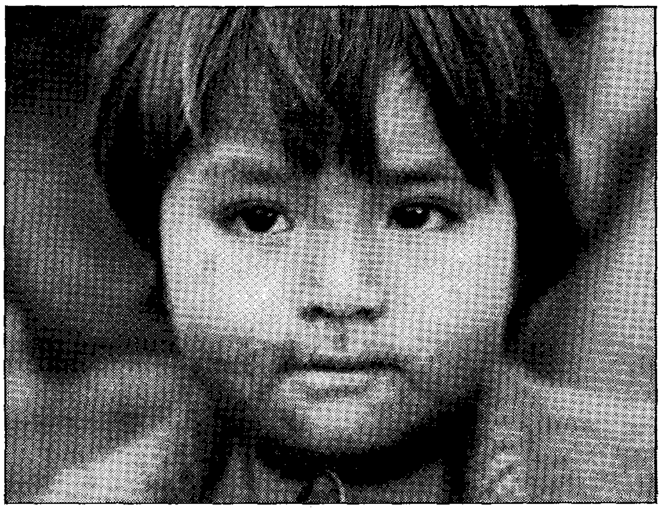
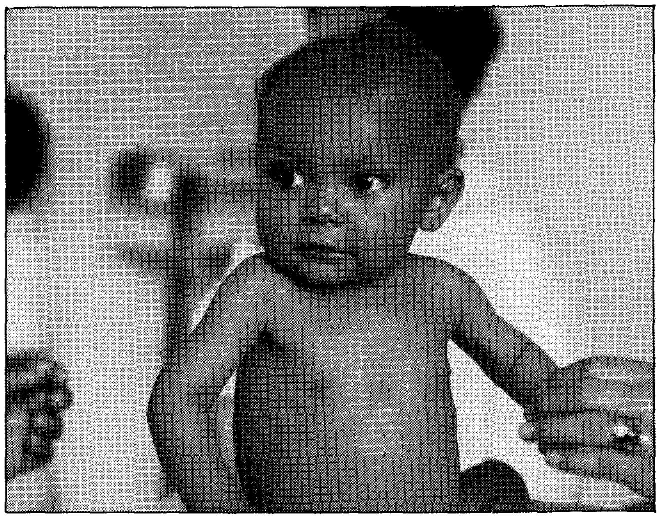


This is Roxanna Diaz. She needs a Foster Parent to save her from a world of hunger and fear. A Foster Parent who can share her new world of hope because he alone has helped make it possible.

The Foster Parents of this child know that without their contribution of $16 a month Kang Choong, his brothers and sisters might never have gone to school.

If it weren't for this child's Foster Parents, her own mother would have no one to turn to for guidance, no one to teach her a trade and help her escape the endless trap of poverty.



Elana Castilla and her family would probably never see a doctor. Never receive the medical care, health counseling and vitamins they need to survive.

And Chui Mei could never write to say thank you, I love you, to her Foster Parents because her life would never offer her anything to be thankful for.

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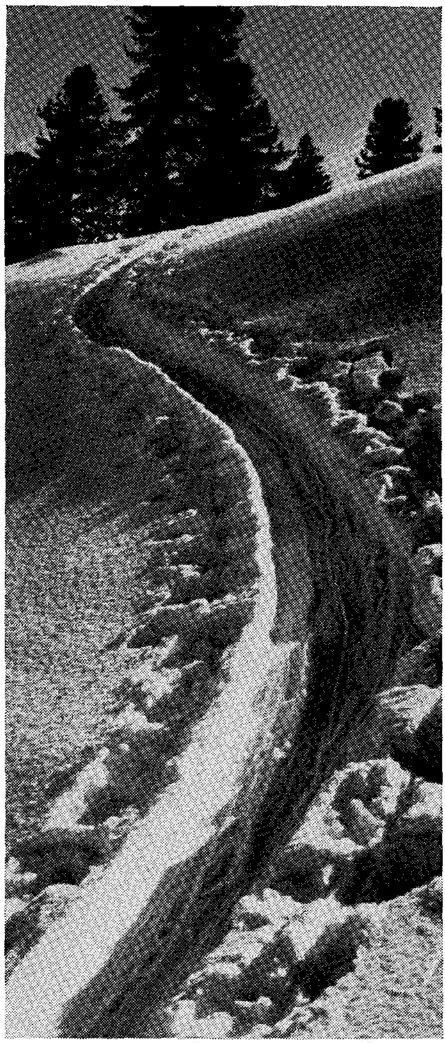

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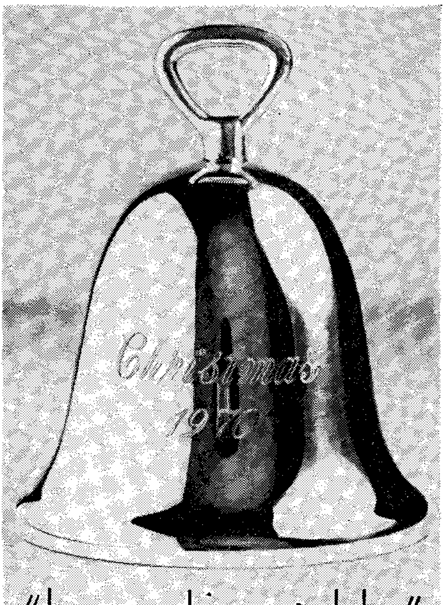
which are $45. T. Jones, at 697 Fifth Avenue (55th) and 1050 Third Avenue (62nd), can provide unusually attractive pants suits for evening wear. They are of French crushed velvet in purple, green, brown, or black, and offer a choice of long trousers or knee breeches. The tunics, which are long-sleeved and end just above the knee, are romantically hooded. A set costs $135. On two weeks' notice, Portmanteau, at 43 East 80th Street, will supply a graceful tunic outfit with a hook-and-eye closing in any of a number of designs. An ankle-length tunic is slit from the thighs to reveal white spun-silk trousers, and is itself a fragile assemblage of silken color-fields and stripes in tones of beige. The pants are $50, the tunic $90. The General Store at I. Miller, Fifth Avenue and 57th Street, has midi-length waistcoats, with horn buttons and hip pockets, in lightweight English worsted that has a faint dove-gray or beige check touched off by a barely perceptible thread of pink or peach. Such a waistcoat ($150) may be worn over a button-down ankle-length skirt ($65) or over the establishment's celebrated tailored trousers ($55). A blouse of pale-pink crêpe would complete the outfit; it's long-sleeved, with a handful of lengthwise tucks and pearl buttons down the front, and it costs $48.

AND now we find ourselves among the abbreviated newcomers to the family of trousers. Knickers and gauchos can be flattering, and are almost always fun. Rakes will make—in two weeks—a funny, pretty knicker suit in a glowing crushed velvet, with self ruffles and a drawstring at neck, wrists, and knees. For the same price, which is $100, you may select a satin harlequin suit, perhaps with ice-blue knee breeches, a yellow bodice, and pink sleeves. Sportique, at 816 Madison Avenue (68th), has handsome gaucho pants of amethyst panne velvet. A wide smocked cummerbund links them to a matching top with a jewel neckline, silver buttons, and slim sleeves; $140. Knicker suits may be a little too young for a classic to have emerged, but the well-tailored outfits at Capezio East, 136 East 61st Street, do seem to deserve that description. They are in black, dark brown, or rust velvet, and have slim-waisted hacking jackets and slightly low-waisted breeches; $75, including a Jules et Jim cap. A daytime knicker suit of burgundy wool from Veneziano has a battle jacket with three tab fastenings; it also comes in black or brown, and it's $150. Ga-



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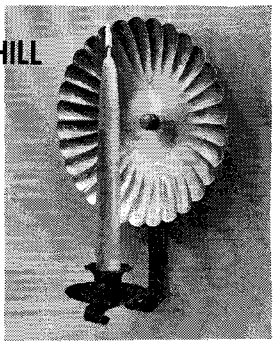

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vroche has frisky knickers-and-tunic sets ($80), which may be worn under a double-breasted, ankle-length coat ($120)—all in rust, brown, or burgundy wool jersey.

Many outfits are made of leather or suède, and mid-calf skirts of these materials seem to hang well. Casa Cuero, 1023 Third Avenue (61st), sells mid-calf suède skirts in moss green and six other colors, for $75. They are cut in an uncommon eight-gored shape, which, after fitting snugly to the hips, comes as close as suède can to swirling. Short, U-necked waistcoats keep them company, and cost $38. De Noyer, 219 East 60th Street, has a tunic-length English waistcoat of rainbow-colored patchwork snakeskin for $125, and $135 buys a matching snap-front midiskirt. From the same shop, and also from England, comes a striking pair of trousers: chocolate kid to the knee, patchwork snake below it; $135. Cordoba, 989 Madison Avenue (77th), offers a fine collection of suède separates. A pair of black pigskin pants runs to $100; a matching waistcoat edged with, say, natural snake costs $65 or $75, depending on its length. "Jungle suède," which is lambskin treated by some process akin to tie-dyeing, is pieced together here in an outfit of curving, vaguely pictorial patchwork. Gently stippled clouds and pinkish mountains roam over a blue-green background. A skirt is $160, and trousers are $135. A waistcoat, where hills and cumuli ripple out from patch pockets at the hips and from hand-welded hardware fastening at the bust, costs $105. Brown soft calf is tooled with leaves and flowers and used by Casa Cuero for trousers ($80), for a slim coat with a generous ankle-length skirt ($250), and for an A-line, front-opening midi ($75). Irene Allen has suède gauchos and knickers, at $100 and $130, respectively. Other suède garments here are held together by insets of macramé, and scalloped with the same stuff. A vest in six sections so joined ties in silken tassels at the bust and goes with a skirt whose below-knee length is broken by an upturned V. These outfits look very good in pigeon shades, and cost $160.

A bunch of lighthearted females could be bedizened inexpensively with the aid of D/R International, 53 East 57th Street. Overalls of peach corduroy with a print of blue, mauve, and orange balloons cost $25. A range of separates in Orlon jersey of less than timid colors includes shirts ($13), knickers ($15), slacks ($19), and skirts ($25). A shirt with a gray body,

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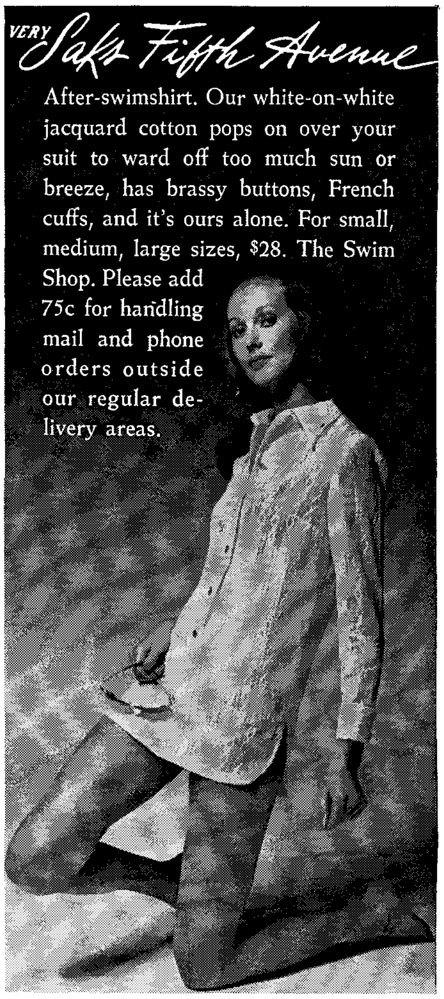
for example, has long coral sleeves banded in rust and edged at the wrists with black and peacock blue. Lafitte, 673 Madison Avenue (61st), would like to see people wrapped in crushed vinyl. Black trousers of this material, with a detachable bib, cost $95.

BECAUSE women seem to accept the new lengths more readily in separates, few shops are seriously promoting dresses this winter. But Bonwit Teller's S'fari Room can provide a cotton dress in Edwardian style, whose outrageous femininity might distract both its wearer and those around her from its midi length. It is striped with pink and yellow posies and has a deep flounce at the hem; white cotton lace makes the high ruffled collar and the yoke, and also bands the elbow-length sleeves before they get down to the business of ruffling, too; $165. For more contemporary evenings and good figures, Splendiferous, at 1312 Third Avenue (75th) and 1012 First Avenue (55th), is showing dresses of matte rayon jersey in twelve colors. There are three styles, all long-sleeved—one with a V neck and a four-inch set-in waistband, and two with turtlenecks. They are $84 if they're ankle length and $80 if they're midi length. And the David August Shop at Vidal Sassoon, 803 Madison Avenue (67th), has fluid ankle-length dresses whose necklines are modestly high and whose sleeves are chastely long. Of panne velvet in a choice of black, brown, purple, hot pink, orange, and Santa Claus red, they cost $75.

NO one is in doubt about an ankle-length evening skirt. The Penthouse Gallery, 1030 Lexington Avenue (73rd), which is gaily stocked with clothes from Japan, can supply a long wraparound skirt of black polished cotton printed with brown and white parasol spokes for $25, and for $20 a matching top with a mandarin collar and drop-shoulder sleeves. Sona the Golden One, 11 East 55th Street, is crammed with things from India. Long gathered skirts are gaudy in a most endearing way. Above the knees, they're a cotton print in red and green; below they're a rougher, scarlet cotton embroidered with colored trees and strewn with scraps of mirror; $38. Boutique de la Cuisine, at 33½ East 68th Street, takes a week to make an evening skirt with a handkerchief-pointed hem, in moss green, rose, or a choice of other pretty shades of velveteen; $85. On the newly decorated third floor of Macy's, at $84, are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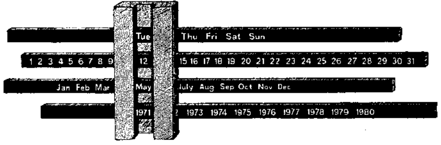
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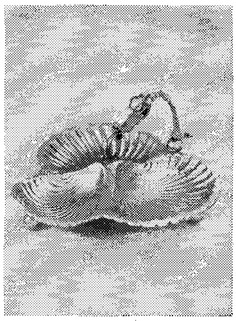
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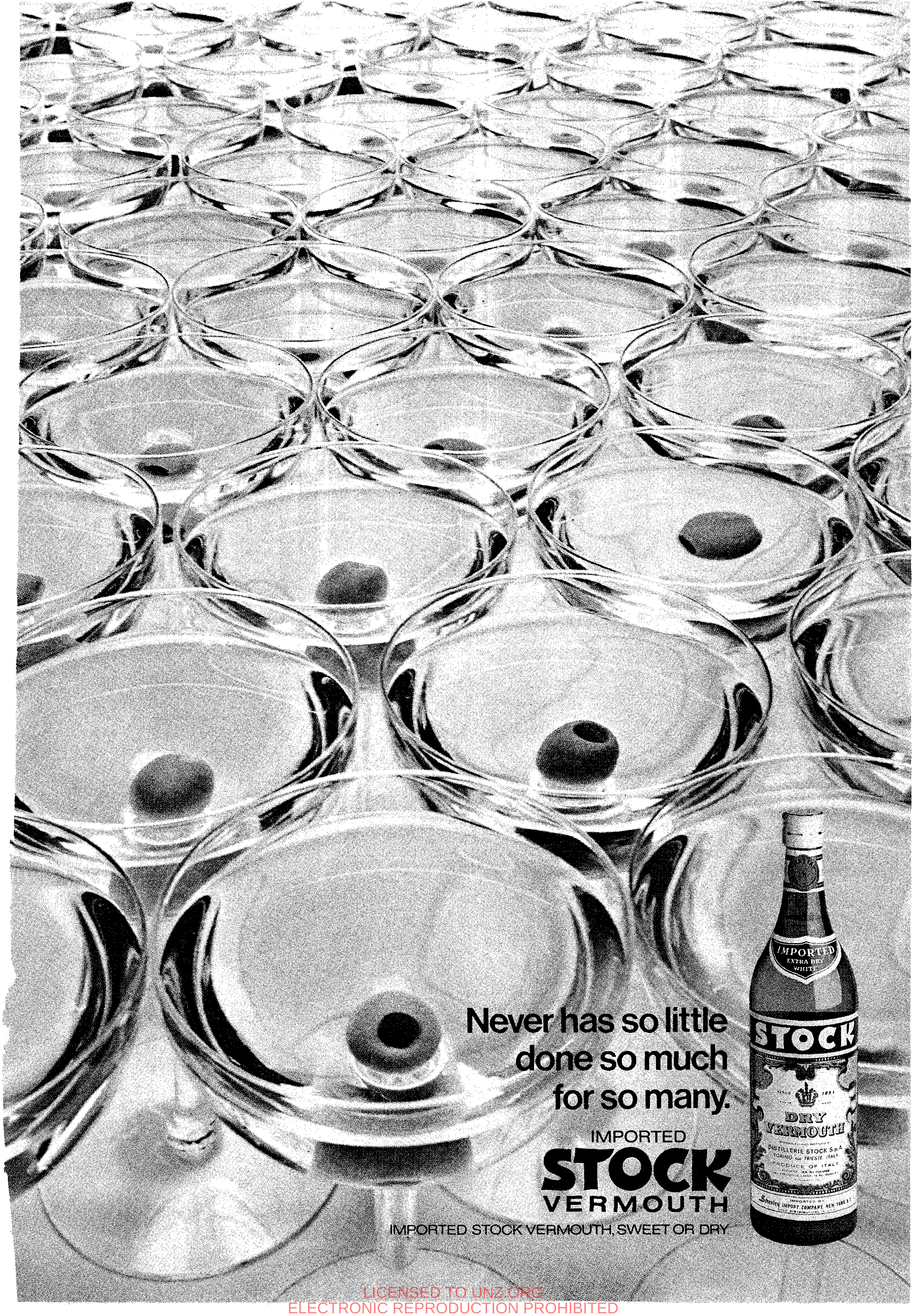
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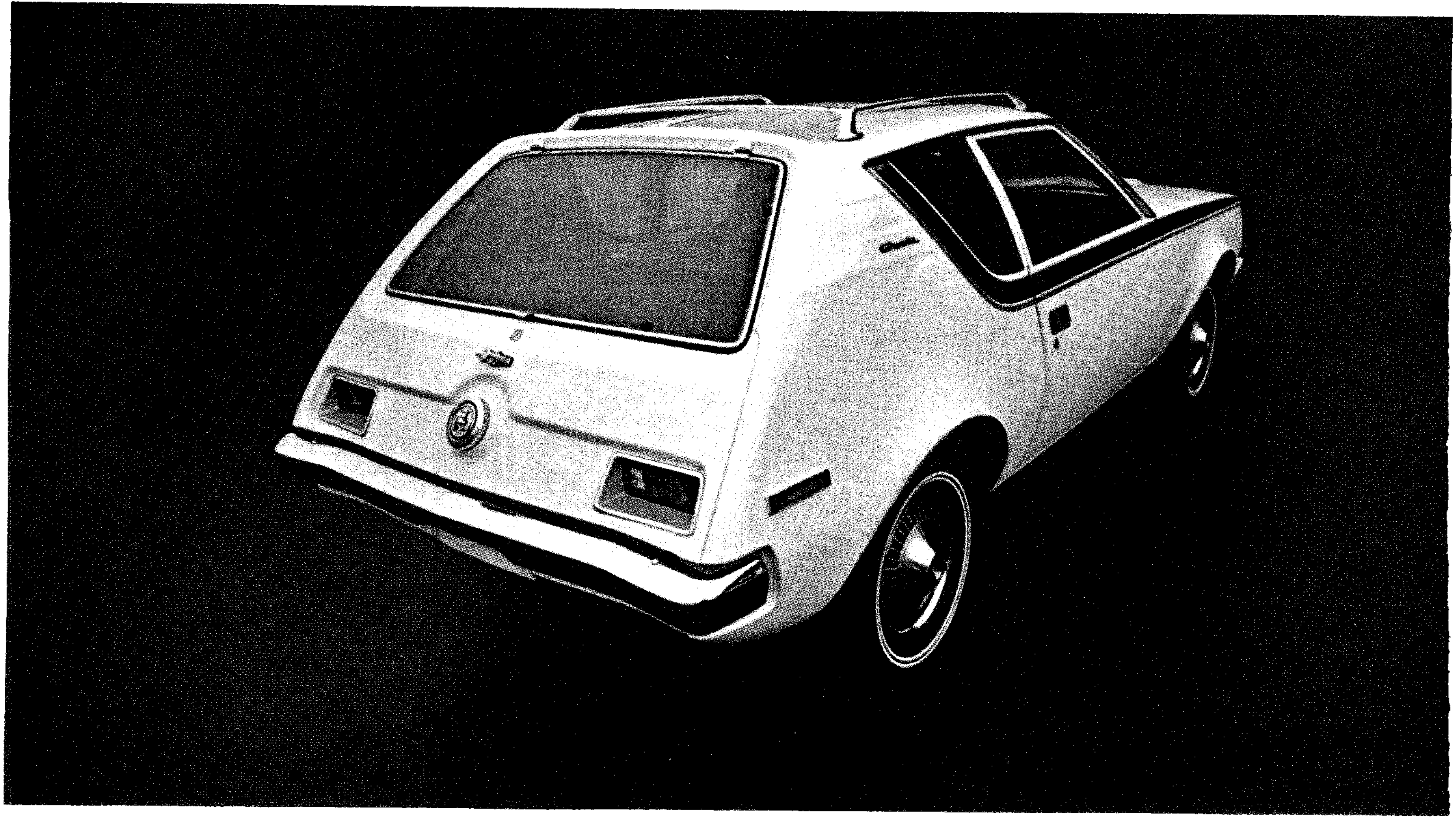

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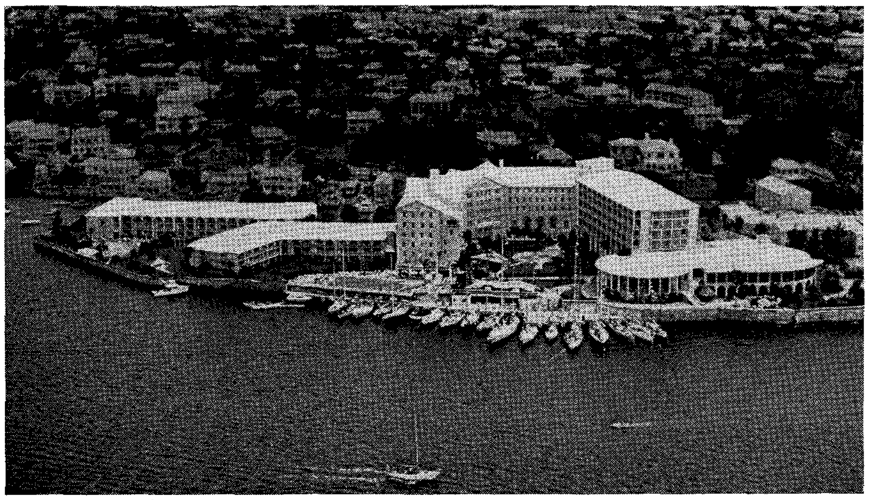
boleros and ankle-length skirts made of crushed-velvet patchwork in glowing colors. Performers' Outlet, where everything is made by people in the theatre—musical-comedy stars, assistant stage managers, people like that—is at 222 East 85th Street, and in one week one or another of these people will make a lovely patchwork skirt in cotton ($45) or wool ($86). For even more enchantment, consider a skirt made of patchwork diamonds of wool, silk, satin, and faille, with a self sash. In shades of lemon, gold, white, and beige, it costs $115. Bedlam, at 1338 Third Avenue (73rd), has long skirts made of velvet wall hangings from Afghanistan. They are in several colors and are embroidered with garlands. Not to be outdone in the tapestry race, Peck & Peck has cotton-and-rayon skirts in lively-colored tile prints that might have hung in any medieval hall; $38. Abercrombie & Fitch has graceful floor-length culottes in a Glen plaid of black wool shot with silver Lurex; $130. A black velvet jacket with silver buttons ($50) completes a costume in which to welcome the weary huntsman back to his roaring hearth. A sinuous ankle-length skirt and side-wrapped top is to be found at Sportique, for $85. The material was originally black velvet, and where the velvet remains it makes a floral pattern; elsewhere it has been plucked away to provide a sheer background. The skirt fits closely to the hips and swishes at the hem. At the Sweet Shop, 235 East 53rd Street, $35 buys a mid-calf-length velvet skirt with a high, curving waistband. This and a front panel are in a purple close to black, and the rest is a very deep green. Simple bias-cut skirts are made of panne velvet tie-dyed by hand to rare shades. The tie-dyeing here produces an effect of light and shadow rather than an intrusion of a different color; $35 to $40 off the rack, and $45 made to order.

THE same Sweet Shop has fluttery-sleeved silk chiffon blouses with an appliqué of satin arum lilies on the front. White on white, or layette pink and blue together, they cost $55. A word about the ubiquitous appliqué: A fairly vague design in a muted color—such as a curling, leafy pattern based on a Matisse cutout and found on a satin tunic at Rakes, for $125—might be worn with distinction by anyone, provided she is reasonably slim. On the other hand, the bright felt skirts at Latinas, 769 Madison Avenue (66th) and 130 East 59th Street, with appliqués of Mickey Mouse's granny nod-



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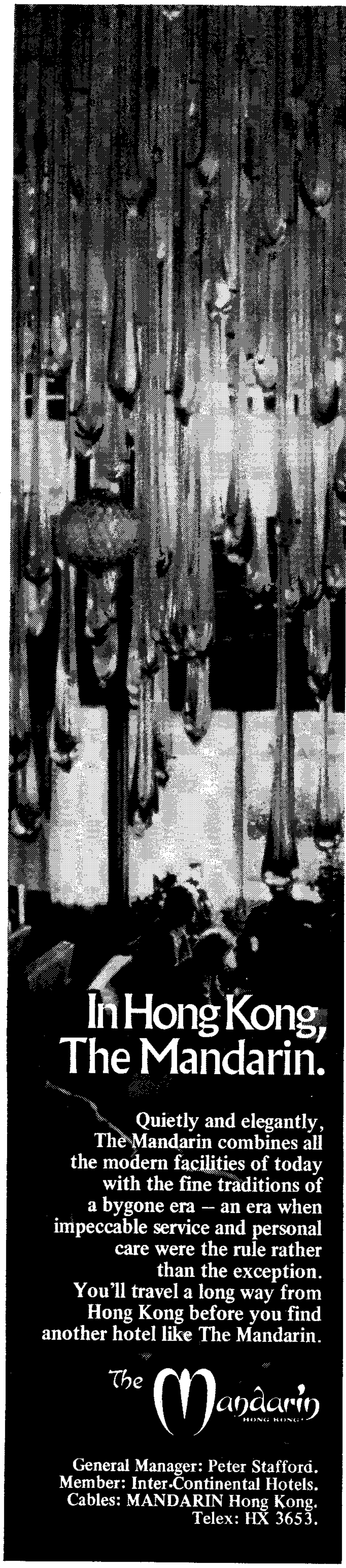

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ding at the crescent moon, are better suited to the young ($34), as are the wool jersey tunics at Genesis, 1049 Madison Avenue (80th). Either a pale-blue tunic on which is depicted a rising orange sun whose beams are piercing puffy clouds or a navy tunic on which is depicted a cottage with a lighted window and a smoking chimney costs $60. Only somewhat more sober is a short jacket of brown suède and leather to be found at Wisdom and Folly, 1378 First Avenue (73rd). It has long sleeves tricked out with geometrics and Egyptian deities painted on in bright colors, and the price is $160. For the same money, the jacket can be trimmed with beads, fringes, or feathers. Owen, Ltd., 131 East 70th Street, offers some elegant English knits for evening wear. A long-sleeved sweater of blue-and-silver Lurex is patterned with tiny leaves and has a round neck with two silver buttons at the nape; it costs $80 and is very close-fitting. (No up-to-date sweater is cut like a box.) Skinny Shetland sweaters in a score of solid colors and a choice of pretty, heathery shades are ribbed below the bust; they're just what every girl has been searching for, and they're at De Noyer, for $25. Cepelia, at 63 East 57th Street, can suggest other companions for trousers. A midnight-blue wool tunic that is part of the traditional dress of Kraków is piped in red around the armholes and the hook-and-eye front opening. On each breast is a cluster of useless but eye-catching gilt buttons; $45. There's a more elaborate version for $75; this one has green-and-red cross-stitch within the piping, and red tassels are added to the buttons and also appear on flap pockets and at the point of the back vent. The hem of the tunic falls to just above the knee, and is embroidered with a vase of flowers. Mexico provides the stock of Ugenia, at 318 East 70th Street, which is open every afternoon except Monday. A handwoven poncho of turquoise, pink, or orange wool, which could also serve as a skirt, has a fringe border; $29.95.

PERHAPS it is the wealth of separates in layers, whose bulk interferes with slim-fitting coats, that is bringing back the cape. Lord & Taylor, on the Young New Yorker floor, has a cape inspired by the Salvation Army. It is of navy wool lined with red pile, and its band collar is embroidered with four red stars; $60. Ugenia will enfold less manifestly Christian souls in a midi-length curve of bright-colored wool peppered with black velvet appliqués of horses' heads, horseshoes, or sombreros,

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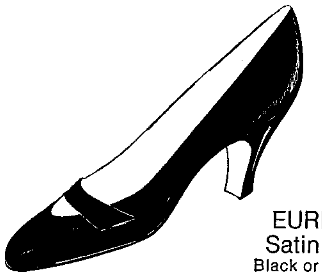

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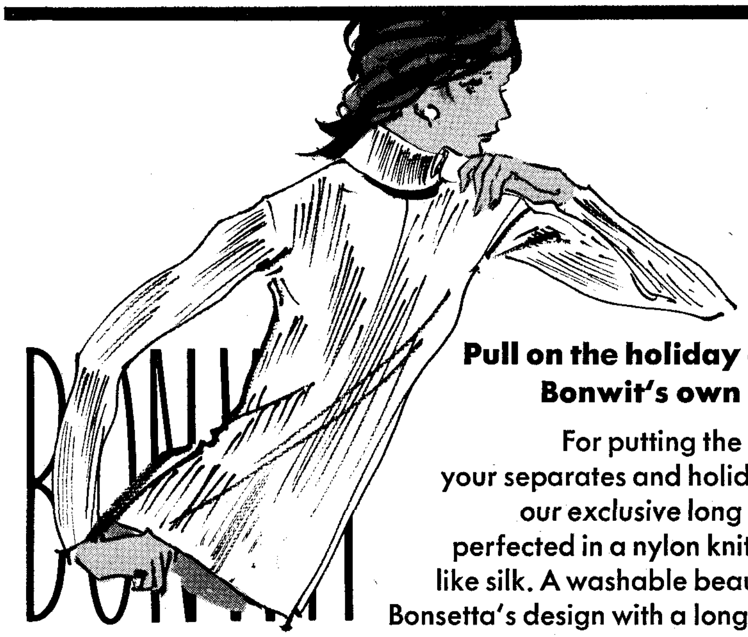
not to mention a fourteen-inch wagon wheel that will gladden anyone behind the wearer on an escalator; $59.95. At Gavroche, a swirling cape, with slits for the arms, is of cinnamon, black, or chocolate loden cloth and has wide lapels; $65. Bedlam has turned up an excellent ankle-length cape of lightweight and waterproof cotton poplin with a quilted lining. Even the hood is lined, and it has a tassel dangling from its point. In brown, black, or red, for only $30. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, at 855 Madison Avenue (71st), has some striking and extra-effective raincoats of olive or brown cotton poplin. The coats—with inverted pleats at the back, straps at the wrists, and a tab closing at the throat—are topped by elbow-length capes; $120. Useful fitted midi-length raincoats of black cotton velveteen may be found at Bergdorf's Country and Casual. They are trimmed here and there—some at the collar and cuffs, some at the hem—with opossum; $145 and up. At Abercrombie & Fitch, there's a coat in which to weather the wildest storms. Mid-calf length, and of cotton gabardine in brown or beige, it's double-breasted and has patch pockets. Raccoon fluffs out at collar and wrists, and the coat is lined with alpaca; $195.

UMBRELLAS? No woman has too many. A spreading, friendly thing with nylon panels of red, yellow, green, and blue, plus a handy panel of transparent plastic to help the bearer steer a rush-hour course, is available at Lederer, for $7.95. Uncle Sam's Umbrella Shops, at 110 West 45th Street, 161 West 57th Street, and 660 Lexington Avenue (55th), will provide you with a bell-shaped umbrella in a cheery Paisley print with an octagonal handle of mock malachite, for $18. The same shape appears in brown-black-and-white patchwork above a somewhat rustic handle, for $13.

TO keep someone warm as well as dry, Bloomingdale's Encounter shop can supply a coffee-colored wool crocheted cap from Ireland, strewn with leaves and blossoms, for $8. Seven feet of matching fringed knit muffler is $18. Or, if you are shopping for someone too fiery for botany, the Catherine wheels worked over the ears of a purple crocheted cap, also from Ireland, might appeal to her; the price is $9, and a matching muffler is $16. A fringed wool-challis babushka comes from Poland to Cepelia, where it costs $17.50 in many combinations of colors,



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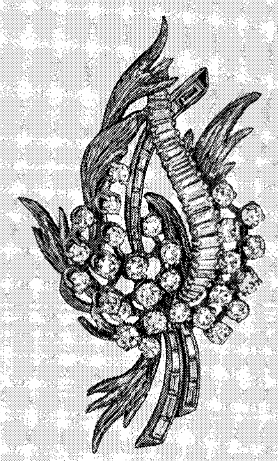

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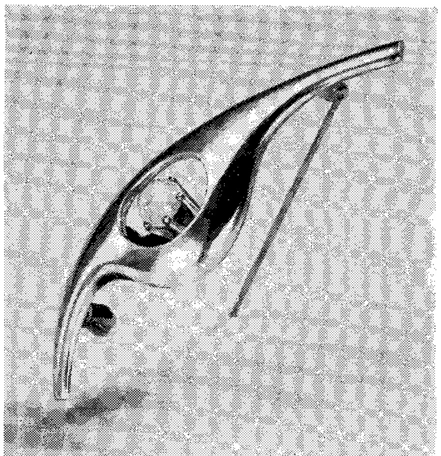
including red flowers on white and green flowers on red. Some ears and necks are not affected by the cold, and for such cases De Noyer proffers, for $35, rakish, wide-brimmed velours fedoras with snakeskin hatbands in many color combinations—black trimmed with red, say. At Portmanteau, some enchanting hand-screened silk patchwork scarves (or sashes) that measure fifty-four inches by five cost $25. Each is a medley of solids, flowers, and figures.

A GOOD deal of metal will still encircle waists this winter, but belts *are beginning to grow wider than* simple chains, and to appear in softer, quieter materials, like leather, suède, and felt. On a belt of gold-metal links from the house of Dior, a group of fake gold coins rises to cover the diaphragm. This one can be found in the accessory department of Saks Fifth Avenue, for $25. Henry Greenhut, the furrier, at 781 Madison Avenue (65th), suggests bringing last year's coat up to date by cinching it with a two-inch band of brown, beige, or black suède bordered with tiny gold beads; $12.50. Madonna will entwine a waist in forest-green lizard an inch and a half wide and fastening with a silver-plated ivy leaf; $30. Irene Allen has waggish Parisian belts of two-inch-wide patent or suède whose ends are linked by gold- or silver-metal elephants practicing thought transference, or pigs with their tails entwined; $25. Sona the Golden One has belts made of six strands of red cord that terminate in green beads and silent golden bells; $3. Kamali, Ltd., 229 East 53rd Street, offers a fine array of handmade belts, ranging in price from $15 to $35. Some curve up toward the bust, and are laid with bright feathers; others are appliquéd with felt and laced at the front; and still others are studded with buttons or sequins. Feathered chokers in the same shop are $3 and $5.

Jewelry, too, is becoming less metallic. Lord & Taylor's jewelry department stocks a duenna's black velvet choker that drips mischievously with crystal beads and pear-shaped artificial pearls; $10. Some diligent craftsman has scavenged bits of Tiffany glass and made them into pendants, belt buckles, bracelets, *and button earrings.* A creamy, pewter-lipped tulip made of such glass and hanging from a chain costs $10, on the third floor of Macy's. A leather choker, hand-painted with swirls in earth colors, is $5, also at Macy's. At Wisdom and Folly, twelve inches of Tunisian necklace consisting



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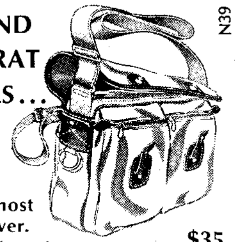

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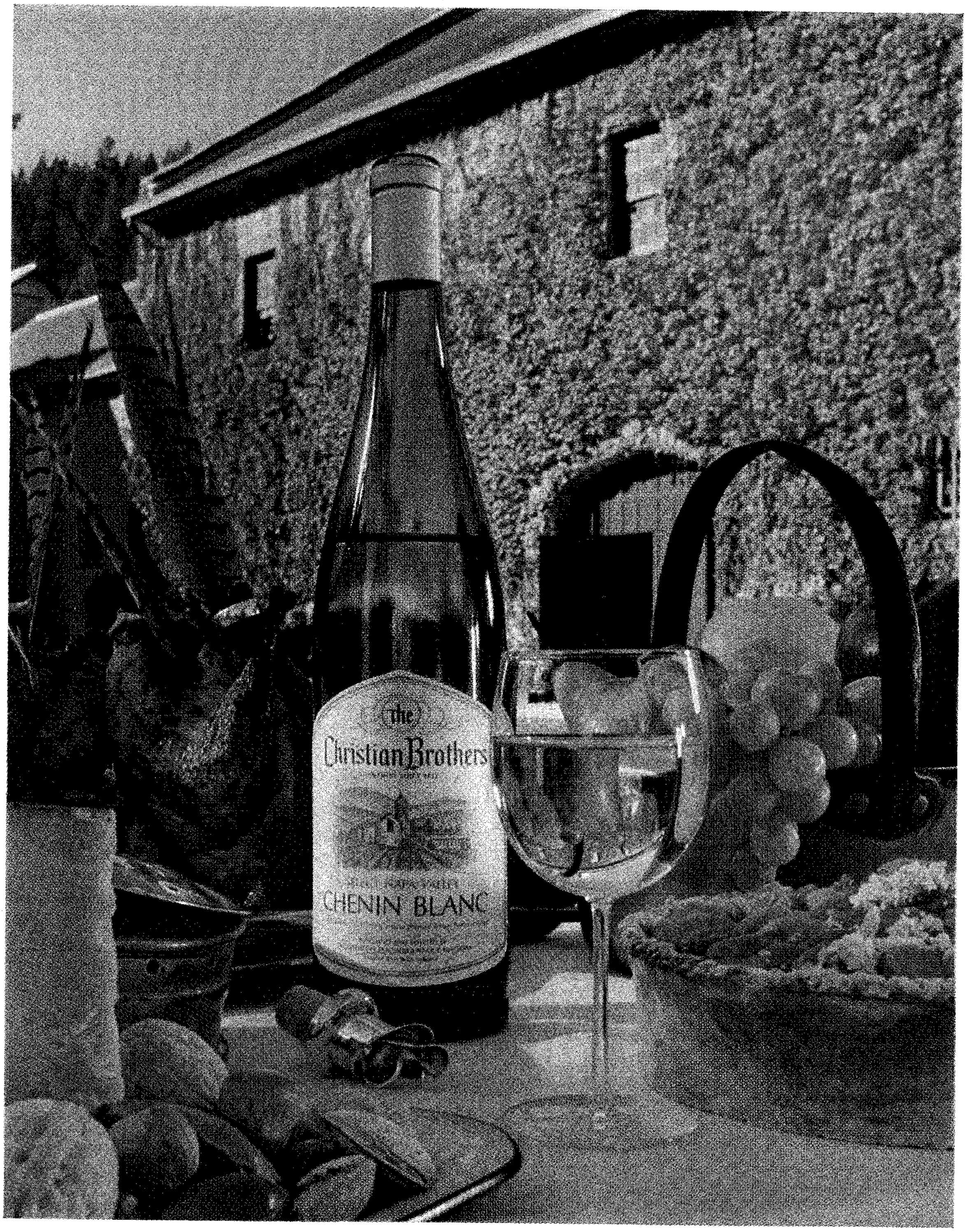
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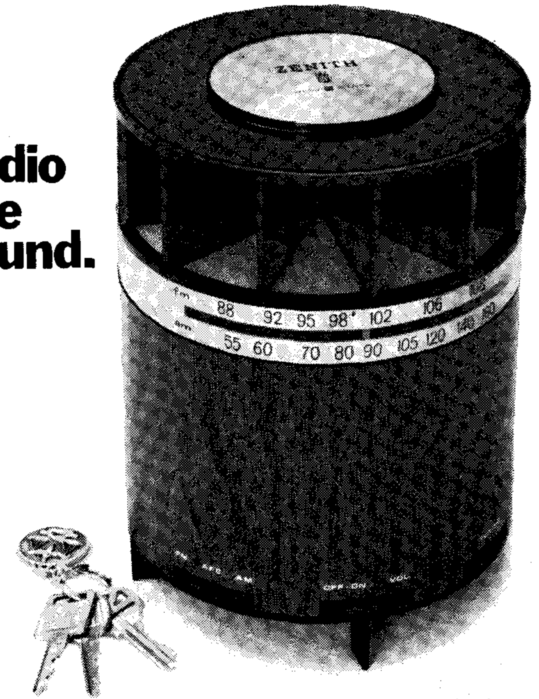
of sterling-silver or gold-plated cubes and pyramids interrupted by ceramic beads costs from $60 to $75. And at Genesis, Nigerian necklaces strung with slivers of bone and millefiori ceramic trading beads cost $17. For fortunate Rapunzels, Swinburne, 1225 Madison Avenue (88th), has seventeenth-century Chinese and Japanese hair ornaments with which to skewer a chignon. The pins are from six to eight inches long, and from their heads dangle dainty discs or beads, birds, and butterflies; $15 to $30. Some damsel might start a collection of six-inch hairpins from Elizabeth Arden's Red Door Boutique. Plated in gold, they cost $15; in sterling silver they're $20; and in fourteen-carat gold they're $100. Swinburne has ceramic cufflinks painted with green water lilies or blue butterflies, which have arrived at this delicate respectability after seeing service as eighteenth-century gaming chips; $16 a pair. Greek Island, 215 East 49th Street, will surrender a gold-plated or silver necklace for $20. Starting from a thin wire neck ring, this spreads itself gently over the chest to the waist in arrangements of dancing circles. Turkish sultans kept track of the size of their harems with the aid of rings formed of thin gold bands clipped together on the underside of the finger. The harem rings at Greek Island have four or five such bands set with pearls, garnets, or amethysts, and cost $45. Rather than go on adding hearts and cute little frogs to charm bracelets, you might consider starting somebody on a collection of chain rings, which consist of tiny linked beads—onyx, crystal, lapis, chalcedony, carnelian, and the like. These are at Seaman Schepps, 485 Park Avenue (58th). They can be worn singly or built up to the knuckle in stones that match the colors of a costume; $20 to $25 each. For pierced ears, the gift shop at the Metropolitan Museum of Art sells stud earrings in eighteen-carat gold and based on the stater of King Croesus, which was the first gold coin of the ancient world. The earrings are the size of a coffee bean, and so are matching cufflinks; $68 for either pair. For unpierced ears, there are replicas of starry seven-petalled flowers that were uncovered when the ancient Egyptian Treasure of the Three Princesses was excavated in Thebes, fifty years ago; gold on sterling silver, and $9.75.

A billfold at Artbag is made of navy pigskin lined with scarlet and is held firmly closed by a gilt clasp shaped like a female hand in deceptive repose; $11.95. At Sona the Golden One,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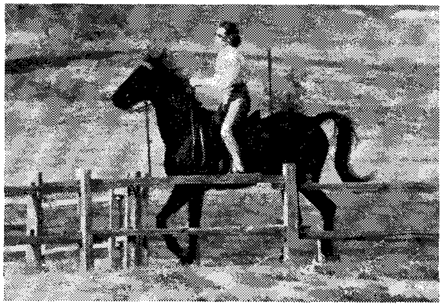

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Home of the Tournament of Champions

$3.50 buys a three-by-three-inch coin purse in a choice of colored cottons. It is trimmed with mirrors and flowers worked in beads, it is bordered with gilt coins, and it is hung from a cord belt finished with beads and yellow tassels. T. Anthony, 772 Madison Avenue (66th), makes a small calfskin jewel case—red, blue, or black—to be carried around by someone who cannot bring herself to trust the butler. A shallow four inches by five and a half, and furnished on the inside with three snap-down suède pockets, a bar for rings, and a zip pocket for necklaces, it costs $11.50. Handbags are made to be filled, after all, and Irving Karshan would send some people travelling around with a gold-metal mesh photograph album four inches high, three inches wide, and half an inch deep. There are provisions for four snapshots, and an enamelled ladybug has settled on the flat gilt band that keeps the case closed; $21. Also for snapshots—perhaps some sepia ones of earlier generations—are the antique daguerreotype frames of leather and leatherette that America Hurrah has restored and is parting with for between $6 and $9. Tiffany has a giant silver key ring, three inches in diameter, that could be strung with the keys of a whole household and hung on a convenient hook, or used to decorate a lady's upper arm; $18.

WE pass along now to more intimate fripperies. Some new opaque pantyhose at Bendel are prettily clocked at the outside of the leg with a string of love knots in black, brown, or navy; $4. In robes, three-quarter sleeves have survived because they prevent messy involvement with the orange squeezer. Porthault, on the third floor of 55 East 57th Street, has a knee-length terry-cloth robe, with sleeves in this style, that zips up the front and comes in white with an apple-blossom print, in a swirling pattern on blue, or in other prints; $75. Robes of terry velours that might serve indoors or at the beach are available at Leron, 745 Fifth Avenue (57th). They have high round necks, short sleeves, and two patch pockets. A turquoise example sports an embroidered splash of pink-and-yellow morning-glories on the shoulder, and yellow, pink, or white robes have similarly contrasting morning-glories; $39.50. All this pottering about without our make-up on leads us to look to the bed. Few women are too puritanical to delight in a crib-sized pillow with a frothy slip. E. Braun, 717 Madison Avenue (63rd),

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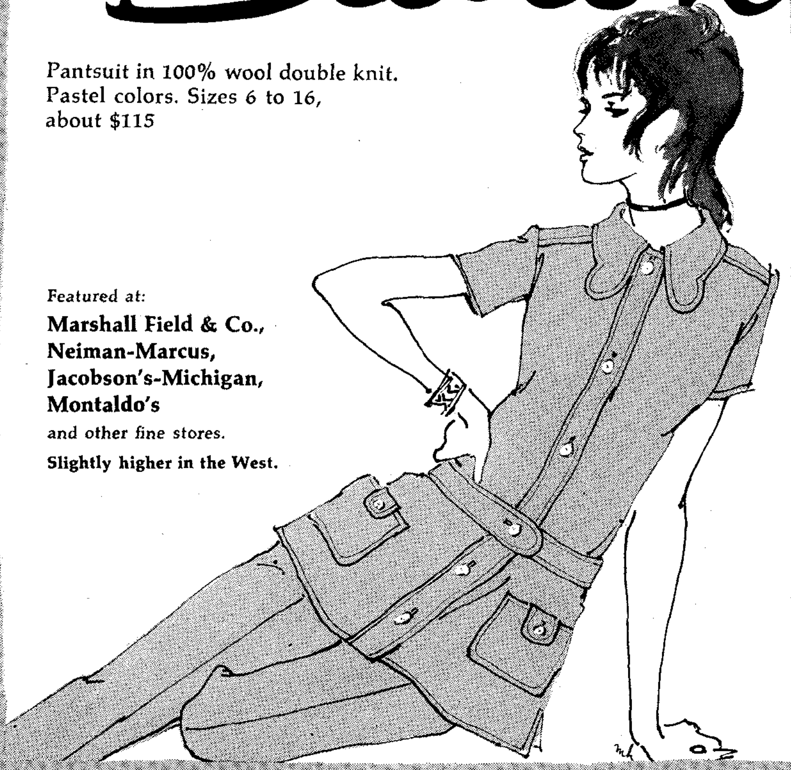
has a boudoir pillow in a lace-edged case of white nylon batiste with a daisy appliqué in pale-blue or pink or yellow satin. It costs $16, and a matching roll pillow, for those with weary necks and expensive hair styles, costs $12.50. Indolence is further encouraged by a mohair throw, fifty-four inches by seventy-two, in a gentle tartan no belligerent laird would ever claim; $20 at Antartex, 139 East 76th Street and 14 West 55th Street. At Bonniers, for the shower, a treated cotton cap in anti-boudoir yellow, orange, red, or blue is $2.25; and knee-high quilted slipper boots in which to pad away from it are $14, in red or black calico or red-blue-and-green cotton Paisley. The sizes are small, medium, and large. Those given to reading the newspapers or dirty books in bed might protect the sheets with a white cotton cloth, thirty-four inches long and twenty-two inches wide, from The Very Thing, 149 East 72nd Street. It costs $18, and the helpful message "Good Morning" is embroidered in blue on one edge and "Good Night" on the other. The incompetent who ends up with the wrong greeting facing her might like to comfort herself with a bookmark whose transparent plastic encases dried pansies and little scraps of leaf; $1.25 from Elder Craftsmen Showcase, 850 Lexington Avenue (64th). Of the perfumes that have arrived on the market since last Christmas, we unhesitatingly recommend the airy Infini by Caron and Guerlain's heady, long-lasting Chamade. Both can be found at most department stores.

Gifts for Children

THERE is a peacock pride in children that is wonderful in its innocence and insouciance. And it must be momentous as well, for in every adult's memory reside two or three outfits from childhood that, like Joseph's coat of many colors, must have imparted in their hour an enduring sense of well-being, or else a sense of momentary perfection. They hang on in memory like portraits in a gallery. Christmas should be the time for such a happy accord of children and clothes—the season to let the small enjoy their own colors and folklore and fancy.

On the very smallest scale, there is a handmade quilted kimono at The Chocolate Soup, 328 East 9th Street, that would assure an infant a proud, warm security. It is of Dacron-filled cotton in a small, wistful flower print, daintily finished with ribbon and embroidery,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Lady Dee Anne

If not in your locale, order direct. 15 Petites-$5.45; 1½ lb. Loaf Cake-$6.25; 2 lb. Loaf Cake-$7.50; 3 lb. Loaf Cake-$10.95. Postpaid.

B-C Baking Company
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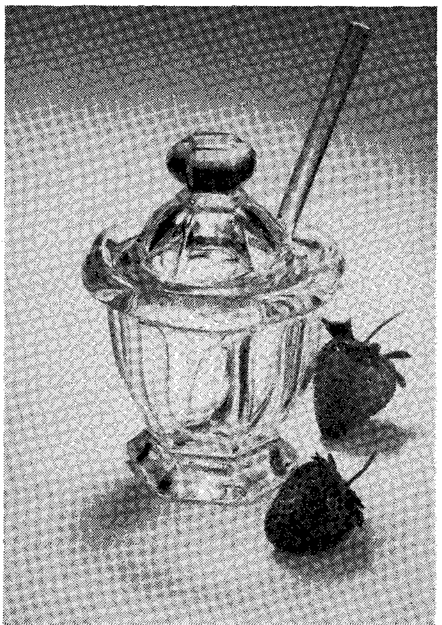
and its quilting is tied off with tiny colored knots; $10, in one size, which fits six months to a year. The shop, which is open only in the afternoon, also has magnificent handmade quilts for cribs and carriages, in a multitude of colors and fabrics. These can be patterns and colors either traditional or bold and brightly contemporary, and the quilts are fine cotton on one side and a heavier, non-slip fabric—maybe velvet—on the other. A beautiful example, in antique tones, puts a pattern of small dotted-swiss triangles, like sails, on a background of miniature turquoise, pink, purple, and white flowers; $18. These, too, are Dacron-filled, thus washable and ironable; special requests can be filled in about a week's time. Should the season herald a christening, there is an unusual and very reasonably priced long winter christening dress from Portugal at Children's Dream House, 1190 Third Avenue (69th). It is a lovely hand-finished acrylic-knit gown and hat, detailed with delicate openwork and tiny random lace rosettes; $30. A fine cotton Indian shirt in white or pastels, colorfully embroidered around the neck and at the open throat, might make a fine, fresh little gown for a baby, in size 0, or serve a sister as elderly as age ten; sizes 0 to 6 cost $5, and the price is graduated from there to $6.50 for sizes 9 and 10, at The Chocolate Soup. An Indian shirt over French jeans, perhaps? Wendy's (new) Store, at 1046 Madison Avenue (80th), has cotton velvet flared jeans in extraordinary bursts of color, like apricot, sapphire, and bright orange; in sizes 2 to 10, at prices scaled from $12 to $18. You might also top the jeans in a very French, very graceful manner with a gay peasant blouse from Hungary or Rumania, in white lineny cotton, hand-embroidered with small field flowers around the gathered neck and the sleeves; small, medium, and large (for ages two to fourteen), $18, $19, and $20. For a *sportif* little boy (or a spunky girl), F. A. O. Schwarz has auto-racing drivers' suits in French-blue ribless cotton corduroy appliquéd with Mercedes, MG, and Fiat emblems; toddlers' sizes 2 to 4 are $11, and sizes 5 to 7 are $12. A not at all avuncular vest has been created for Nancy Marmalade, a new shop, at 130 Clinton Street, Brooklyn Heights (a block from Borough Hall). It is of a heavy woven cotton with the appearance of raw silk, in multi-tone beige lined with bright orange, or else of woven mauve cotton damask; $6 and $7, in toddlers' sizes 2 to 6. F. A. O.



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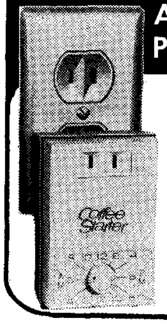

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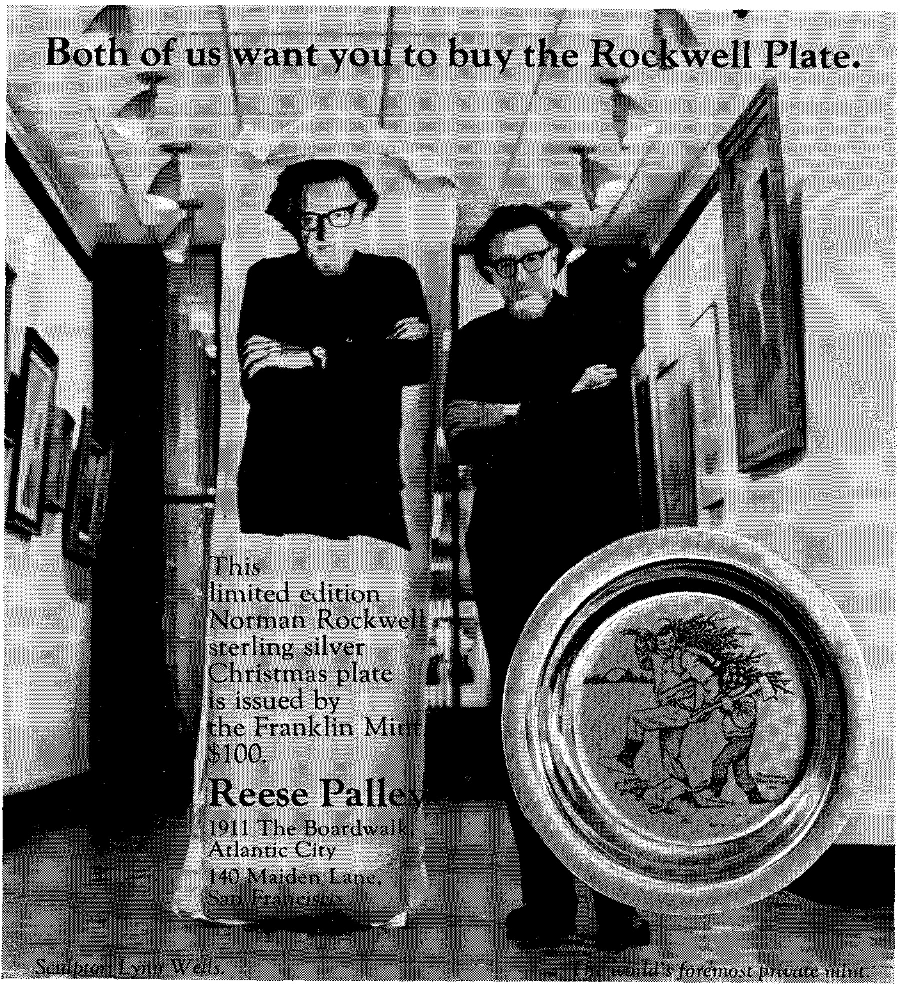
Schwarz has a smart vest-and-trouser set in Dacron polyester, which is reversible; navy blue turns to a light-blue-navy-and-rust plaid; 4 to 7, $24. At Fancy That, 404 East 79th Street and 1006 Lexington Avenue (72nd), you will find a highly festive group of one-of-a-kind embroidered cotton vests from Afghanistan, which brother and sister might dispute over; in combinations like apple green with pink, black with orange, for sizes 3 to 6, $15. For more practical ends—Mother's, in any case—are the smocks at F. A. O. Schwarz, in navy linenlike cotton printed with a flourishing vegetable garden of radishes, peas, cucumbers, and all; the smocks also have two red pockets, and, in sizes 3 to 6x, cost $8. The Lighthouse Craftshop, 111 East 59th Street, has a good crayon apron in blue-and-white or red-and-white denim mattress ticking, with all the crayon-sized pockets at the hem appropriately filled; $1.79. And, for a busy workroom, they also have a small cobbler's apron in gray denim, meant for a boy. It has red stitching and edging, and there are three big compartmented pockets; a small apron (4 to 6) is $2, and a large one (8 to 10) $2.50.

In the last year or two, the essence of children's fashion has been quietly sifting into younger hands, as bespeaks the new crop of boutiques guided by wide-eyed and adventurous spirits who wave color and whimsy as flags of understanding, and who seem very wise indeed. As if a child's hand were pointing the way, they have grounded their ventures in internationality and in a sort of costumery that gives the nod to the young capacity for wonder and propensity for playacting. Wouldn't a little girl find a dress of Indian mirror cloth—those tiny circles of mirror embroidered on a bright cotton—enchanting to wear? In the Indian style, the dress wraps and ties in front, and besides the mirror detail there is embroidery about the neck and sleeves; in all colors—blue or gold or orange with red, for example—in sizes 0 to 3, for $9, at The Chocolate Soup. Children's Concepts, 2295 Broadway (83rd), has two- and three-piece dirndl dresses from Austria in charming provincial cotton prints; in the case of a rose print dress with a blue-and-white striped apron, what appears to be a white blouse is the top of the dress; sizes 0 to 12 cost from $17 to $25. A three-piece ensemble, with an independent peasant blouse, is red and white or blue and white, with a white over-apron; for sizes 0 to 14, $20 to $30. The same shop has dashikis, for small boys, fashioned, by the



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Questions and answers

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2 "What language do I need to know if I'm traveling through Afrique?"

Surprisingly enough, English is spoken with great frequency in most of the major cities. If your English isn't good, then a year or two of high school French will stand you in good stead. French is the major language in most of the places we fly to. So if you don't "parlez-vous Ouolof", don't worry about it. There are over 100 Africain dialects. And not even the Africains can master them all.

3 "When is the best time to plan a trip to Afrique?"

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Ashanti Bazaar in Harlem, of Dutch batik; these and dresses that are their feminine counterparts cost $8 in sizes 3 to 6, $10 in sizes 8 to 12. We like to cling to indigenous railroad lore, so we speak up for the engineer's venerable black-and-white striped denim bib overalls, now in sizes 1 to 10, for $4.50, with a matching cap for $1.50, and, for an extra fifty cents, a red bandanna for brow mopping or flagging down locomotives.

Handiwork is to be celebrated this year; you will hear the clatter of needles—knitting, embroidery, smocking, and crochet—in the most unexpected shop corners, spinning out a fantasy or coming to terms with Central Park snow. Perhaps for Flexible Flying, Teeny Weeny offers hand-knit turtleneck pullovers, to be worn by many *Winterkinder* with matching overalls as snowsuits. The yarns are of warm heavy-gauge wool or Orlon in colors of extraordinary heathery shades like stone blue, a deep, dark turquoise, red orange, and unusual greens; a sweater in size 2, 4, or 6 costs $17, $18, or $20, and you'll probably want to top it off with a matching cap, which is particularly praiseworthy for its most generous of pompons, and which costs $6. The overalls, which have suspender straps and ribbed anklets, come, with a sweater, in size 2 or 4, for $35. The craftsmen at PinchPenny Pick-A-Pocket, 90 East End Avenue (84th), have crocheted a high-spirited little flared suspender skirt that immediately brings Eloise to mind. A navy-blue one with bright-yellow bands of varying widths would be just right for a tear through the Plaza. Many others are in stock, and any special design can be made up, in wool or acrylic, in two weeks' time—small, $10; medium, $12; large, $15. Admire, too, the hand-crocheted bell-bottoms, at $15, $18, and $20. If you're shopping for a brother and sister with more dignified holiday prospects, Owen, Ltd., 131 East 70th Street, offers an exemplary hand-smocked set in light-blue cotton. Both the suit and the dress have small Peter Pan collars, puff sleeves, and, across the chest, sailboats on a navy-blue hand-smocked sea. The little girl is tied up with a big self bow in back, and has matching lace-edged panties; $20 for him, $28 for her, in sizes 1 to 3, and the outfits are available in yellow or white or navy as well. For a very little girl who might prefer to shine alone, the same shop has a hand-knit white or pink or yellow wool dress with puff sleeves *and* with two layers of gathered skirt to flounce out with *élan;* $31,

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sizes 1 to 3. Reversible dresses always seem to amuse children. A reversible pinafore dress with trousers at Nancy Marmalade offers a full week of possible combinations. Old-fashioned fabrics have been used in the dress, which has crisscross straps buttoning in front; a dark-blue corduroy printed with small pink roses, for example, has a green-and-navy print on the other side. There are two green print pockets on the blue side, and there is a pair of long pants in each fabric. This set is $19.50, in sizes 2 to 6. At Wee Folk, a tiny corner shop at 1024 Lexington Avenue (73rd), you can find a cotton dress in bright blue with red and white flowers tumbling about. The dress is topped with a jaunty ruffled white muslin pinafore and has matching panties, and for $6 there is a twin rag doll; toddlers' sizes 2 to 4 are $12, and sizes 4 to 5 are $14. A sophisticated jumpsuit for an older sister? Jean Gale, 535 Madison Avenue (54th), has a short-sleeved one of white cotton lace, threaded at the waist with a red velvet ribbon; $34, in sizes 7 to 14. And Children's Dream House found a striking jumper-and-blouse ensemble in Sweden. The jumper, of wide-wale corduroy, is U-necked. A gay hip pocket is quartered into very Scandinavian brick red and purple, and if the rayon-and-silk body shirt underneath is brick, then the jumper is purple, and vice versa; sizes 4 to 6 are $26, and sizes 7 to 14 are $30. For $5, Teeny Weeny has a soft shoulder bag in earth-colored suède that would make a fine gift. It has laced sides and closes with a simple foldover flap that is edged in blue, yellow, and white glass beads with fringe strands. And for whatever has become of mad money, Wendy's Store has a small change purse in the shape of a multicolored ribbed sock; $4.50.

Is Christmas dinner at Grandmother's this year? We've found a wonderful Red Riding Hood cape, from England, at Children's Concepts. It is of soft cherry-red wool, lined with a plaid of royal blue and red; $25, in sizes 3 to 6. The shop also has an exotic closetful of Afghanistani sheepskin coats. The suède-finished outer side is hand-embroidered around the neck and down the front closing with silk scrolls and flowers, and trimming all the edges and lining the coat is warm curly sheepskin in various sheep colors. Purple decorated with blue and gold is lined with black sheepskin; earth colors outside have gray fur within. Roughly translated, the Afghanistani small, medium, and large become sizes 3 and 4, which go for $45; 5 to 7, for $50; and 8 to

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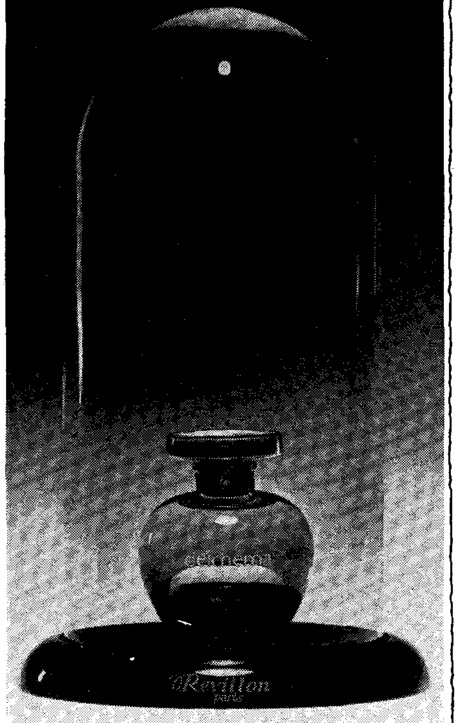

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10, for $55. Scandinavians must know best how to keep small ears warm; the Swedish regional Lapp hats at Wee Folk accomplish it charmingly. For a little girl, there is a soft wool helmet in navy blue, with red piping radiating from a big red-white-and-blue pompon, and quilted inside for special warmth. Rows of narrow rickrack edge the face, and a red ribbon ties under the chin; $10. For a boy, there is a similar hat in cherry red, with a little visor and a snap chin strap, and it costs the same. Brilliant-colored knit caps from Morocco are to be found for $4 at Small Business, a new tuck of a shop at the corner of West Broadway and Houston Street, which keeps irregular hours (from six to eight on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings, and from one to seven on Thursday and Saturday).

Now for Christmas night, and sleep, and second thoughts on sugarplums. To prolong the enchantment of the day, a pink-and-white checked ruffled cotton peignoir, with a matching Teddy tucked in its pocket, over a simple white Empire gown with a checked ruffle sweeping the floor; $14 in toddlers' sizes 2 to 4, and $16 in sizes 6 to 8, at F. A. O. Schwarz. Or, for the morning itself, Jean Gale has a white organdie apron embroidered with a candy cane, which covers a ruffled cotton-and-polyester nightie in a green-and-white print; sizes 4 to 14, $15. A snuggly Christmas bathrobe for either a boy or a girl might be the classic cherry-red wrap in plush Finnish velours at PinchPenny Pick-A-Pocket. In small, medium, and large sizes, spanning, roughly, ages two to four, it's $9, and it also comes in midnight blue. For familial bedtime, or familial *après-ski*, there is a trio of mother-daughter-and-son robes (Father is out chopping wood) at Jean Gale; they're monks' robes, with hoods, in navy acrylic (and thus washable) with vertical red and white stripes. Mother's, in sizes 8 to 20, is $29.95; Daughter's, in 4 to 6x, is $20, or, in 7 to 14, $22; and Son's, unhooded but with a shawl collar, in 2 to 6x, is $14.

Peter Monahan has done two hand-colored prints for Wakefield-Young Books, 746 Madison Avenue (64th), that could be the start of a passion for numbers or letters in a young friend's head. Within a black frame and a red mat, the numbers march along with their particular illustrations; 1 has its green dollar, 2 a tandem bicycle, and so on. The letters, matted in blue, are involved in a similar procession. Each print is twelve inches by fourteen; $25.

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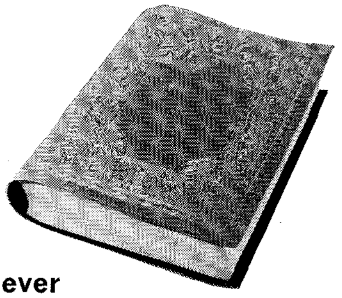

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For any languishing corner of a child's room, Wakefield has framed some colorful transfer drawings of animals—fish, cats, owls—done in crayon and India ink by Ina Dorman; a lavender cat set in purple and pink flora (ten inches by eleven and a half) is $30. An unusual touch for a devotee of Kanga and Roo might be a plaster wall plaque cast in sand, from Ffolio 72. The result of this process is an appealing granular gallery of Milne's bunch—Pooh, Piglet, Rabbit, and friends, each about five inches by eight; $13.50 apiece. Craftique, a new artisans' storefront, at 302 East 52nd Street, has a variety of gros point known as quickpoint, which is a fast-moving needlework (employing heavier-gauge yarn and canvas with larger holes) that might strike a young girl's fancy and result in a pillow for her bedroom without those months of waiting that one associates with needlepoint. A green turtle with red and yellow mushrooms underfoot could be brought to life in several days' time, for example; $12.50 for an eleven-inch square, including yarn. Craftique is happy to translate any whim into potential gros point; a girl's favorite animal, or perhaps her own design transferred to canvas, would be a memorable gift. A ten-inch square of canvas could be made ready in a week's time for approximately $15. The store's hours are eleven to seven, Monday through Friday; on Saturday, ten to six. At Wendy's Store, there are ruffle-edged pillows, each bearing a bright animal cutout; we liked an orange rabbit on Shocking pink, for $12. Large rattan hampers at Parrish Woodworth, 680 Madison Avenue (61st), which start at $75, are filled with a wonderful menagerie of cotton-quilted pigs, turtles, snails, mice—all nature's creatures—as patchwork, gingham, or Paisley pillows. The prices go from $22, for a pig, to $125, for a large octopus, and any animal they may have overlooked—a reindeer, perhaps?—can be added to the group in ten days' time.

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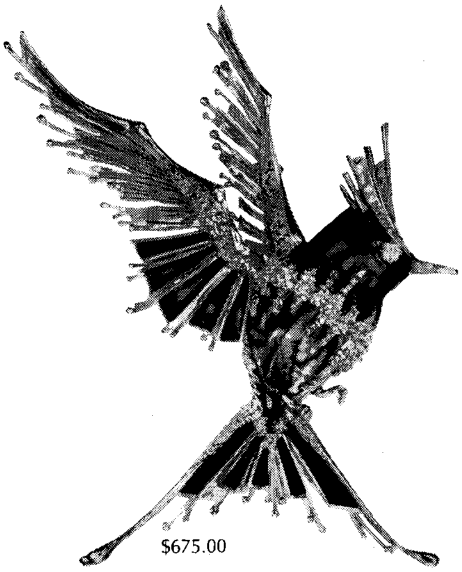

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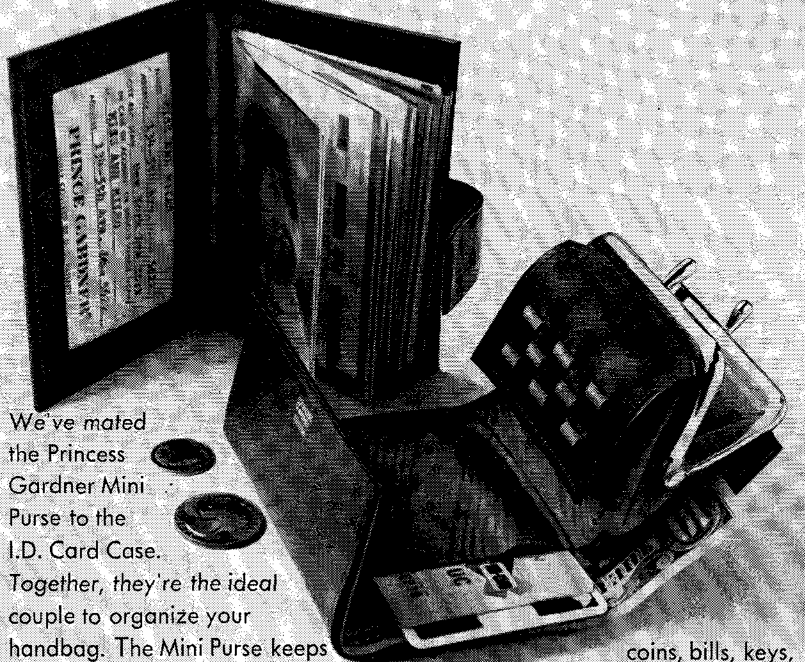

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U.S. JOURNAL: NEW HAVEN

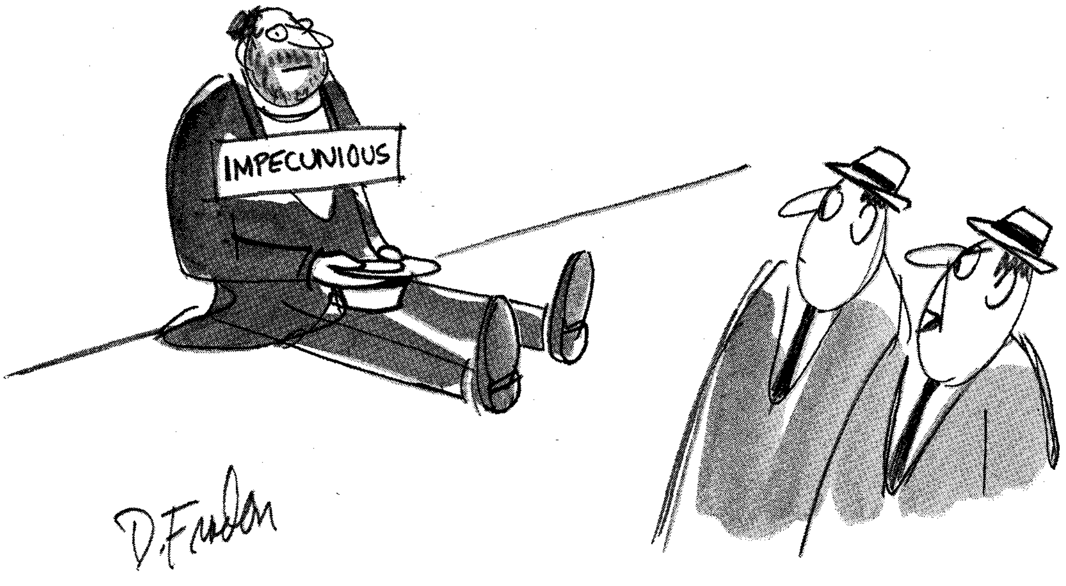
RETURN OF AN OVERSTRUCTURED BLADDERBALLER

WHEN I decided to find out, on behalf of my fellow-alumni, whether the Old Yale was really gone forever, what worried me was the prospect of finding a Yale without the annual bladderball game. We all have our own shrines. In college, bladderball was my sport. It was played only once a year, and since the ball, a kind of swollen volleyball, five or six feet in diameter, was hidden away someplace between games, there was no way to practice. Also, I have the emotional involvement with bladderball that might be expected from someone who played in the first recorded contest. Old Yale traditions, like professors of Greek and Latin, are often not as old as they seem: the first bladderball game was played in 1955. The referee was, as I remember, one of those professors who, being considered colorful in that they affected eccentric caps or invited undergraduates around for beer, had earned the right to preside over mock sporting events and to be called Uncle Something-or-Other by a lot of people who were not their nephews. The teams were furnished by the newspaper, the humor magazine, the radio station, and the yearbook—each of which reported its own victory in its own medium. Survivors of that era would hardly need reminding that at Yale in 1955 all media were, like everything else, cool.

I realized, of course, that bladderball was an unlikely pastime for undergraduates given to long hair and bell-bottom bluejeans and concern about the state of our society. But as I drove to New Haven on what had always been bladderball weekend (a weekend that had the added attraction of the Dartmouth-Yale varsity football game), I found it more and more distressing to imagine that an Old Yale tradition of fifteen years' standing could be tossed out as if it had no significance for anybody. ("No sense of history," I'm always being told by people who complain about the young.) The first instinct of a Yale alumnus disturbed about the University is to write a letter to the *Yale Alumni Magazine* threatening to stop contributing to the alumni fund—an Old Yale tradition that has flowered in the past decade as the University began giving honorary degrees to people like Martin Luther King and refusing to fire anti-war chaplains like William Sloane Coffin and recruiting black students and opening its doors to people who come to New Haven for Black Panther rallies and committing all sorts of mad-dog acts of democracy in the admissions office. The only time I was tempted to write a letter to the *Yale Alumni Magazine* was when I went through New Haven with a recruiter for the Dow Chemical Company, and an S.D.S. leader whose appointment with the recruiter I had counted on to brighten up my morning failed to appear. "I am not one of those people who believe in threatening to withhold their alumni contributions every time they disagree," I was going to write, beginning in the customary manner of people who threaten to withhold their alumni contributions. "But if a university supposedly dedicated to the pursuit of excellence cannot produce radicals any more impressive than that, I feel my money would be better invested elsewhere."

There are reasons not to write a letter to the alumni magazine. It is often answered the following month by someone who says something like "Put the contribution he's withholding on my bill; I know how much he gives." Also, the style favored by alumni letter writers is not easy to capture in a letter about bladderball. There's something lame about "Is it surprising that a university whose chaplain counsels defiance of the Yale man's traditional willingness to defend his country is losing some of its other time-honored traditions?" or "At a time when Yale President Kingman Brewster expresses skepticism that black revolutionaries can get a fair trial in this country, it is no wonder that undergraduates are skeptical of the values traditionally found at Yale on the field of honor." There was no need for further attempts, of course, after I arrived in New Haven to find everyone eagerly preparing for the annual bladderball game.

The scene on the Old Campus—the field of honor—was as festive as it had been for the first contest. The *Yale Daily News* team had the confident look that comes from having already printed the paper that would be distributed immediately after the game to report the details of the *News* victory. Music was being provided by The Oldest Precision Marching Band, a splendidly imprecise outfit led by a young man wearing a droopy mustache and an Indiana University football jersey. Then I started to detect some differences. There were many more than four teams. There were teams from Dartmouth and from some of the Yale residential colleges and from the student laundry. There was a team called Yo Yo's Roomies. Also, the players started attacking each other before the ball came. When the ball finally did arrive, everybody started hitting it with no apparent purpose in mind. I admit that scoring required some imagination in our version of bladderball, but the game did exist: each of the four teams did defend one side of a marked field, and Uncle Whatsisname



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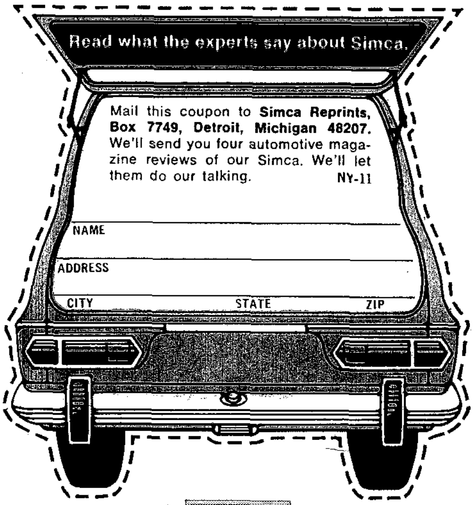

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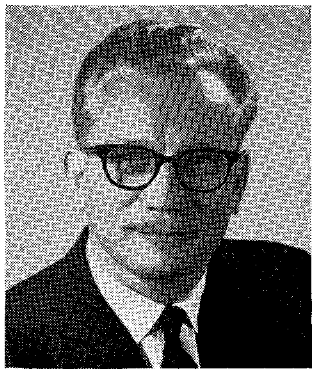

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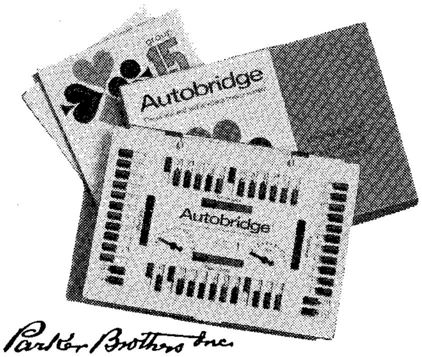

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did blow his whistle now and then to separate the plays. In the fifties, one was expected to play the game and *then* lie about the results. I suppose the undergraduates of today would consider our game "overstructured." But I don't mean to quibble. Bladderball is bladderball. And Yale is therefore, as far as I'm concerned, still Yale.

THERE are probably a number of other traditionalists who could be as easily reassured as I was. Before an important football game, the campus is likely to have more signs exhorting the team to victory than it would have had in similar circumstances fifteen years ago, when such manifestations of emotion were considered gauche—the only other difference being that the modern signs usually contain an obscenity or two. At the game, undergraduates chant, through their bushy mustaches, "We're Number One!" At the half, the Yale band may recognize Martha Mitchell's remark about crucifying Senator Fulbright by forming a cross, but, the band's skill in making formations not having improved much, one man's cross can be another man's Y. (The Yale and Princeton bands supposedly outraged some fans last year by forming a peace sign, but I suspect that those alumni who weren't listening to the loudspeaker went on cheerfully emptying their leather-cased flasks under the impression that they were watching the bands' rendition of a Halloween pumpkin or a Rugby ball.) The Whiffenpoofs still sing at Mory's on Monday evenings, and sing a much schmalzier version of the "Whiffenpoof Song" than was ever heard from the Whiffenpoofs of the early bladderball era. It is true that the Whiffenpoofs have a couple of beards and a headband among them and have been known to break out amplified instruments during a concert, and it is true that Mory's was recently picketed for restricting its membership to males. (According to the *Yale Daily News*, "there reportedly was a scuffle between a 1923 alumnus and protesters when the alumnus tried to seize a cowbell the women were using in their demonstration.") But, not to quibble, the Whiffenpoofs still sing at Mory's on Monday evenings. Yale undergraduates still toss Frisbees around in the college courtyards, even though a visitor is always in danger of being told that they are not just tossing Frisbees around but displaying a sense of resignation and hopelessness about changing the society.

I went to New Haven aware that some alumni were worried about the

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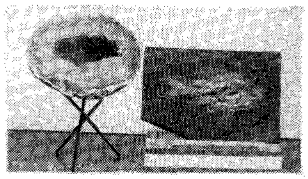

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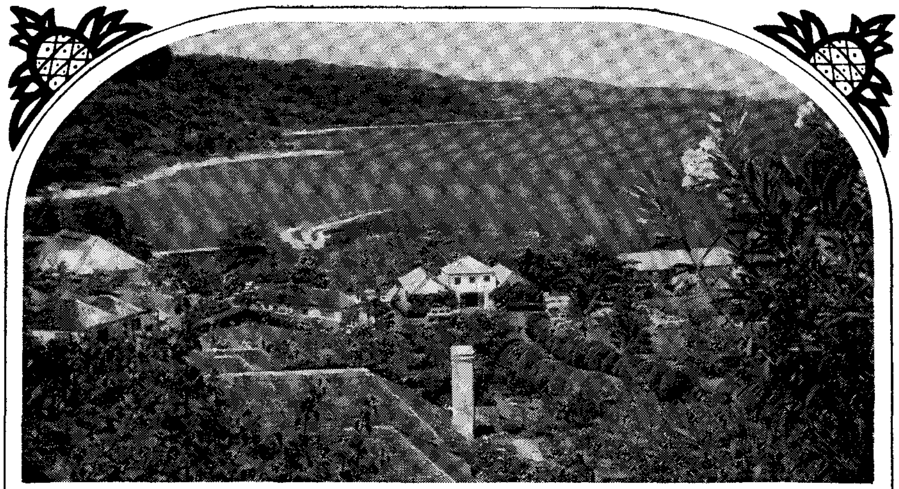
lapse of more serious traditions than bladderball and the Whiffenpoofs—the tradition of accepting their sons (or even their daughters), for instance—and that the University's reaction to the crisis brought on last May Day by the Black Panther trial in New Haven was seen by many alumni as that final submission to permissiveness and left-wing politics they had been predicting for years. One of the first people I saw in New Haven was a classmate of mine who might be expected to hold such views—a graduate of an Eastern boarding school who works for a bank and worries a lot about whether his work on the alumni committee that interviews Yale applicants in his area has produced enough football players. I brought up the subject of May Day with some trepidation. "It was great," he said. "Brewster really pulled it off." Whatever President Brewster had to say or do, my classmate reminded me, the predicted destruction of the University was in fact prevented, and Yale seemed to emerge stronger than ever. Yale alumni are nothing if not flexible. I suppose I have some classmates in Washington who are lamenting the ideological tragedy of Chile's new president being a Marxist, but I'm sure I have many more classmates on Wall Street trying to figure out how to do business with him. How could any of them fail to marvel at a university that, faced with a House Internal Security Committee request for a list of people who have spoken on the campus, declines to provide one on the ground that it would be too difficult to compile?

There is, of course, serious alumni disaffection as a result of May Day and the other issues that have spiced up the letters column of the alumni magazine over the past ten years. (For reasons that have not yet engaged the interest of the Yale anthropology department, the most intransigent views and the most vicious letters to the University tend to come not from the most elderly alumni but from people who graduated in the early and middle fifties.) There were alumni who chose not to return for their twenty-fifth reunion last June because of the way Yale had changed, but alumni who did come back for reunions and questioned Brewster in a public meeting gave him a standing ovation. When Brewster flies out with a few students and faculty members to answer the questions of Yale alumni in places like Cincinnati and Minneapolis, he is greeted like a war hero. How can Yale alumni, of all people, argue with success? When Senate committees or talk-show hosts want to know the final



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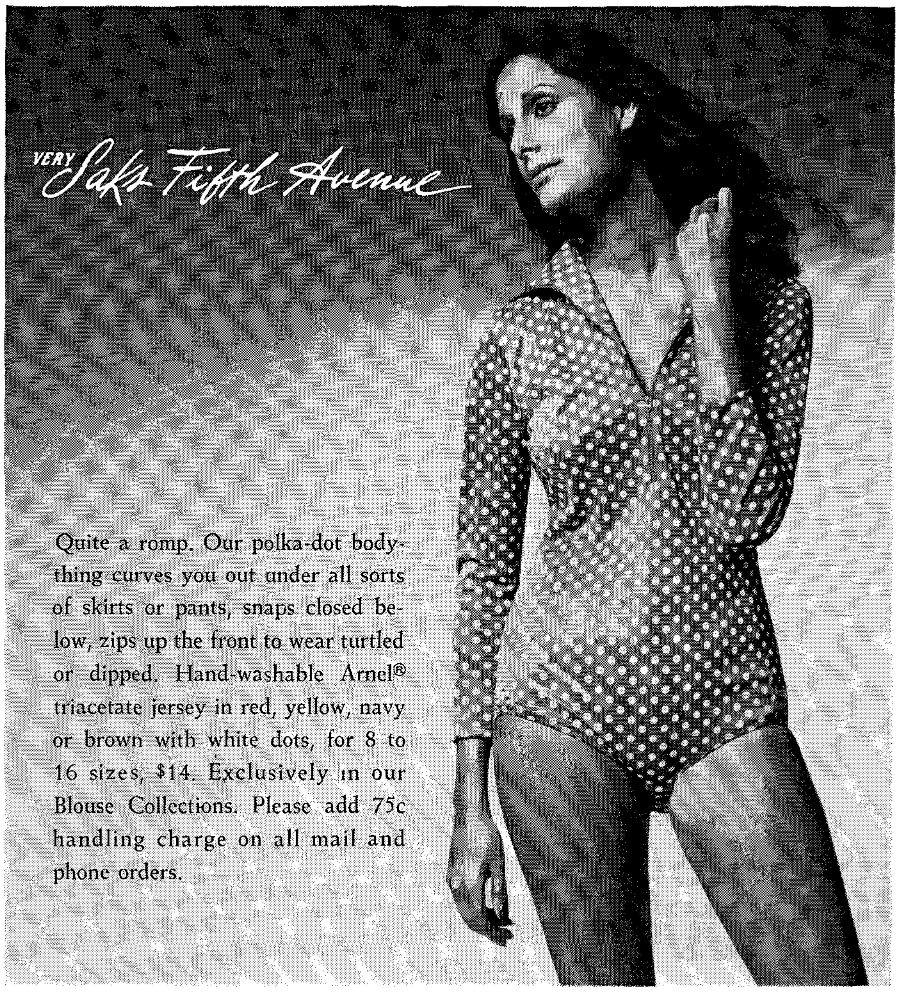

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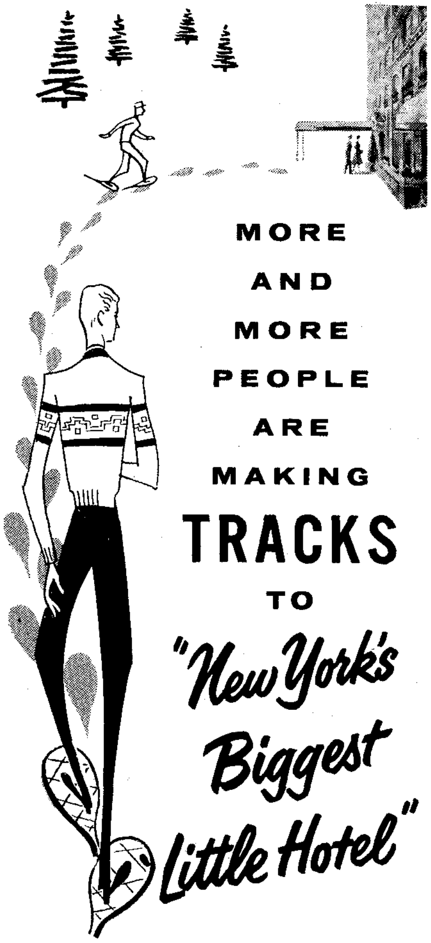
word on young people, they don't ask Nathan Pusey of Harvard. In the view of a lot of alumni, Yale has managed so far to absorb the revolution and remain intact: its president is still the picture of a proper Yale man—a handsome, self-assured Republican lawyer with two last names—and its board of trustees has not yet felt the need to include a Roman Catholic, let alone a revolutionary or a woman. There are Yale loyalists who are able to view Yale's innovations in Afro-American studies or in student-originated seminars the same way they might view Yale's success in producing swimming champions or United States senators. When the dean of undergraduate affairs spoke at the New Haven Yale Club while I was in town, one alumnus asked him to provide figures supporting a contention the alumnus wanted to use in talking to prospective undergraduates—that Yale has "the best black students."

A COUPLE of days after this year's bladderball game, an out-of-town visitor got a harsh opinion of present-day Yale undergraduates from one of the people who might be expected to find them most disturbing—a salesman in one of the expensive York Street clothing stores that used to be busy outfitting Yale undergraduates in painstakingly casual tweeds and are now ideal hangouts for any sensitive young man who craves six or eight hours of complete solitude in the middle of a working day. Although there are few Yale undergraduates who have the special look of truly devout freaks, the dominant style on campus owes more to St. Marks Place and the Sunset Strip than to York Street. The salesman muttered about Yale filling up with coeds in bluejeans and hairy young hippies in old Army jackets. Then he lowered his voice to a conspiratorial tone. "I've been talking to some faculty members, and I can tell you that they're going to do something about it," he said. "Ten years from now, Yale will have the kind of students who used to be here."

He waits in vain. There is no way to "do something about it." Yale admission policies are obviously much different from what they were when the first bladderball game was played fifteen years ago: the ratio of three private-school graduates for every two public-school graduates reversed, a freshman class with eighty or ninety black students instead of one or two and fifteen or twenty Andover graduates instead of sixty or seventy. But nobody at Yale believes that going back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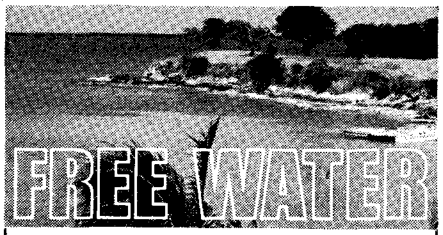

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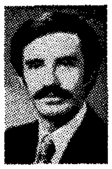
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to the admission policies of the fifties would change the way Yale students look or the kind of music they listen to or the type of politics that appeal to them. In fact, the most passionate evangelists of the counter-culture among Yale students tend to be graduates of Eastern boarding schools. The University has been quick to distribute figures showing that the relatively small groups of radicals that have emerged at Yale tend to include a disproportionate number of people from alumni families.

The tight structure of undergraduate recognition that once existed at Yale is gone. Even without the advent of coeds, it could never have survived the tone that goes along with long hair and bluejeans—the uneasiness about being part of an élite, the apparent willingness to tolerate a wide range of behavior and styles, the reluctance to consider a career. Undergraduates now pride themselves on letting everyone do whatever makes him happy—even if it happens to be singing the "Whiffenpoof Song" at Mory's on Monday night. Most of the senior societies whose invitations were the stamp of undergraduate success well into the bladderball era still exist in one form or another, but, with their role as arbiters gone, they are hardly noticed. It all seems natural. Yale's residential-college system—a failure for twenty or thirty years of Old Yale undergraduates—might have been invented for students who like to talk about a "sense of community." Yale undergraduates seem to be more confident of being in the right place at the right time than they did when the York Street clothiers could gaze fondly out their windows at battalions of tweed jackets.

Among those who have dealt with Yale students for a number of years, there are some who believe that the change in values has been deep—that today's undergraduates are more admirable human beings than those of the past and will have a profoundly beneficial effect on the country's institutions, or, for observers with different sympathies, that Yale undergraduates now lack intellectual discipline and have no understanding of competence. There are also those who believe that Yale students are about the same as they were when the first bladderball was rolled out—that their talk about disliking competition is not much different from the disdain for overt competition in the fifties, that their interest in winning a fellowship or getting into medical school is still as intense as it was, that their future effect on institutions

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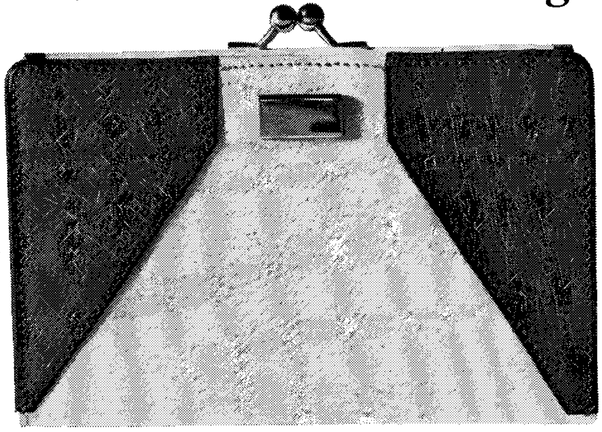

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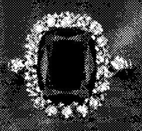

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will amount to little more than insisting that their law firms do a certain amount of public-service work. The last survey of a large number of Yale undergraduates was taken by the Department of University Health in 1968, and it showed that compared to undergraduates who had been asked the same questions eleven years earlier the 1968 students were more likely to be concerned about whether a future job would permit them to be creative rather than secure, less likely to have argued with a professor about a grade, more likely to have had a fair amount of sexual experience, less likely to consider themselves conservative, and slightly less likely to have passed out from the effects of drinking.

The questions that would have the most meaning to someone from the overstructured bladderball era were not asked: "1. What is the current word for 'weenie'?" and "2. Do you have anybody in your class who is expected to be President?" In the fifties, a weenie was a sort of misfit—precisely how he didn't fit being sufficiently complicated to demand a special word. Also in the fifties, every class at Yale had someone who, according to the standing jokes that were partly serious, would someday be President, or at least Secretary of State. According to my own survey, present-day Yale undergraduates, while suffering from no shortage of words for expressing disregard or even contempt for a classmate, have no caste word like "weenie"—an improvement in the level of tolerance that I can illustrate only by stating that some of my classmates would undoubtedly interpret my findings to mean "They're *all* weenies." Shortly before I left New Haven, I asked a group of undergraduates if they had anybody in their class who might be President. There was a long pause, and then somebody said, "President of what?" —CALVIN TRILLIN

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—*"Ask the Globe," in the Boston Evening Globe.*

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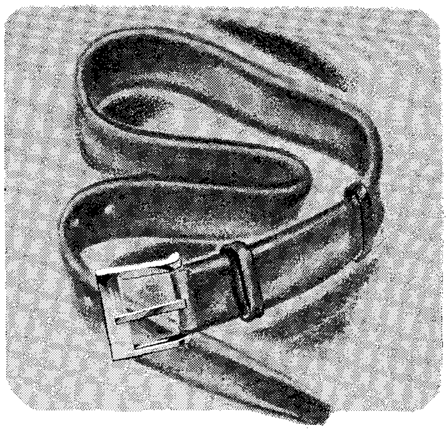

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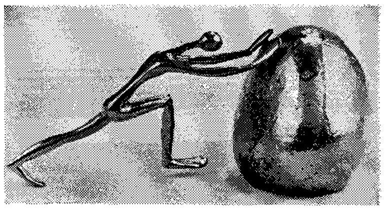

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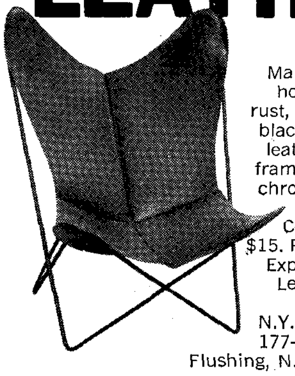

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I

That morning
is only as you remember it
imperfectly

And a woman
walks the green mall lightly
in her own light summer dress

She is neither the woman
who started toward you
nor she who will finally arrive

At your window
the first white insects of winter
sting the glass

II

Morning blows from the northwest

Around her everywhere elms are dying
Teeth shriek in their carcasses
All day they will fall for burning

Her heart beats in her ears
Her breath is wet silver
She walks the weeds barefoot speaking their names to the water

Buckhorn Lambsquarters Sheep-Sorrel
Yellow Rocket Black Medic Heal-All

Fish tug the sun into a dozen silent targets on the lake

It is all there
the emptiness gentle in her hands

III

She is not herself
There is nothing she has not wanted

But the room has kept to its own whiteness

She has seen the sky gather on the river
seen it skid over the falls into a flock of water
Wind slid over her arm like warm nylon

Knowing that yes is a question she'd loved him
she did not need
to be able to say so

But waking into this room
her breath itches
with something he left no trace of

The room is too clean too cold
Its edges peck at her like an old address
she is too young to forget

Should she consult her marvellous shoes
they would tell her nothing
five floors above the ground

Let her walk down to the morning fire-haired
trailing her darkness behind her into the wet grass
Let her enter the schoolroom of broken children

She will teach them to touch their anger with the tips of their fingers

—Robert Dana

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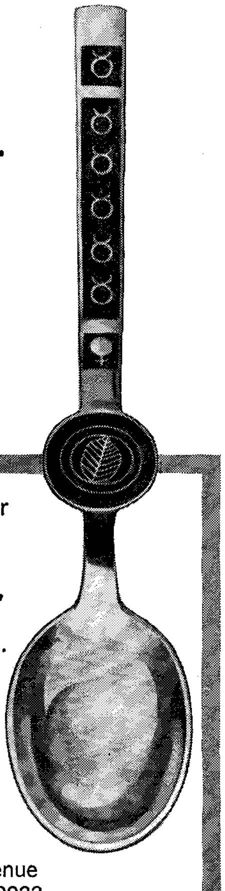

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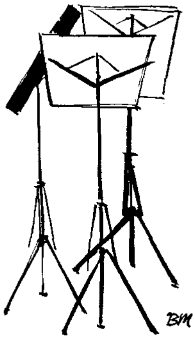
MUSICAL EVENTS

The Pros



IN a period when the composer is rapidly taking on an amateur status, it is always a pleasure to hear a work by a thorough professional. Such a work is Benjamin Lees' Concerto for String Quartet and Orchestra, which was played by the Philadelphia Orchestra, under Eugene Ormandy, in Philharmonic Hall last Tuesday night. By contemporary standards, this composition is a masterpiece. Its style stems from Prokofieff, which is not a bad thing, and it has enough originality, in the sense of personal style, to proclaim its composer's individuality. The technique of composition displayed is formidable, and yet, unlike the work of so many contemporary composers, the composition contains something more than technique. Its energetic first movement and the following Allegretto sometimes approach that magical experience I am always looking for—an experience that is invariably found in music of importance. It has content as well as form. Mr. Lees does not fiddle around with novel devices or pretend to be a musical scientist looking for new varieties of sound. He has something to communicate, and his technique is a means of doing this. You might gather from what I say that his music is old-fashioned or academic. It is not. It is right in the mainstream of valid contemporary music. We badly need more music like the Concerto for String Quartet and Orchestra. It is the sort of music that could help sustain the future of the symphony orchestra, which is in doubt today simply because effective symphonic composition is becoming a lost art. The soloists in this performance were the members of the de Pasquale String Quartet, and they performed admirably.

The other item of interest on Mr. Ormandy's program was the return-as-hero of the twenty-two-year-old American pianist Garrick Ohlsson, who recently won the Chopin Competition in Warsaw. Thanks to a tip from a friend, I had heard Mr. Ohlsson's début recital last season, and had commented on his sterling command of the nuances of his instrument. At that time, he had a beard and played a Beethoven

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sonata. This time, he was without the beard and, of course, played something by Chopin—the Concerto No. 1 in E Minor. He is a very large young man, standing about six feet four, with the physique of a wrestler. The only thing about him that suggests the scholarly temperament is a pair of spectacles. Mr. Ohlsson has technique to spare, and his massive build enables him to play with easy power when power is called for. He also has an expert control of dynamics. He threw off the trills, octave passages, scales, and other bravura elements of the concerto with no trouble at all. He has a little way to go before he masters the hypnotic quality that is the mark of the great Chopin player; his performance was a bit calculated and studious. But give him time. His future looks bright indeed.

BEFORE I went to Mr. Ormandy's concert, I heard the first part of a concert by the Clarion Concerts Orchestra, under Newell Jenkins, at Alice Tully Hall. This was an extremely interesting affair, consisting almost entirely of neglected works by Beethoven. Among those I heard were the "Leonore" Overture No. 1, the recitative and aria "Ein Ungeheuer sein Name Fanatismus," from the cantata on the death of Emperor Joseph II, the duet "Ne' giorni tuoi felici," and the terzetto "Tremate, empi, tremate;" the aria prefigured his opera "Fidelio," and the duet and the terzetto show the Master in an early Italianate idiom. The singers involved were Andrew Foldi, bass; Joan Marie Moynagh, soprano; and Sidney Johnson, tenor. Mr. Johnson stood out particularly because of the beautiful lyric quality of his voice.

ON Thursday evening, I had to split my attention again—something I do not like to do but something that occasionally is imperative. The Melbourne Symphony Orchestra was performing in Carnegie Hall, on its first tour of this country, and I was curious to see what kind of orchestra it is. Later in the evening, Gina Bachauer, who holds a secure place as one of the greatest living pianists, was appearing with the New York Philharmonic in Philharmonic Hall under Milton Katims, a conductor unfamiliar to me.

The Melbourne Symphony was playing under the baton of Willem van Otterloo, who has been heard here before, at the head of The Hague Philharmonic, and who has made many recordings. He is obviously a fine orchestra trainer. The Melbourne or-

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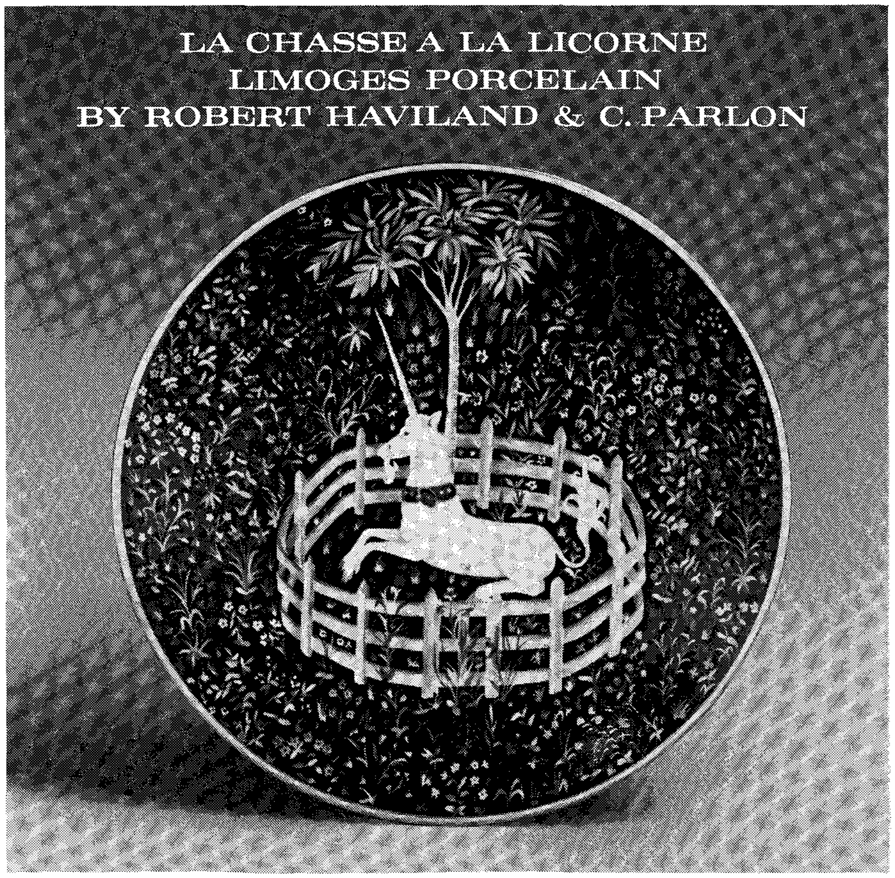

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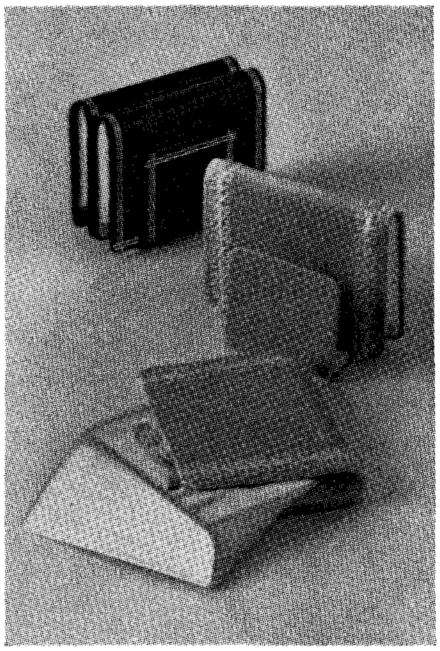

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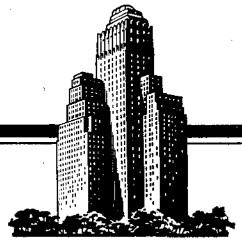
chestra is an excellent one, evenly matched in all its departments and having particularly good brasses. The program began with "Synthesis," a robust work by Robert Hughes, a Scot resident in Melbourne and, like Mr. Lees, obviously an experienced professional. This composition stems from Vaughan Williams, just as Mr. Lees' work stems from Prokofieff. Both compositions are built on eccentric scale structures—as is much of the work of both Prokofieff and Vaughan Williams—and it was interesting to compare the two influences, for they are very different, even though the basic method is the same. The Hughes composition is unpretentious, beautifully orchestrated, and a pleasure to listen to. It was followed by Rachmaninoff's Rhapsody on a Theme by Paganini for Piano and Orchestra, with Ronald Turini as soloist. Mr. Turini, who is a Canadian, showed himself to be a dashing virtuoso in a dashing virtuoso piece. I do not remember hearing him before, and I should like to hear him in something more demanding from a stylistic point of view. Mr. van Otterloo conducted everything in a manner that was both inspired and judicious.

I GOT to Philharmonic Hall in time to hear Mme. Bachauer in two concertos—the Beethoven No. 3 and the Prokofieff No. 3. She is the compleat pianist—a woman of enormous muscularity, who can play with prodigious power, and a stylist of unimpeachable authority. The Beethoven concerto was done as though it were receiving its definitive interpretation. The Prokofieff Third is early Prokofieff, dating from the twenties, and, like much of the music written at that time, is sometimes a bit noisy, though the impetuousness of the writing is clearly that of the great Russian who was later to create such things as the Fifth Symphony and the "Romeo and Juliet" ballet. Mme. Bachauer did it up in great style, thundering away and splashing notes right and left. Unfortunately, I heard Mr. Katims only in the role of orchestral accompanist. He is plainly a fastidious maestro who conducts no more than is necessary, without exhibitionism, and his accompaniments were flawless.

LAST Friday evening, the Pittsburgh Symphony appeared in Carnegie Hall, under William Steinberg, with still another piano soloist, Lorin Hollander. I can't keep up with young pianists' beards. Mr. Hollander, who was clean-shaven the last time I heard



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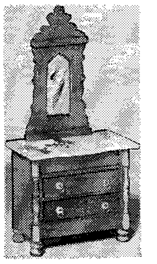

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him, this time turned up with a large red beard. I have also noticed that there are three types of pianists to the eye. At opposite ends of the pianistic spectrum, there are the squeezer, who seems to be pressing things out of the keys, and the hot-stove type, who lifts his hands off the piano at the end of every phrase as if he were afraid of getting his fingers burned. Not that there is anything wrong with either type. Mr. Ohlsson, like Walter Gieseking before him, is a squeezer; Mr. Hollander is a hot-stove type, and there are plenty of great precedents for this type, too. Mme. Bachauer belongs to a large central group. She just sits at the piano and subdues it without flourishes. Anyhow, Mr. Hollander played the solo part of Richard Strauss's "Burleske" with tremendous brilliance and facility—or perhaps "facility" is not the right word to use in reference to so difficult a piece; it merely seemed facile, which is a tribute to Mr. Hollander's agility. This work was preceded by Hindemith's Concert Music for Strings and Brass, which I find an exceedingly boring affair. The late Paul Hindemith, whose stature as a man, as a theoretician, as a pedagogue, and even as a conductor was impressive, wrote so much stuff that I would describe as "playing matter," rather than music—just as one refers to "reading matter" as distinct from literature—that I look forward to hearing his work with some embarrassment, knowing very well that I am not going to like it, and feeling that I ought to. Mr. Steinberg wound up his concert with Mahler's Fifth Symphony. Nowadays, naturally, there is nothing unusual about a performance of Mahler's Fifth, though a generation ago it was rarely heard. But Mr. Steinberg is one of the finest Mahler conductors alive today—perhaps even one of the finest who have ever lived—and his performance with this orchestra, which is a great one, and one particularly attuned to Mahler, was an unforgettable occasion.

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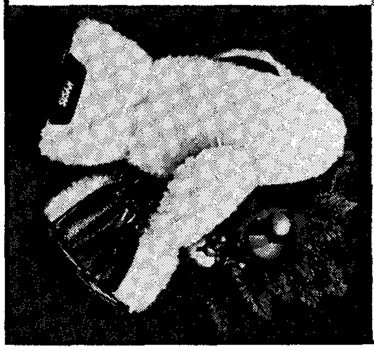

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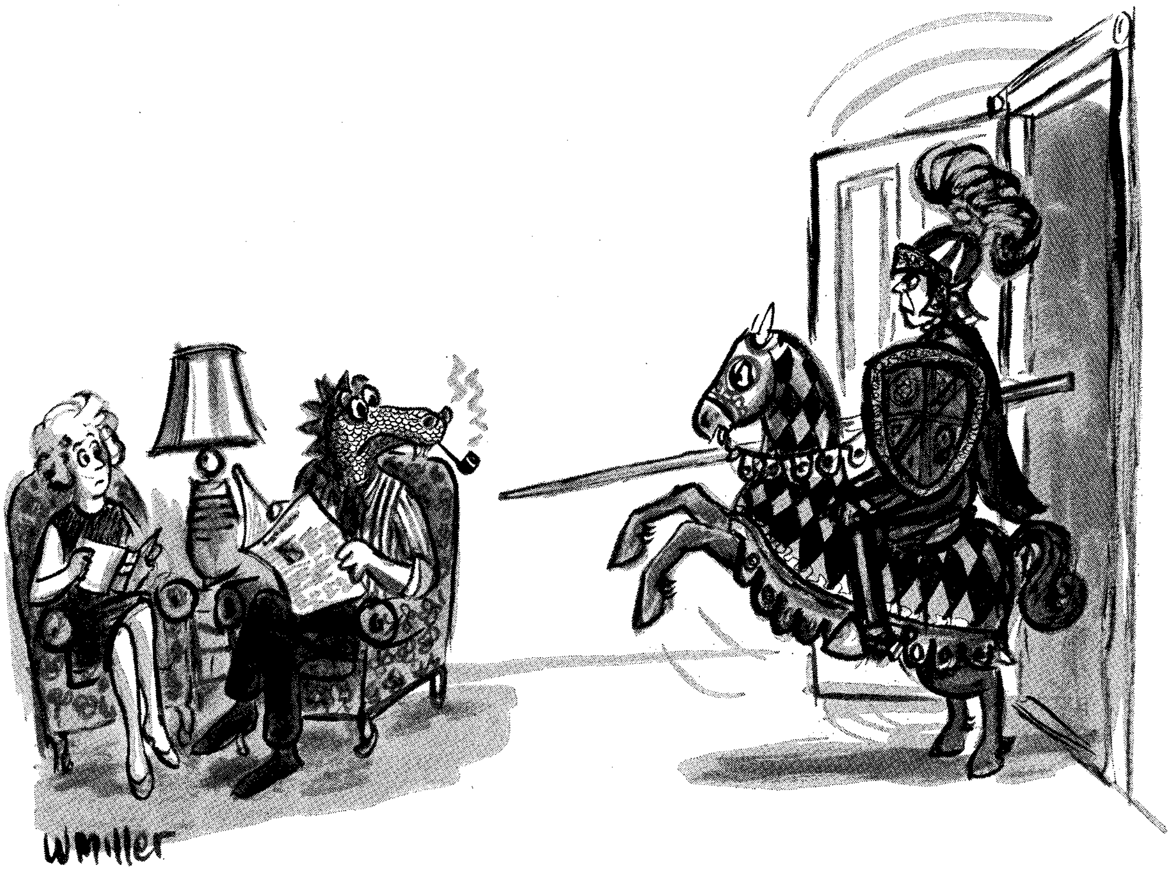
BEGINNING on Monday, February 15, 1971, the British pound sterling, instead of being divided into two hundred and forty pence—as it has been since well before the Norman Conquest—will be divided into a hundred units called "new pence," each worth two and four-tenths times as much as the old British penny. This radical, undoubtedly traumatic change in the oldest currency system in use will involve the disappearance of several long-familiar coins and the appearance of several new ones. The old halfpenny and half crown have already dropped from sight, in anticipation of the change. The large old bronze penny, so substantial and satisfying a coin, though of a size and weight out of all proportion to its minuscule value in an age of inflation, will rapidly vanish from circulation after February 15th. So will the twelve-sided threepenny bit. The coin most celebrated in English song and rhyme, the sixpence, will survive for a time, but under a death sentence. As replacements, there will be six new coins: three of bronze, in the smaller denominations, and three of "silver" (actually, cupronickel, which looks like silver but is cheaper), in the larger ones. The bronze coins will be a tiny one-half-new-penny piece, worth one and two-tenths old pence; the new penny itself, about the size of a sixpence; and a two-new-pence piece, slightly larger than an old shilling, worth four and eight-tenths old pence. The new cupronickel coins, which are already in circulation, are a five-new-pence piece, precisely the size and color of an old shilling and having—conveniently, and not coincidentally—the same value of twelve old pence; a ten-new-pence piece, of the precise size and value of the present two-shilling coin, or florin; and, finally, an entirely new, seven-sided coin, slightly larger than the florin and worth fifty new pennies, or half a pound, replacing the old ten-shilling note.

If all this tends to make the head whirl and the eyes glaze over, that is just what many Britons fear will happen next February 15th, which has been officially—and, all things considered, rather astonishingly—named D Day. (When Australia went decimal, on February 14, 1966, it called the day C Day, out of consideration for Second World War veterans.) True, every precaution against chaos will have been taken. Over the preceding six weeks, the British public will have been subjected by television and the press to a government-sponsored barrage of explanation and reassurance costing eight hundred thousand pounds, or almost two million dollars. An additional four hundred and fifty thousand pounds is being spent on posters and explanatory booklets. All bank employees who deal with the public will have completed an intensive training course in decimal currency, including role-playing sessions in which they will have preënacted among themselves the psychodrama of Britons' first encountering their new money. On the last two preceding business days—Thursday, the eleventh, and Friday, the twelfth—all banks will have been closed to allow time for the last checks and credits in the old currency to clear. On those days, and over the weekend, tens of thousands of mechanics will have tinkered with bank accounting machines and coin-operated machines to get them ready to deal with the new money. The new coins—almost four billion of them, including nine hundred and fifty million new halfpennies, a billion fifty million new pennies, a billion four hundred million new twopenny pieces, and four hundred million additional new fivepenny pieces—will be piled in the banks, ready for distribution in exchange for old coins as they are turned in, and thousands of trucks will be standing by, ready to haul away the old coins to foundries for melting. (Since it will take about five pounds avoirdupois of old pennies to make up one pound sterling, or $2.40, it is thought that hijackings on these journeys will be impractical for all but the most determined and muscular of thieves.) Prior to this, two hundred and fifty million new fivepenny coins, a hundred million tenpenny coins, and a hundred and seventy million fifty-penny coins will have been produced and circulated before D Day.

Despite these careful preparations, no one believes that all will go smoothly. The chief problem, it is anticipated, will arise from the fact that some of the old coins, which will continue to be legal tender for some time, cannot be converted into precisely the same



value in new coins. Shops will have the choice of beginning to price their goods in decimal currency on D Day or holding off for a time. The ones that elect to "go decimal" at once—and the Decimal Currency Board, the organization charged with administering the changeover, hopes and believes that these will be the majority—will have prominently posted on their walls "shoppers' tables" giving the following conversion values:

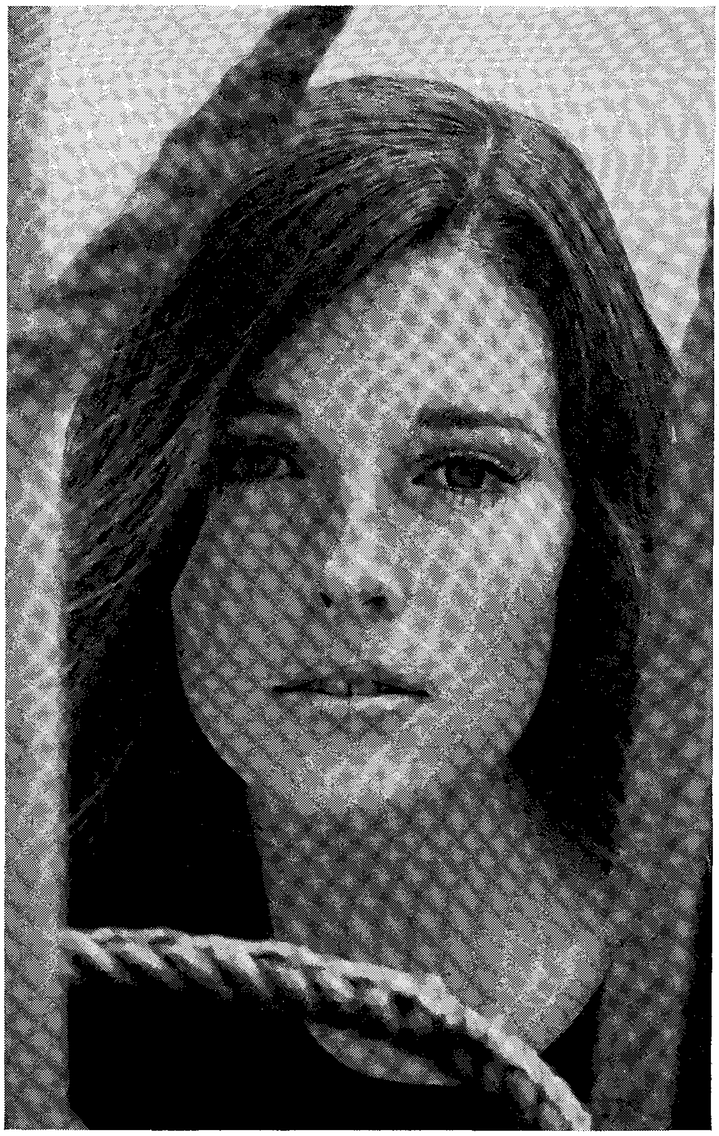
Old d.	New p.
1	½
2	1
3	1
4	1½
5	2
6	2½
7	3
8	3½
9	4
10	4
11	4½
1/—	5

There is little reason to believe that, publicity campaigns and role-playing in banks notwithstanding, logical-minded Britons will unquestioningly accept a money system in which twopence is the same as threepence, and ninepence the same as tenpence. According to a Decimal Currency Board publication addressed to shopkeepers, the board envisions life in a "decimal shop" on D Day as follows:

> If a customer buys something in your shop priced at 22p and tenders a one-pound note, you will give change something like this: You will give him the article and say "22 new pence;" add a 1p and say "23 pence;" add a 2p and say "25 pence;" add a 5p (or one shilling) and say "30 pence;" add a 10p (or florin) and say "40 pence;" add a second 10p (or florin) and say "50 pence;" and finally add a 50p coin and say "100 pence: one pound."... The whole operation is a decimal one.

What the customer says then is not part of the Decimal Currency Board's playlet, and perhaps in implying that he will be speechless the board is right.

FOR whatever reasons Englishmen are imposing on themselves this planned state of chaos, they cannot be said to be rushing into decimalization precipitately. On the contrary, they have been mulling it over for almost four centuries. A pound comprising two hundred and forty pennies was in use in southern and central England by



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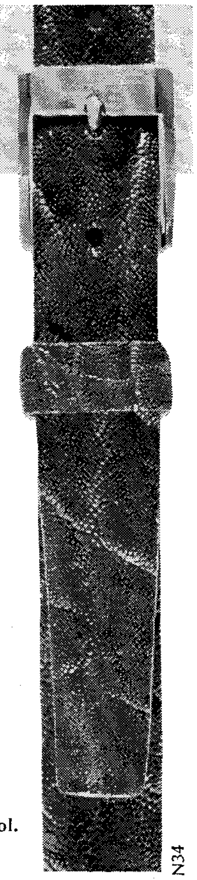

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the end of the ninth century A.D., having crossed the Channel from the Frankish empire, which had, in its turn, adopted it from the old Roman *libra* (hence £), divided into *dinarii* (hence d.). In "Dialogus de Scaccario," a twelfth-century account of the workings of the English exchequer, there appears the statement that the currency operates "not by the rules of Arabian arithmetic"—the first recorded suggestion that it *might* operate by such rules. Arabian arithmetic itself, supposedly based on man's ten fingers and his predilection for counting on them, was not something new in Europe at the time; indeed, it had been widely used there beginning in the eleventh century (while decimal fractions and the decimal point were not used regularly until the end of the sixteenth century). In 1608, a Dutch tract was translated into English, under the title "Disme: The Art of Tenths," in which the author spoke patronizingly of non-decimal systems of weight, measure, and money, and called for decimalization all around. In England, the suggestion was seconded later in that century by various persons, including the celebrated architect Sir Christopher Wren. Nothing came of these initiatives, and the movement languished for a century—the first of several protracted languishments. ("Somehow it all got held up, God knows why," Lord Fiske, the chairman of the Decimal Currency Board, remarked recently. "There's an inbuilt conservatism about the British, I suppose." Lord Fiske, a banker, businessman, and town planner, is a bald, unpretentious, approachable man in his sixties—a Labour lord.) Then, under the Coinage Act of 1792, the United States abandoned pounds, shillings, and pence and issued a hundred-cent dollar. (The notably independent state of New Hampshire nominally had the shilling as its monetary unit until 1950, when it gritted its teeth and accepted the dollar, by a referendum vote of 62,949 to 28,038.) What was far more important to England at the time was that in 1793 France decimalized its currency. In 1824, Sir John Wrottesley presented a motion of decimalization to the House of Commons. The matter was discussed earnestly, if inconclusively, for the next couple of decades, and in 1849 the florin—two shillings, or one-tenth of a pound—was introduced as an avowed step toward the adoption of a decimal system sometime in the future. A Select Committee of the House of Commons took up the question in 1853, and a Royal Commission did the

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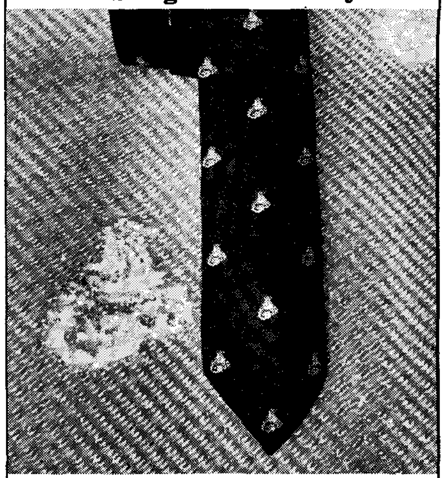

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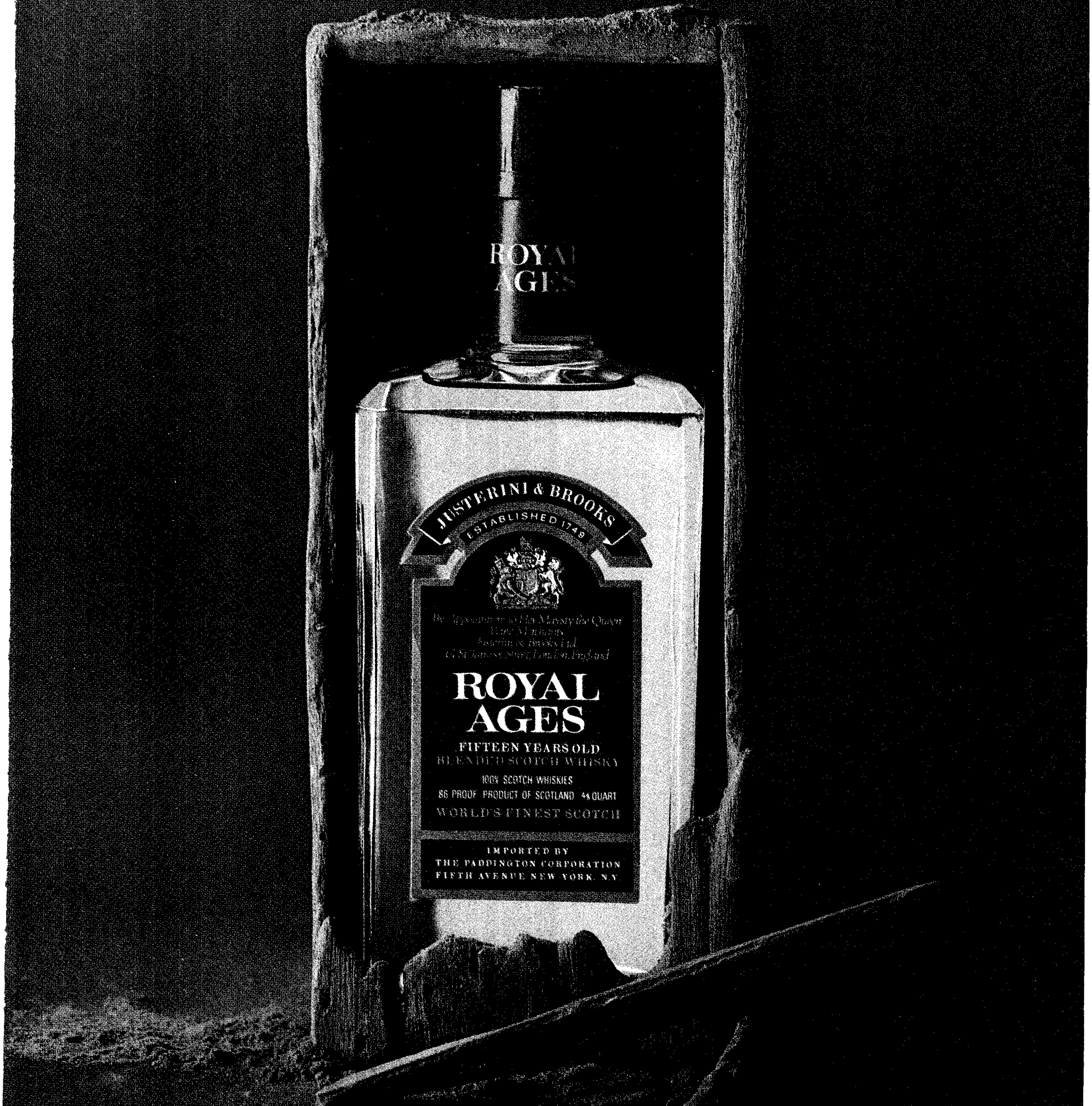
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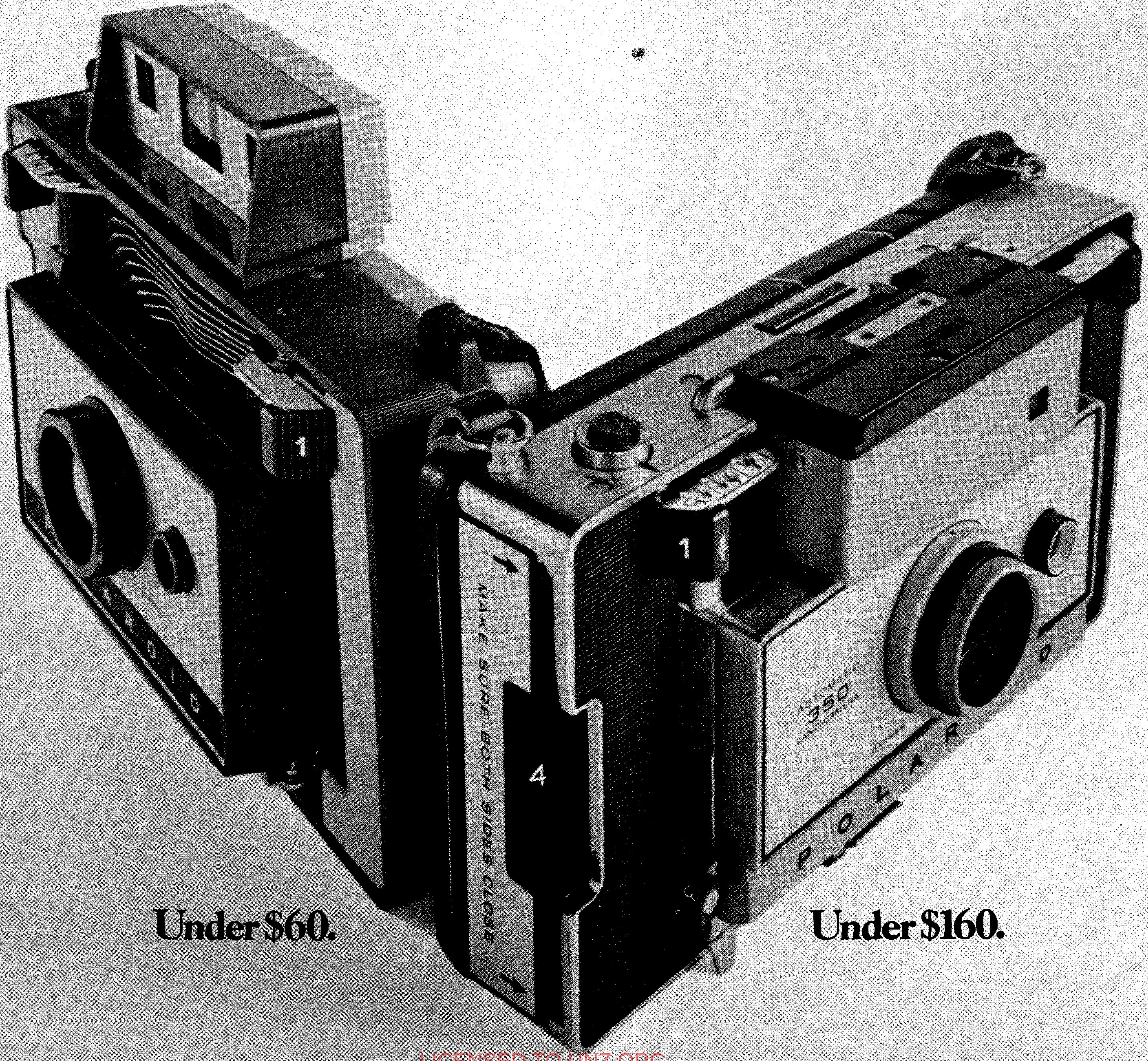

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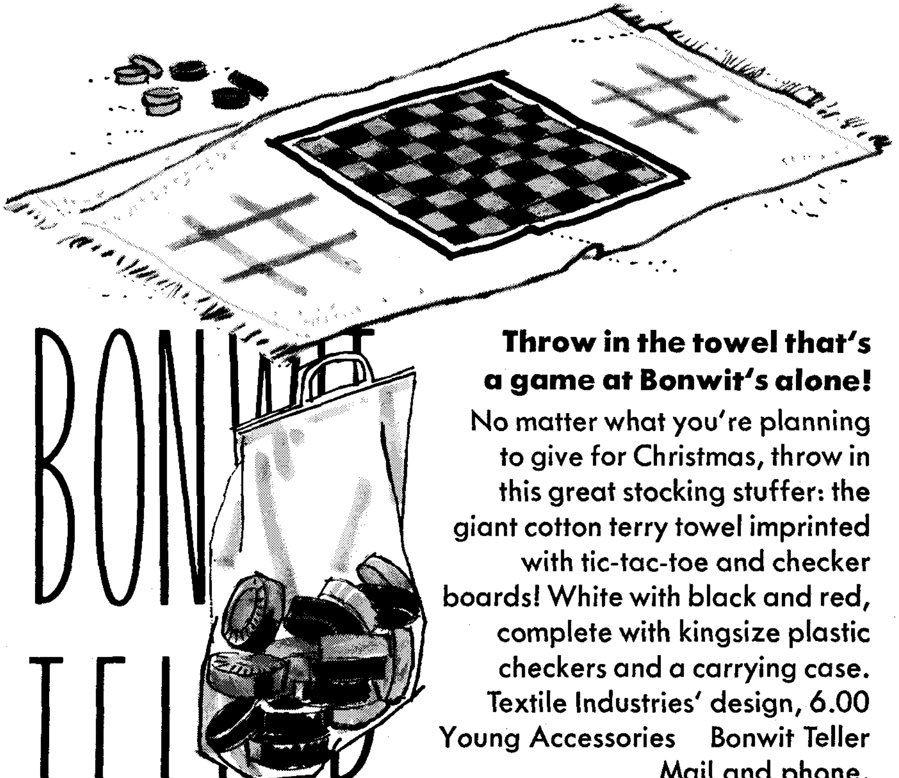
same in 1857. The committee recommended that the pound be divided into ten florins, a hundred cents, and a thousand mils; it was careful to stipulate, however, that any new system changing or eliminating the pound itself would lead to "infinite complication and embarrassment in our commercial dealings." After all, the pound was the king of world trade in those days, and any suggestion that it be tampered with, let alone done away with, might be construed as lèse-majesté, or even treason. The Royal Commission, on the other hand, despite the fact that it owed its existence to a Commons resolution in favor of decimalization, came out flatly against it, on the ground that "it does not appear desirable under existing circumstances . . . to disturb the established habits of the people with regard to the coins now in use."

But the discussion went on. Anthony Trollope, in his novels on Parliamentary life that were published in the eighteen-seventies, made his principal hero—Plantagenet Palliser, Duke of Omnium and, briefly, Prime Minister—an advocate of decimalization, who was laughed at by his colleagues for his stubbornness on the subject. And changes went on overseas, too. A wave of decimalizations swept the world of money within a generation. Belgium, Italy, and Switzerland went decimal in 1865, Japan in 1871, Germany in 1873, Holland and the Scandinavian countries in 1875, the Austro-Hungarian Empire in 1892, and Russia in 1897. Early in the twentieth century, Britain's colonies began putting pressure on her to decimalize. Then, with the First World War and Britain's concurrent forced departure from the gold standard, the imperial status of the pound itself came into question. Having long since lost the opportunity to be a decimal pioneer, Britain now apparently faced the virtual necessity of falling into line behind her trading partners. Nevertheless, she held out half a century longer. A government Committee on Commercial and Industrial Policy After the War reported in 1920 that an alteration in the value of the penny would cause a great disturbance "in the lives of the great body of wage earners, retail shopkeepers, and their customers," and a Royal Commission on Decimal Coinage reported in the same year that to abandon the pound as the standard and working unit both of England and of international exchange would "endanger the position of London as the financial center of the world." The commission's conclusion was that nothing



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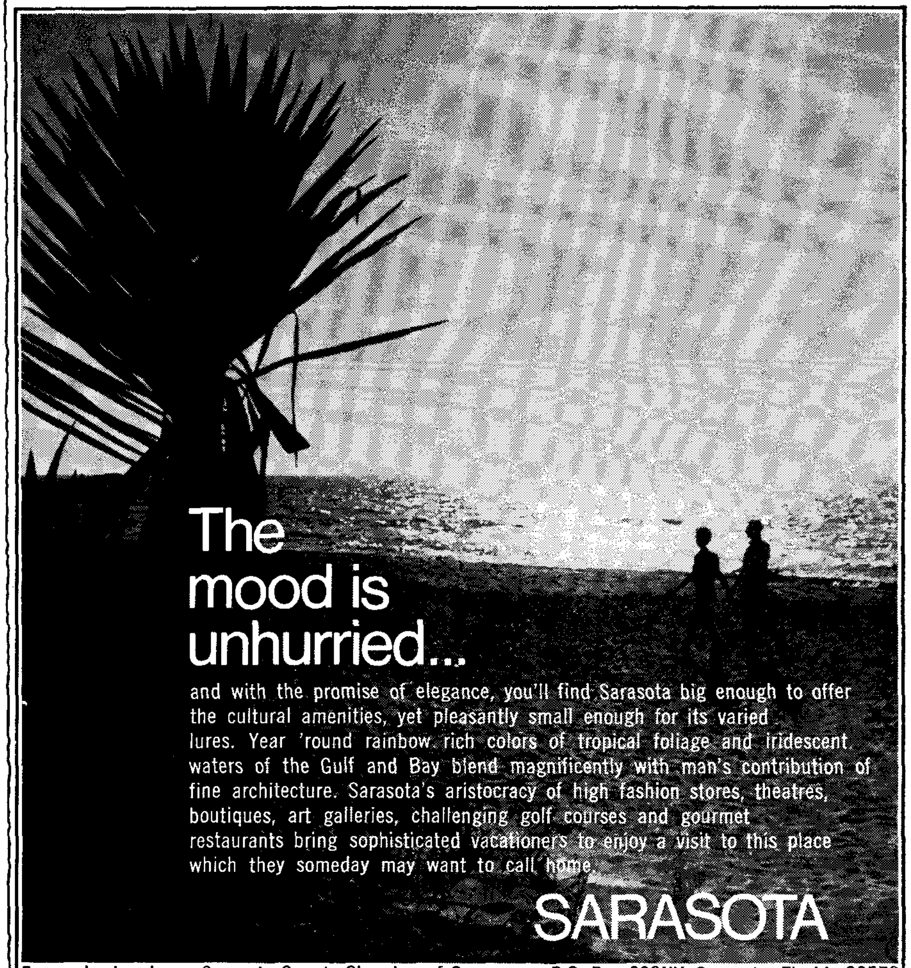

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should be done. That report scotched discussion of decimalization for more than three decades, but in 1957, with Britain's economy hanging on the ropes again, two *more* committees—privately sponsored this time—took up the question, and in 1960 they both came out in favor of decimalization. In 1961, one last government committee on decimal currency was appointed—this one headed by the Earl of Halsbury—and in 1963 it announced itself in favor, by a vote of four to two, of decimalization based on retention of the pound. By that time, South Africa had gone decimal, Australia and New Zealand were planning to do so shortly, and, except for a few British colonies and former colonies, Britain had the only non-decimal currency left in the world. At last, on March 1, 1966, the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, Selwyn Lloyd, announced to the House of Commons the Government's decision to adopt, within five years' time, a decimal system based on a pound of a hundred pennies, as the Halsbury Committee majority had recommended.

Among the advantages of decimalization cited by the Government in a White Paper that was issued late in 1966 were the harmonizing of money calculations with ordinary arithmetic; the resulting simplification of teaching; the undisputed fact that decimal notation makes possible the use of cheaper and simpler accounting machines; and the desirability of coördinating money with weights and measures, which in Britain are now in the process of going decimal under the metric system and are expected to be entirely decimal by 1975. Another reason, not mentioned in the White Paper, is that a decimal currency will certainly make Britain a more attractive candidate for the Common Market, all of whose present members have such currencies. And very likely still another is that in 1966, with the backwardness of British business and financial methods being repeatedly blamed for the desperate condition of the pound in the international markets, the Government found it expedient for political reasons to do *something* drastic, and what could be more drastic than radically altering the world's only money system that had lasted a millennium?

IN sum, the British are simply doing what they would have done long ago if they hadn't been British. And, in contrast to the earlier prodigies of procrastination, their progress toward decimalization since 1966 has been a prodigy of decisiveness and efficiency.

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To summarize chronologically some of the events:

April, 1967: The Decimal Currency Board is activated.

July, 1967: The Decimal Currency Act of 1967, the basic enabling legislation, having passed Parliament, receives Royal Assent and becomes law.

April, 1968: The new fivepence and tenpence coins are introduced. (This was accomplished with a minimum of difficulty, since the new coins, except for the new denominations inscribed on them, resembled their old-currency counterparts, the shilling and the florin. As far as the public was concerned, they *were* shillings and florins.)

Summer, 1968: Sample sets of new coins, for educational purposes, go on sale at banks. (Six million sets were sold by the middle of 1970.)

May, 1969: A second Decimal Currency Act, this one getting down to the technical details, becomes law. (It was shepherded through a sometimes baffled Parliament by a group of Treasury experts that included Sir Frank Figgures, second secretary and head of the Finance Division, and P. J. Kitcatt, head of the Decimal Currency Subdivision. Not even Trollope would have dared name a Treasury man Figgures; there's a Lord Thrift in "The Prime Minister," but he is an Admiralty man.)

August, 1969: The old halfpenny ceases to be legal tender—the first coin to be thus demonetized.

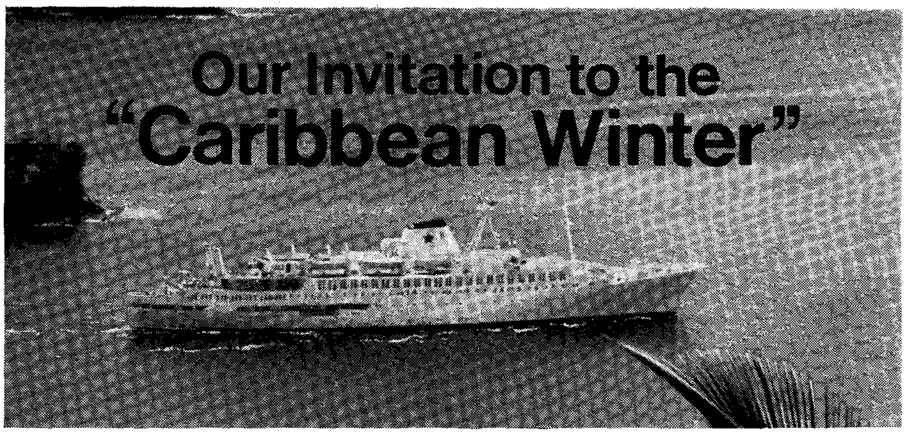
October, 1969: The new fifty-penny piece is put into circulation (to an obbligato of grumbling, probably because it was the first entirely new and unfamiliar coin).

January 1, 1970: The old half crown (two and a half shillings) is demonetized. (The principal complaints over the succeeding weeks came from clergymen, on the ground that some parishioners who had formerly put a half crown in the collection plate now put in a florin, worth twenty per cent less.)

January, 1970: Violent controversy, quickly creating a national issue requiring Parliamentary debate, erupts over the planned demonetization of the sixpence after D Day.

February, 1970: The first experimental decimal shop, a branch of Sainsbury's grocery chain, opens in Croydon. (Princess Margaret gave the Government and the Decimal Currency Board a bad turn by visiting Sainsbury's and remarking as she left that *she* couldn't make head or tail of it all.)

Spring, 1970: Decimalization begins to catch the commercial, if not yet



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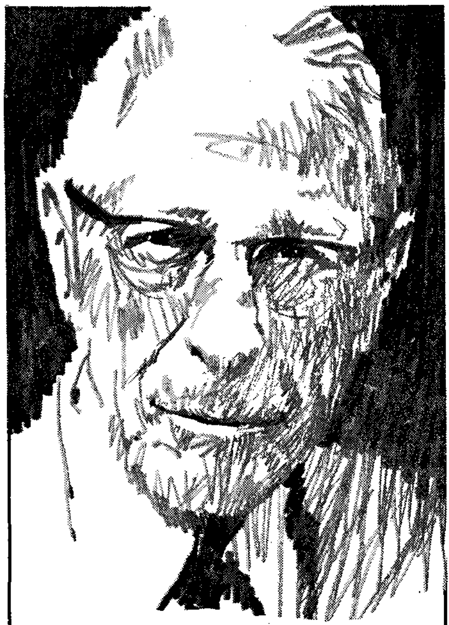

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the public, imagination, and swimming trunks decorated with pictures of decimal coins, and sunglasses shaped like the new fifty-penny piece, appear on the market. It is suggested that baby girls henceforth be christened not Penelope but New Penelope, and that future editions of Maugham's "The Moon and Sixpence" be retitled "The Moon and Two and One-Half New Pence."

June, 1970: The new Conservative Government, after a surprise election victory, makes no changes in plans for decimalization.

THUS, with the three cupronickel decimal coins already well established in circulation, Britain has shrewdly arranged things so that all that will actually happen on D Day will be the introduction of the three small-denomination new bronze coins, the values of which in United States cents—which happen to coincide with old British pence—will be one and two-tenths cents, two and four-tenths cents, and four and eight-tenths cents. Such chicken feed, one concludes, can hardly cause a major disruption in a nation's commercial life, and that is just the way the government and the Decimal Currency Board reasoned in laying their plans. By sneaking up on D Day, they hope to make it into something of a non-event. But it would be grossly misleading to suggest that up to now Britons have accepted decimalization passively. Even apart from the sixpence row, large and vocal groups of them have fought it every inch of the way. The first controversy, quite logically, concerned the basic system of decimal currency to be adopted. The Halsbury Committee considered twenty-five separate systems, and finally narrowed the choice to two: the pound system, in which the basic unit to be divided into one hundred parts would be the old pound, and the ten-shilling system, in which the pound would be abandoned entirely and ten shillings, under some *new name*, would be the basic unit. The committee gave several reasons for its choice of the pound system. For one thing, such a system would save both confusion and expense by allowing the nation to leave undisturbed its existing banknotes, denominated in pounds. For another, it would eliminate the problem of finding an appropriate name for a new major unit; as the Government noted in its White Paper, "Correspondence in the press, and the experience of other countries, have illustrated the lack of any obvious name and the controversy which new names

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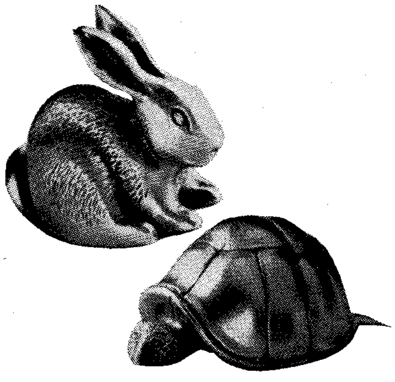

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can provide." (Australia adopted a ten-shilling system and called its new unit a dollar, but there were strong British objections to this idea, which were well summarized by Lord Fiske: "It wouldn't do for Britain to have a dollar." The names most frequently suggested for a ten-shilling British unit were "noble" and "royal.") For another, and more economically important, reason, the committee, and, subsequently, the Government, pointed out that in an era when the long-term worldwide trend is clearly toward inflation—that is, toward a decrease in the purchasing power of money—it would make no sense for Britain to change to a smaller basic unit of currency. And, finally (although the Government insisted that this was not the primary reason for its decision), there was the so-called "international case." Representatives of the Bank of England, the British Insurance Association, and the British Bankers' Association appeared before the Halsbury Committee and pointed out that the pound, besides being Britain's domestic money, is still one of the world's two great international currencies, and the one in which about a third of all international trade is settled. The financiers argued urgently that abandoning the pound, even though in fact the move would in no way affect the exchange value of British money, might make it look as if Britain were striking her colors. Central banks that for centuries had held much of their national reserves in pounds sterling might be unwilling to hold them in "nobles" or "royals," and the effect of such a psychologically induced world flight from British money would obviously be an economic disaster.

The chief opponents of the pound system—and proponents of the ten-shilling system—were consumer groups, whose representatives felt that a decimalized pound system would lead to price rises. (The consumers were not without powerful allies; a minority of the Halsbury Committee, consisting of two of the six members, voted against the pound system, and the Confederation of British Industry was split on the subject.) In London recently I talked with Elizabeth Ackroyd, director of the Consumer Council, a government-sponsored body set up in 1963 to be the British consumer's official advocate—which, in practice, usually meant biting the hand that fed it, since in the council's view the Labour Government usually gave the consumer short shrift, and the new Tory Government is unlikely to serve him any better. (In fact, it has

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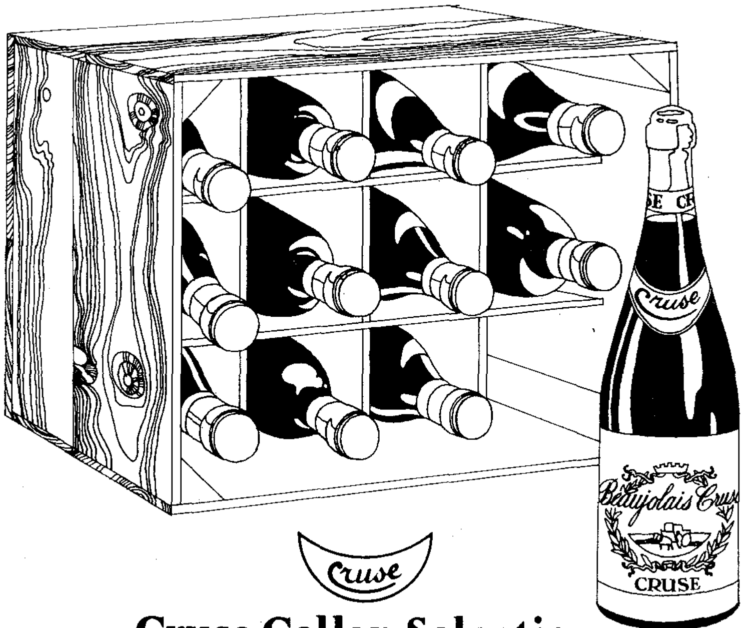

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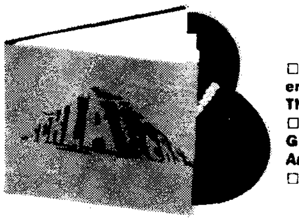

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just abolished the Consumer Council.)

"We always favored decimalization as a sound step," Miss Ackroyd, a coolly handsome lady, told me. "But from the start we were very much *not* in favor of the pound unit. We thought it a pity to snarl up the new system by forcing the creation of a new halfpenny when, with a ten-shilling system, a new penny would have nearly the same value as an old one and no halfpenny would be necessary. The Government's argument that it would be difficult to think of a new name was only a fallback position. 'Noble' or 'royal' would have been perfectly all right." The economic crux of the matter, Miss Ackroyd said, is to be found in that shoppers' table, which turns both nine and ten old pence into four new pence—an anomaly brought about by the necessity of "rounding up" or "rounding down" the old sums to convert them to the nearest equivalent in new coins. The anomaly would, of course, be less pronounced if the new penny were only half as valuable. The Government insists that the roundings virtually cancel each other out—four new pence is actually about six per cent more than nine old pence and four per cent less than ten old pence—and that therefore, on balance, no inflation is involved. The Consumer Council, however, argued passionately (and, one might think, logically) that the confusions and ambiguities of the situation would give shopkeepers an irresistible chance to arrange things so that the rounding would usually be up, not down. For one concrete example, a lolly, or ice-cream cone, that now goes for four old pence will cost two new pence after decimalization—a clear-cut rise of twenty per cent.

The Consumer Council accepted the inevitable and gave up its fight, though not without some lingering hard feelings. ("The Treasury Secretaries were very cross with us," Miss Ackroyd told me.) But that was only the first of the decimalization controversies. The second, which was aesthetic as well as economic, was over the shape of the new fifty-penny coin. Many shapes were considered, including a square with rounded corners (rejected because such a coin wouldn't roll). The rather bizarre one finally selected—a heptagon whose sides have a slight convex curve—was suggested by H. G. Conway, a member of the Decimal Currency Board who is also a noted mechanical engineer; in suggesting it, Mr. Conway seems to have drawn on his professional experience, since the shape, technically called a

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Reuleaux polygon, is used in the cylinder arrangement of certain avant-garde automobile engines. When the coin was introduced in October, 1969, the instant consensus of Britons was that Reuleaux polygons belonged under the bonnets of motorcars. The National Union of Small Shopkeepers denounced it as being too hard to distinguish from the far less valuable florin or ten-new-pence piece; the Taxi Drivers Association denounced it as ugly *and* confusing; and a colonel in the Midlands organized an ad-hoc committee to stamp it out. For the most part, the protest turned out to be a nine-day wonder; the taxi men quieted down (some say because they discovered that customers were giving them fifty-penny tips by mistake), the committee disbanded, and the public seemed to get used to the new coin.

But the National Union of Small Shopkeepers, a registered trades union with some eleven and a half thousand members, is keeping up a rearguard action against the coin, as I found out when I visited its London quarters, on Fleet Street. Its London vice-president, D. W. Harrison—a small man wearing a cardigan sweater—greeted me in a cluttered little room up several flights in a nondescript building, which he characterized as a seven-hundred-year-old firetrap. "Throw your coat on the floor. That's what we do here," Mr. Harrison said, nevertheless taking my coat and hanging it on a hook. He then told me that there are something like two hundred and fifty thousand independent small shopkeepers in Great Britain but that their numbers are fast declining, the principal villains being not chain stores but town planning and redevelopment, which almost invariably result in rents too high for independent shopkeepers to pay. Like the twelve-penny shilling, Napoleon's "nation of shopkeepers" is apparently doomed by modern times. "Now, about the fifty-penny piece," Mr. Harrison said. "It's the fastest-moving coin England has ever had, and I'll tell you why. People get it out of their pockets as fast as they can because they don't trust it. Too much like a florin. When it's part of a pile, the way coins usually are in shops, it takes sharp eyes to tell the difference—particularly after those corners get worn down and it's almost round. There have been quarrels in the shops. There's a certain type of customer that will give you a florin and then come back later and say, 'That was fifty new pence I gave you.' By that time, you've thrown the coin in the till and have no proof. A smart cus-

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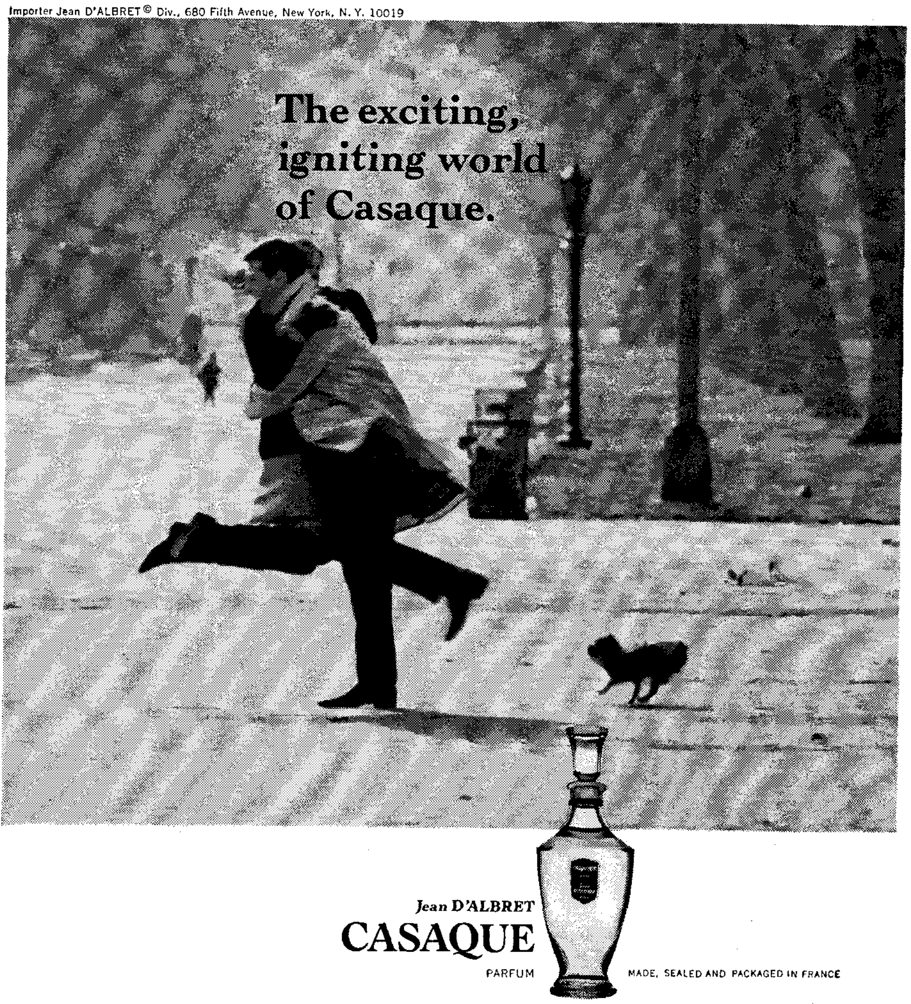

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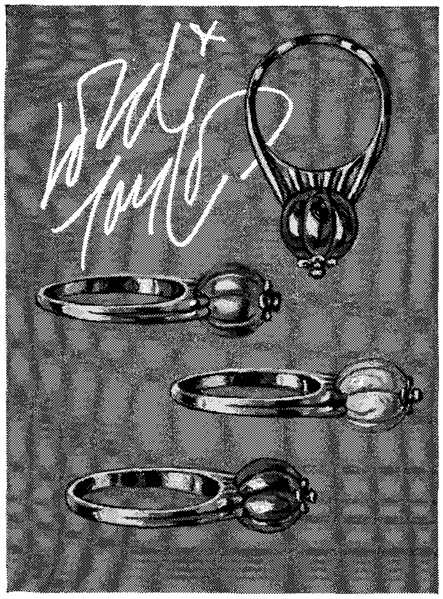

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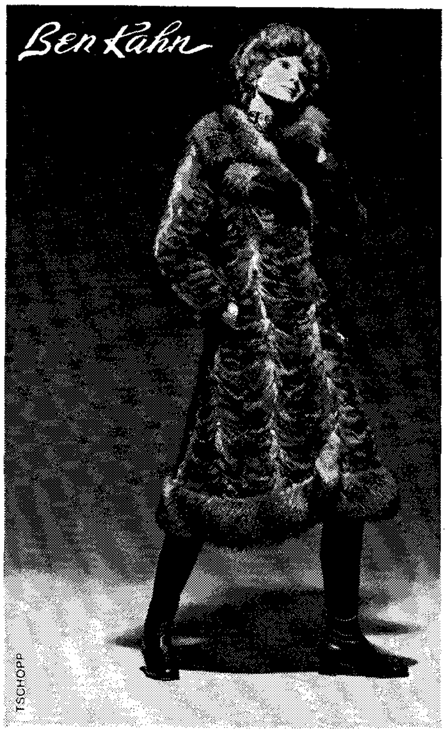

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tomer can figure that out. We have fought the fifty-penny coin from the beginning and shall continue to fight it. We still think there's a chance that in two or three years it will be altered."

Hardly anyone else seems to think so, though.

THE controversy over the sixpence involves a subtle blend of economics and sentiment, and, considering the sixpence's popularity and its prevalence (almost two billion sixpences are now in circulation—more than any other British coin except the penny), the debate was surprisingly slow in getting started. It was in the 1963 report of the Halsbury Committee that elimination of the sixpence was first recommended. Having carefully pointed out that the coin's survival would be entirely desirable under a ten-shilling system, whereby it would become a natural fivepenny piece, the report went on to say that in a pound system introducing a twopenny coin made far more sense than retaining the sixpence, which would have the awkward value of two and one-half pence. "We wanted to take advantage of decimalization to design a coinage as near ideal as possible," the report explained. The press and public, bemused by the broader question of the choice of a decimal system, seem scarcely to have noticed the Halsbury report's condemnation of the sixpence. Again, in the Parliamentary debates that followed the Government's 1966 White Paper—which, concurring with the committee, announced that the sixpence would be withdrawn, along with the old penny and threepenny piece, at the end of the changeover period, probably eighteen months—everyone apparently went along with the assumption that the sixpence was doomed. But as D Day drew closer, mutterings began to be heard, and they quickly became a clamor. Trade associations, writers of letters to newspapers, and Tory members of Parliament made repeated pro-sixpence representations, and early in May of 1969 the House of Lords, an unlikely champion of the traditional symbol of paltriness, actually voted to retain the sixpence indefinitely—only to reverse itself shortly thereafter, under pressure from the Government. The day after the Lords' defection, the London *Times'* Parliamentary report was headed "Final Verdict Against the Sixpence." Two days after that, Royal Assent was given to the coin's execution, and, again, the matter was apparently closed.

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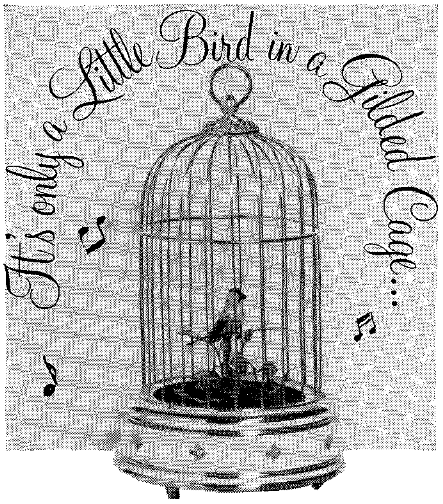

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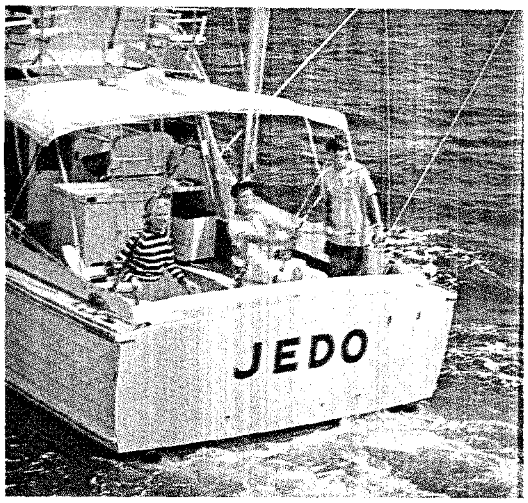

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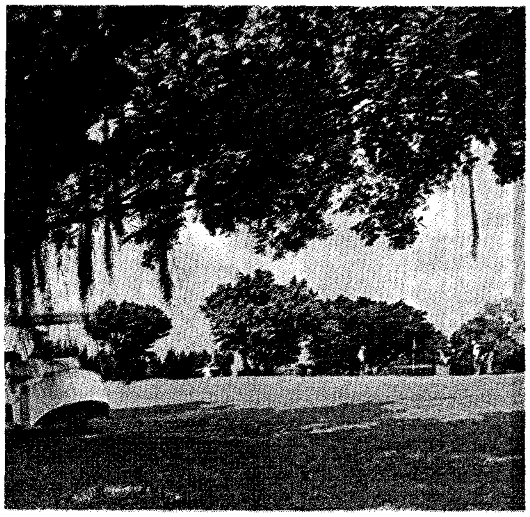

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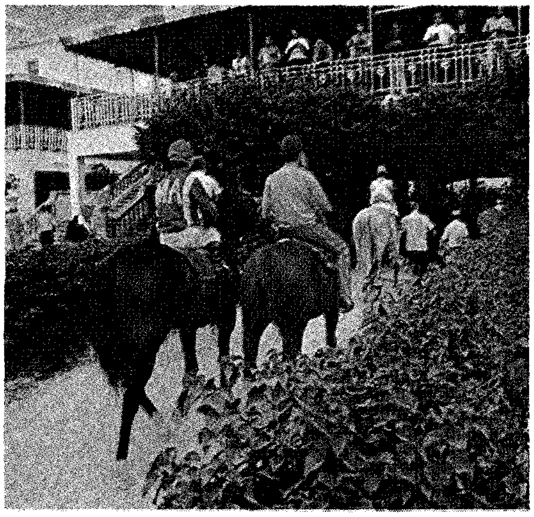

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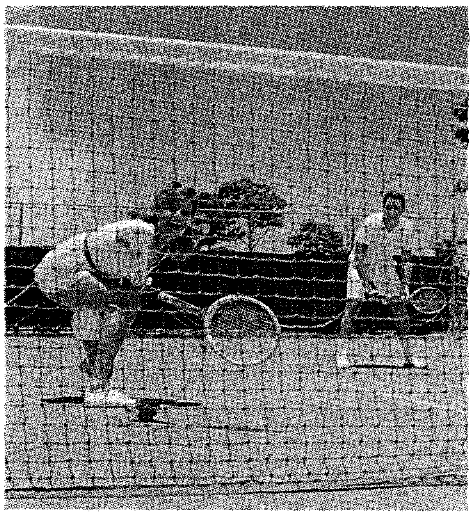

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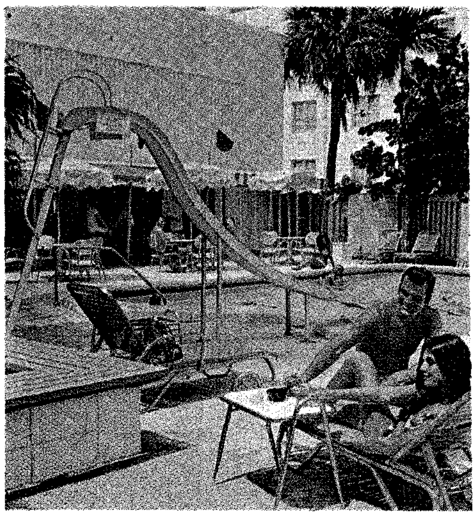

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a spokesman for London Transport casually commented that plans were afoot to raise the minimum tube fare after decimalization from sixpence to a shilling, or exactly twice as much. Instantly, the sentimentalists and the worriers about inflation were shocked into active coalition. Tube riders raised an outcry. Chocolate eaters realized, apparently for the first time, that the sixpenny chocolate bar—long a staple item, although one that in recent years had grown progressively more emaciated—would soon be a thing of the past unless they acted. The Minister of Transport issued a strong statement to the effect that there was no inherent reason for decimalization to cause any increase in tube fares, and London Transport replied that it *wanted* to keep both the sixpence and the sixpenny minimum fare but that the cost of converting its coin machines would make the rise necessary. Following a fierce but inconclusive debate in the House of Commons, the Government asked the Decimal Currency Board to undertake an immediate reappraisal of the sixpence situation. In a scholarly study, forty-three pages long, that was completed in just over a month, the board avoided mention of all the sixpence jingles that are part of British—and, indeed, American—folklore ("Sing a song of sixpence," "Jolly, jolly sixpence," "Sixpence in her shoe," "Found a crooked sixpence," and so on), and dredged up an epigraph that not only had a more exalted literary provenance (Tennyson) but also precisely served the board's ideological purpose:

> Oh; who would fight and march and
>   countermarch
> Be shot for sixpence in a battlefield,
> And shovell'd up into a bloody trench?

Having consulted various public-opinion polls (including one that it referred to kinetically as the Gallop Poll), the board said that although the public, by a clear majority approaching three to one, wanted the sixpence retained indefinitely, the public was wrong. Concerning price rises, the board declared flatly, "We do not think the absence of a 2½p. coin will be used by traders as an excuse to round prices upwards, and we believe it is unfair to them to suggest that it would." Indeed, it pointed out, the minimum cost of a telephone call from a converted coin machine would actually drop after D Day, from sixpence to two new pence. (The British telephone system is government-owned.) Finally, the board argued that Britons,

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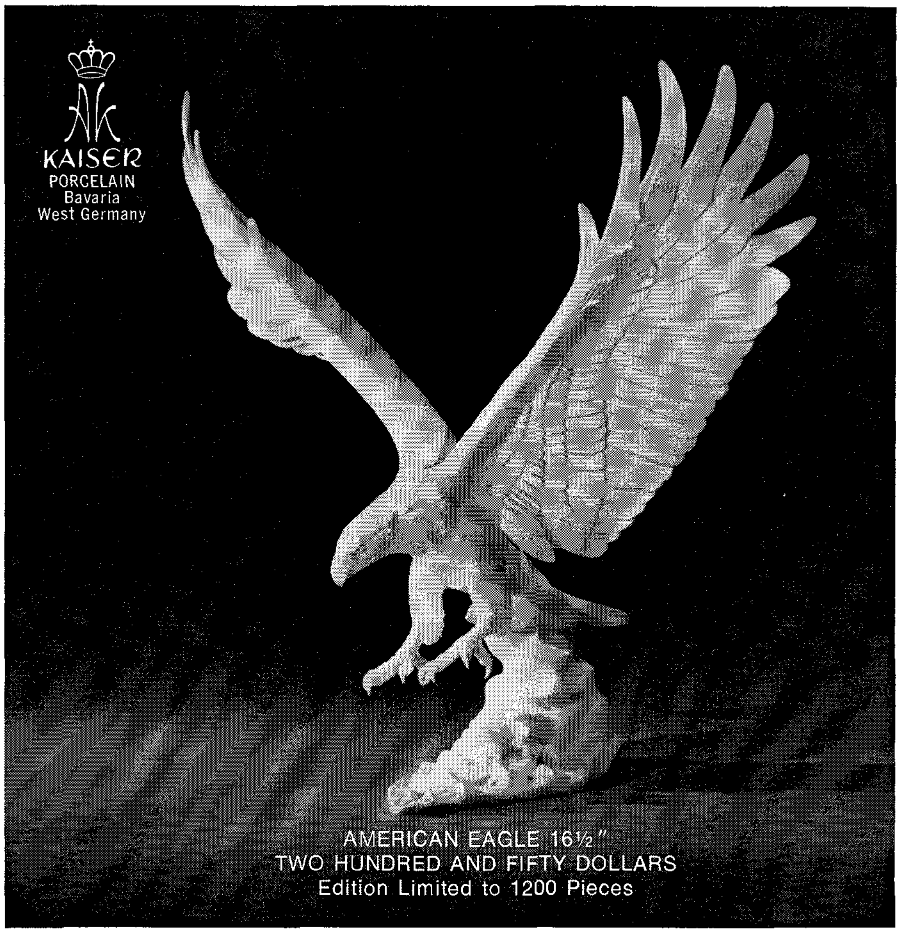

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no matter how much they had loved the sixpence in the past, would no longer love it after D Day. Shops, it predicted, will find it more convenient to give change to customers in decimal coins; sixpences paid in to shops will be deposited in banks, where they will remain in ever-increasing piles; and thus, the argument went, the sixpence will gradually go out of circulation.

Having pondered the report, the Government compromised, as governments will. On April 19th, Chancellor of the Exchequer Roy Jenkins gave his decision. "Impressive and authoritative though the board's report is," he said, in part, "I recognize that there is a substantial body which does not share the board's opinion. . . . I have accordingly decided that the sixpence will remain legal tender for a period of at least two years following Decimalization Day."

HARDLY surprisingly, as Lord Fiske told me in regard to the whole decimalization process, "There are those who say even now, 'Why the hell should we do it?' " Mathematically speaking, there is nothing about a decimal system of notation in counting that is inherently superior to any other. Computers can be programmed for one system as well as another, and there are, or have been, numeral systems (used chiefly in primitive societies) based on the numbers two, three, four, five, six, twelve, and twenty. The purist anti-decimal argument in Britain is based on the notion that there is nothing wrong with counting pennies by twelves. Suppose a man does have ten fingers, the purists say—are there not twice twelve hours in a day, twelve months in a year, twelve signs of the zodiac?

The main evidence that decimalization can be easy is the example of Australia, which accomplished its 1966 changeover not only with ease but with positive exuberance, as thousands of pretty girls called Dollar Jills deployed in the major cities and briskly answered questions about the new currency. But Australia, with its skepticism about tradition and its active enthusiasm for change, is not Great Britain. (Nor is it Ireland, which plans to go decimal the same day Britain does.) In a nation in which a strain of conservatism exists, tampering with the nature or the value of the nation's money is the change most certain to bring that strain out, and it is clear that strictly technical and mathematical adjustments will be a small part of the Britons' problems on

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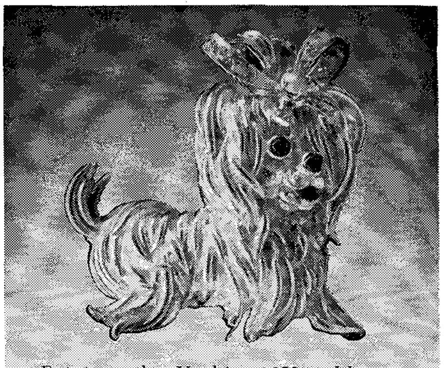

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and immediately after D Day. For example, there are likely to be mixups about nomenclature—or what the Decimal Currency Board, in one of its publications, calls "oral expression." The board recommends that in speaking of the sum of two pounds and seventy-five pence one should avoid the expression "two seventy-five" in favor of "two pounds seventy-five." The American experience with decimal-currency nomenclature suggests that the board's recommendation will only increase confusion. The board points out, perhaps wistfully, that there will be "no advantage" to calling a ten-new-pence piece a florin, or a five-new-pence piece a shilling. No one I talked with in London believes that either term will go out of use in the foreseeable future. As for the term "guinea"—still often used, particularly in posh West End shops, to designate twenty-one shillings, although there has been no coin or bill of this value since 1813—the board is firmer: "After decimalization the use of the guinea should cease." Whether it will is another matter, even though the guinea will be the odd sum of one pound and fivepence in the new money. If the past is any guide, most Britons will cling to the old familiar monetary terms. As the Preacher of Ecclesiastes said, money is a defense, and the British were never ones for letting old bulwarks crumble.

—John Brooks

•

Although it is not possible to determine audience levels based on new circulation considerations short of a new readership study, these projections would seem to be more representative of Psychology Today's current audience levels than those obtained during the course of our field work. The consistency of breakdowns of the adjusted audience of Psychology Today obviously depends upon the assumption that the new readers credited to their audience will be distributed within demographic and other characteristic breakdowns in the same way as the original measured audience is distributed.
—*Communication from W. R. Simmons & Associates Research, Inc.*

And when it comes to the breakdowns of the *mal*adjusted audience—well!

•

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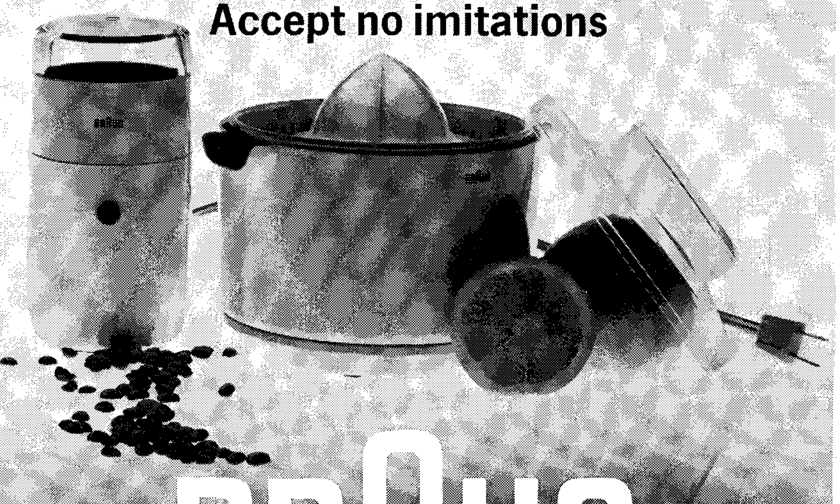

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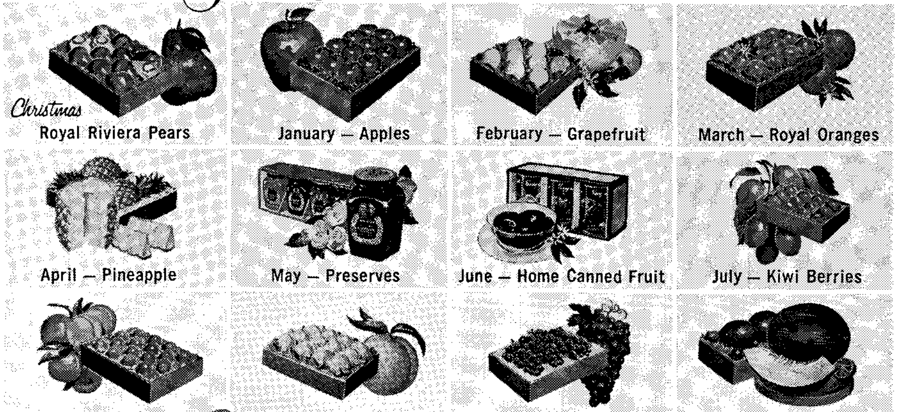

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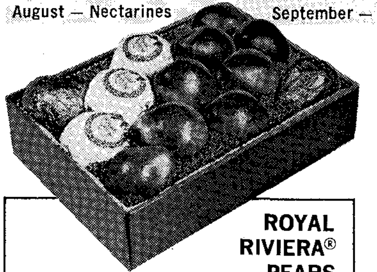

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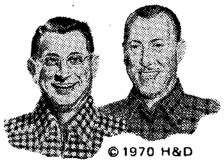

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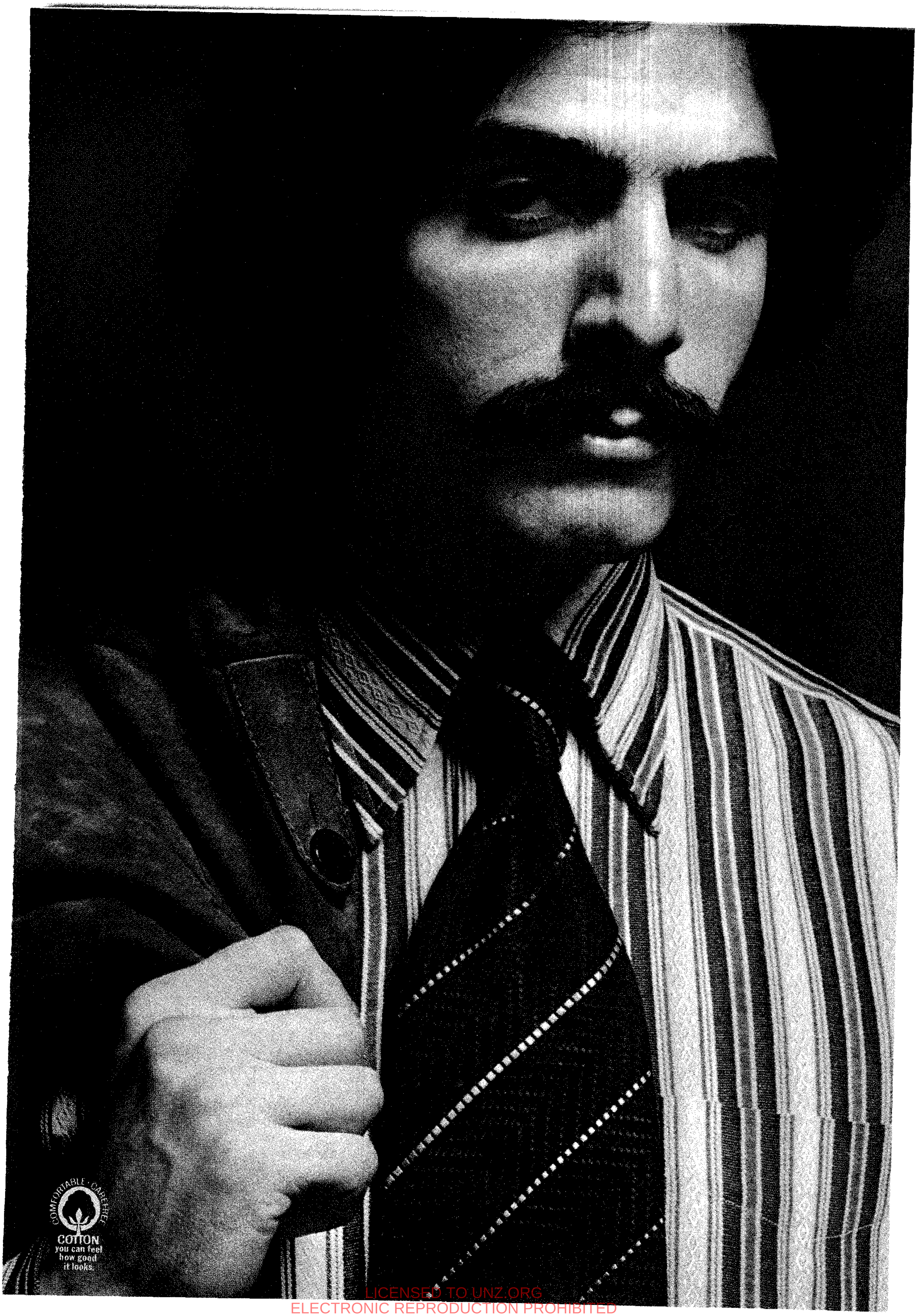
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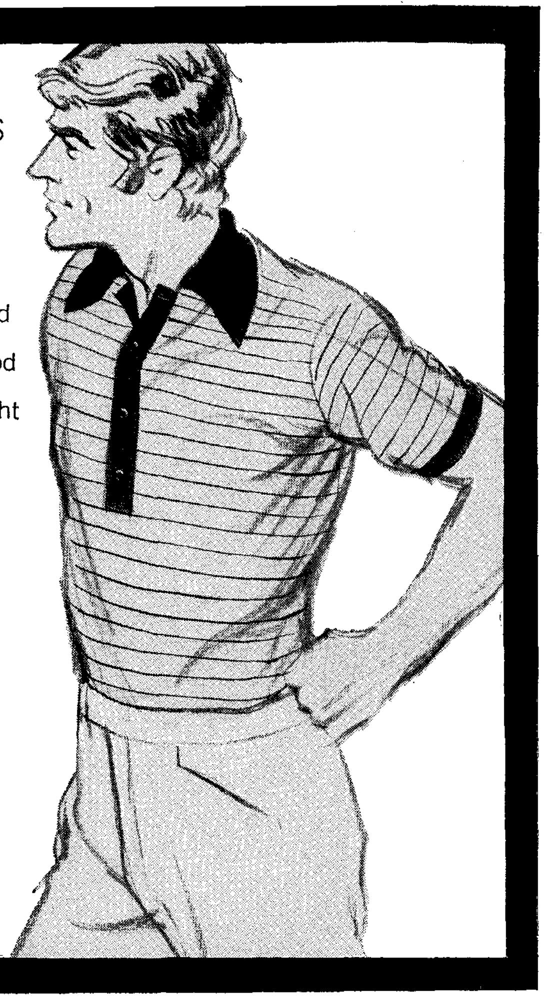
THE RACE TRACK

International in the Rain

AMERICA'S Fort Marcy, France's Miss Dan II, and Italy's Bacuco. That was the order of finish in the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel on Veterans Day. Though the mile and a half over the soggy turf course was run in a driving rain, it was a thrilling and for the most part a well-contested race, and there's no doubt whatever that the best horse won. Fort Marcy got away well, had a good position in the early running (he was never worse than fourth), took the lead passing the mile pole, and won by a length from Miss Dan II, who for moments a couple of furlongs from home looked as though she might be the heroine of the afternoon. Five lengths in their wake, Bacuco took third money by a nose from Fiddle Isle. Lorenzaccio, who beat Nijinsky in the Champion Stakes at Newmarket, was fifth. Piggott, who rode Lorenzaccio, said that the thick, wet grass was too much for his mount, and that before he'd gone a furlong he knew he had no chance.

I thought Miss Dan II, who was third to Sassafras and Nijinsky in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe in Paris last month, made an especially gallant try. But it's always a large order for one of her sex to beat the boys, and she was running against one who is just about the best of the lot. As for Fort Marcy, this was his second International victory; the first was in 1967, when he beat Damascus and seven others. It wouldn't be stretching a point too much to say that he was on home grounds. Paul Mellon bred him at his farm in Upperville, Virginia, which isn't so very far from Laurel, and named him after an old fort he passed every time he drove out to the farm from Washington. The colt's dam, Key Bridge, was named for the Potomac River bridge that Mr. Mellon crossed on the same drive. A fine, powerful six-year-old—Elliott Burch, who trains him, calls him the Old Man—Fort Marcy seems to get better and better as he goes along. The International was his thirteenth start this season (he's won five), and Burch keeps him in such tip-top condition that I wouldn't be surprised to see him under colors next year. Racing needs all the good horses it can get. By winning the International, Fort Marcy became



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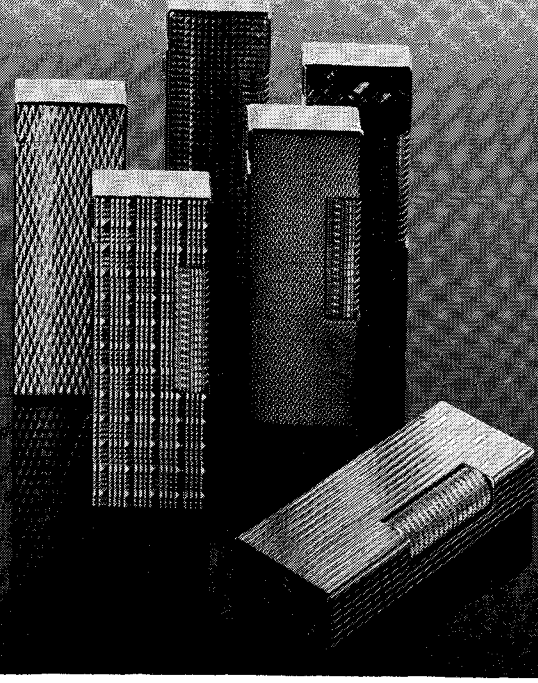

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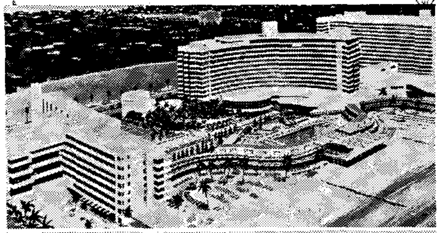
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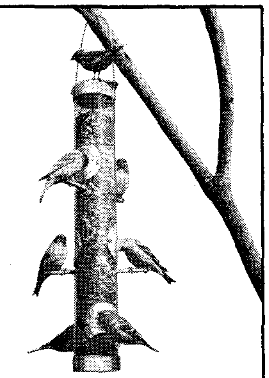
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Ever since John Schapiro, president of Laurel Race Course, thought up and put on the International, back in 1952, it has been a good show. He'd had fair weather for it, too, until the one last week. I suppose that old law of averages had to step in, for along about the fifth race a light rain began to fall, and it turned into a real downpour as the ten runners from eight nations paraded to the post for the International. In the circumstances, they hardly looked their best to me or to the kindred spirits who, shrinking from no hardship in the unrelenting pursuit of getting a good view of a race, watched them from the roof of the stand. Then Bacuco, who doesn't like stall gates, delayed the start until he was blindfolded and pushed into the machine. After the race, the notables who took part in the presentation ceremonies in the special stand in the infield got as thorough a wetting down as we did on the roof. Still, the 1970 International was a lot of fun.

THE big news on Long Island last week was that Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt was elected chairman of the board of the New York Racing Association, succeeding Jack Dreyfus, Jr., who resigned because of commitments to medical research that will take up all his time. Frankly, I can't think of a happier choice, or of anyone as competent to direct the operations of Belmont Park, Aqueduct, and Saratoga. Mr. Vanderbilt has been closely associated with racing for nearly forty years as a breeder and owner of thoroughbreds, and at one time or another he has headed both Pimlico and Belmont Park. Horsemen still talk about the busy schedule he kept. To him, being the head of a track meant not only determining matters of policy but also seeing that everything went smoothly. He'd be on the grounds by six in the morning, and after looking over his own horses he'd make the rounds of the other stables, talking to owners, trainers, and grooms, and listening to their criticisms and suggestions. Next, he'd have a session in the administrative offices, and after the races he'd study the reports on the day's business. He'll make the new post a full-time job, too.

IN ninety-nine of its runnings, there had never been a disqualification in the Ladies Handicap. In the hundredth, at the Big A on Veterans Day, however, there was one. Manta, a filly

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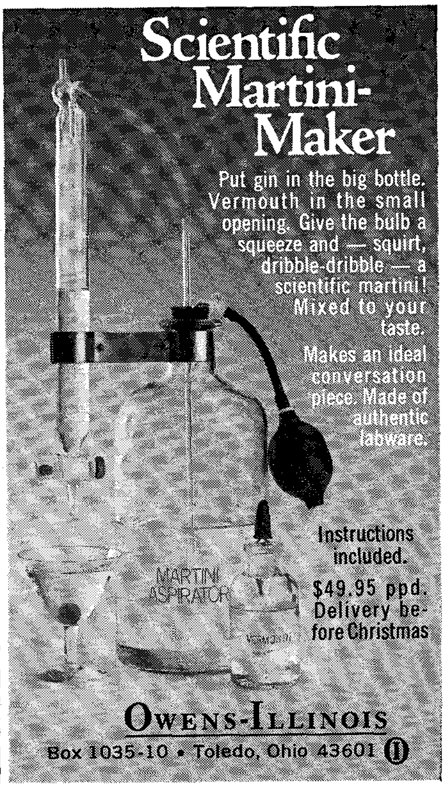

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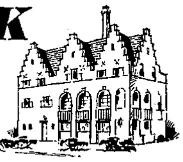

from California, led from beginning to end of the mile and a quarter, passing the post half a length ahead of Cathy Honey, who is also from California. (Taken Aback, the favorite, was third.) Unfortunately for Manta and her Elmendorf Stable, Rosales, who rode her, allowed her to drift toward the rails as Cordero tried to send Mrs. Hastings Harcourt's Cathy Honey through the opening. A foul was claimed, and the stewards decided that the tactic of Rosales was clearly to intimidate Cordero; they ordered the placings reversed, giving first money—$36,010—to Cathy Honey, and set Rosales down for twenty days. A number of the customers didn't like the ruling and put on quite a demonstration, tossing four big cans of trash onto the track.

Aqueduct had another sunny Saturday last week, and Calumet Farm's Best Turn ran another bang-up race, coming from far behind the leaders to win the Queens County Handicap from Irurzun, Judgable, and nine others.

LAST week was more successful financially for Paul Mellon and Elliott Burch, who trains the Rokeby Stable horses for him, than any other I can remember. On Saturday, at Garden State Park, their Run the Gantlet, who had won only once before, skipped nimbly over the drying-out track and got his head in front in the last few strides, under a strong ride by Rotz, to win the Garden State Stakes from Executioner, Ruffinal, and twelve other two-year-olds, taking $211,392 in prize money. And Fort Marcy's share of the International purse was $100,000. The Garden State was almost as stunning to the talent as the Gardenia had been the previous weekend. Limit to Reason, the favorite, who had won the Champagne Stakes and the Pimlico-Laurel Futurity, was never in the picture in the Garden State. (He was drawn fourteenth, and it is very hard for a horse to win that race from an *outside post position.*) Nor was the well-fancied Sir Dagonet, ridden by Shoemaker. Anyhow, Run the Gantlet is worth remembering for next season.

DEARIE me, they're already off and running again at Tropical Park in Miami. —AUDAX MINOR

•

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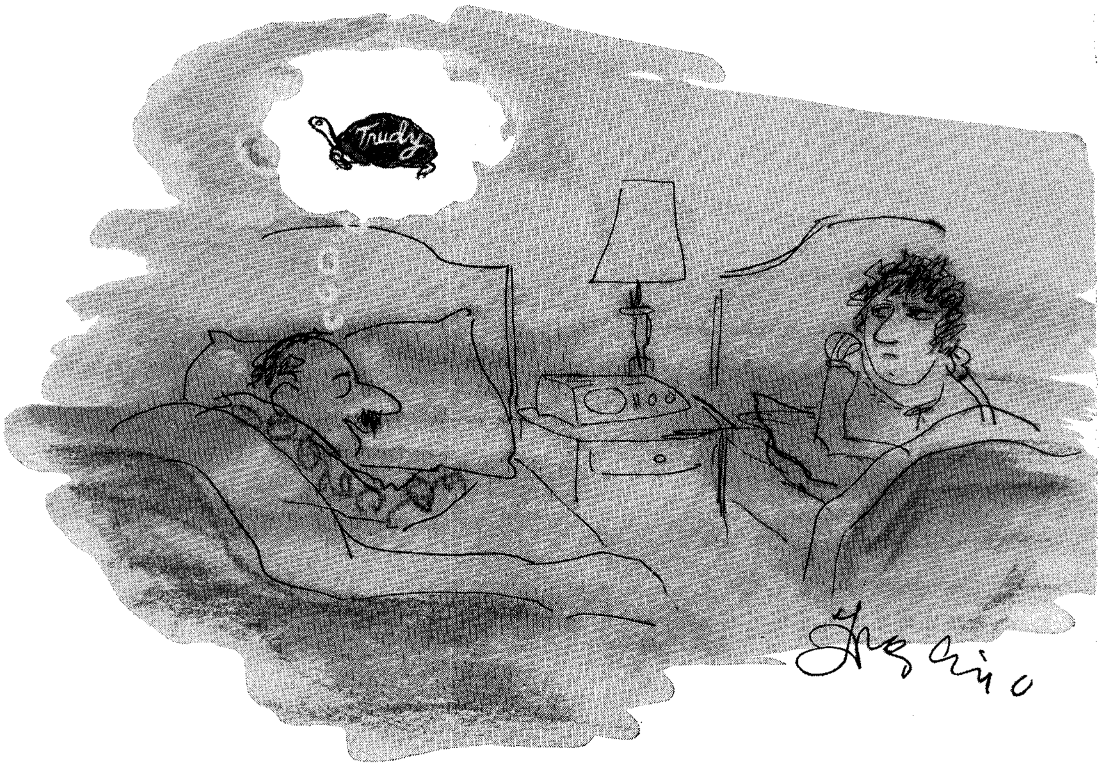
BOOKS

The Devils and Canon Barham

THERE is one book that I read in my childhood for which I still have a kind of fetishistic feeling: Richard Harris Barham's "The Ingoldsby Legends." I keep copies in both my winter and my summer houses, and in the former have a small collection of books by and about Barham. When I recently became aware that the "Legends" was missing from my summer place, in which I had had only one copy, and that I did not know what had happened to it, I was uneasy until, in the following year, it was returned by a friend to whom I had lent it. It had been my grandfather's edition (New York, 1884), from which he had read to his children. The "Legends" was once immensely popular. Of an English "People's Edition" of a hundred thousand copies that sold in 1881 for sixpence, more than sixty thousand went off on the day of publication. Between 1857 and 1864, it had run through twenty-three editions; the second-hand bookstores of London and Edinburgh, of New York and Boston, are full of old discarded copies. Yet one hardly ever hears of it nowadays. Compton Mackenzie and Anthony Powell have mentioned it in their novels, and Ronald Knox wrote a very short tribute, which is included in his "Literary Distractions." But the only at all adequate account of Barham's writings that I have ever seen is in the second of George Saintsbury's three volumes of "Essays in English Literature." Saintsbury says that he can recite half the Legends by heart, and if one is exposed to them early in life, one is likely to find it hard to forget them. Richard Barham was a genuine poet, who exerts a peculiar spell. A man of some property in Kent, a minor canon of St. Paul's Cathedral, an amateur but learned antiquary, he wrote mainly to amuse himself, and his verse has a spontaneity of unexpected rhyming and reckless imagination that makes it different from anybody else's. (It is possible that the Legends were partly derived from the versified "Tales" of Praed, which also season the romantic with the comic, and have also, to a lesser extent, their interfering devils, but Praed is more polite, less boisterous, and usually much less effective.)

The "Legends" was also fortunate in its illustrators. The illustrations are one of the features which once made it so attractive to young people. I especially recommend the three-volume Bentley edition of 1894 (the eighty-eighth), edited by Barham's daughter and annotated by his son-in-law, with all the steel engravings and woodcuts of Leech, Cruikshank, Thackeray, Tenniel, and du Maurier. Any drawings later than these seem to me quite inappropriate. I had, nevertheless, on the wall of my room at prep school the colored pictures from a contemporary Ingoldsby calendar—which shows that a familiarity with the Legends must still in 1912 have persisted in England—but these never appeared to me authentic, and when I later saw the fairy-tale drawings by Arthur Rackham (of 1907), I rejected them with indignation. One of the beauties of the edition mentioned above is the frontispiece to the first volume, in George Cruikshank's very best vein: the smooth-faced and apparently eupeptic Reverend Barham tranquilly writing at his table with something like a smile of ironic enjoyment, while his publisher, Richard Bentley, evidently kneeling at his elbow, spies anxiously on his work through what used to be called a quizzing-glass, one hand raised as if in shocked alarm, while the best known of Barham's characters, the Jackdaw of Rheims, dishevelled and scrawny from the Cardinal's curse, stands on the table before him, and behind, above, and all about him rises a tapestry of demons and bugaboos, the tumult of bristling and phantasmal beings which this pleasant-humored cleric has evoked—the witches with their spitting black cat and their broomstick turned into a weapon, the hysterical Mousquetaire guarded on either side by his real and his phantom nurse, the goggle-eyed skeleton drummer, the florid and terrified monks, the vision of St. Ermengarde with her scowl and her menacing palm branch, and, crouching in the lower right-hand corner, at the base of all this fearsome phantasmagoria, the key spirit, the black, brutish Devil, with his trap of ferocious white teeth and his writhing, impatient tail.

I was therefore extremely eager, when I saw a biography of Barham



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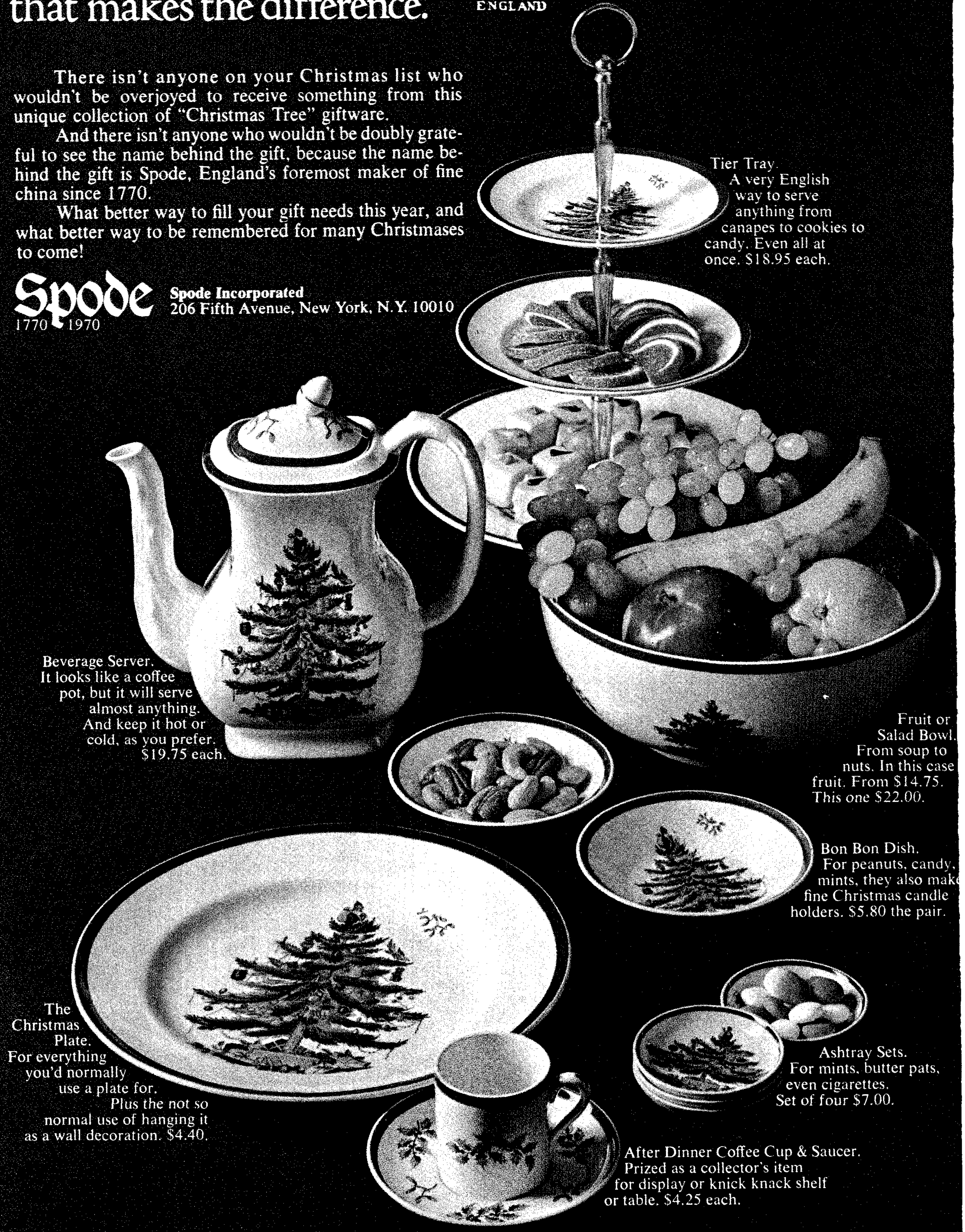

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announced—"Richard Harris Barham," by William G. Lane (University of Missouri Press), the first since a memoir by Barham's son—to read it and use it as a pretext for writing about this now forgotten favorite of the English-speaking world. What a dampening disappointment it has proved to be! Mr. Lane is a conventional professor at the University of Colorado, and his biography is a typical product of the American academic mill. It reads as though it had been undertaken, with no genuine interest in its subject and no feeling for the period in which Barham lived, as the performance of an available academic job, not hitherto performed by anyone else, which would earn academic credit. Mr. Lane has done the proper research, he has had access to unpublished material. I am indebted to him for figures and dates, but the value of his study stops there. His pages are almost always ankle-deep, and sometimes up to their necks, in footnotes, but these notes, as well as much of the text, record facts of no interest whatever. We get a good deal more information about the history of the periodicals in which Barham's writings appeared, and other uninteresting matters, than about the writer's personal life or his contribution to English literature. One chapter of thirty-six pages—called "The Primitive Muse of Thomas Ingoldsby"—in a book of two hundred and sixty pages is all the attention Lane gives to Barham's only claim to remembrance. One questions the usefulness, for example, of a footnote explaining that Lord Albert Conyngham, the leader of a schism in the British Archaeological Association—"(1805-1860): See D N B"—whose side Richard Barham supported, was "created Lord Londesborough in 1849. In that year, also, he led a faction that severed connection with the Archaeological Association. Later he became vice-president of the Archaeological Institute and president of the London and Middlesex Archaeological Society in 1855." This person has no relevance at all to the career of Richard Barham, and if anyone is curious about him he can always, as Mr. Lane suggests, consult the British Dictionary of National Biography—which the non-scholarly reader may not be able to recognize from Mr. Lane's abbreviation. There are many inches and pages of this sort of thing. For whom, one asks, is such a book written? For what market has it been produced? The answers are that it seems to have been written exclusively in order to fill

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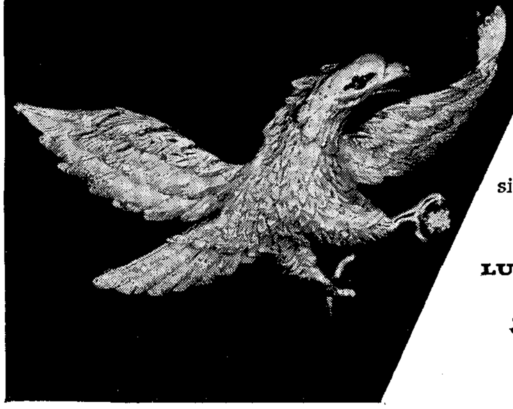

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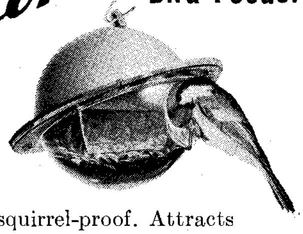

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the requirements—among the chief of which are heavy layers of footnotes and authentic original research—of the American Ph.D. thesis, and that no identifiable public is supposed to read it: it is simply to stand as a block in the building of an academic reputation.

It is so much, in fact, a book for nobody that we cannot always be sure whether the author really knows what he is talking about or whether he assumes his readers are so much at home in the period that they do not have to have things explained. He mentions "Titmarsh," for instance, without explaining that it is a pseudonym of Thackeray's, and he may take it for granted that the reader will know. But is he himself aware that the verses of Barham's quoted at length on pages 64-66 are a parody of a once well-known poem by George Canning about the University of Göttingen? Does he know that Barham's reference in some verses on page 98 to Aristophanes' theory of the origin of the sexes is to what was propounded not in one of Aristophanes' plays but in the "Symposium" of Plato by his character of Aristophanes? Mr. Lane does not take the trouble to explain why he thinks "it is necessary to view with suspicion whatever [John Payne] Collier offers in the way of 'newly discovered' or 'hitherto unpublished' manuscripts." Is it simply because he is sure that the professor who reads his thesis will know that John Collier was a forger of manuscripts and that he does not expect that anyone else will ever read what he is writing? If there are to be so many footnotes, some of them might well be used to elucidate these matters. It is certain that Mr. Lane does not know very well his period or his author—that is, know them in the sense that he has been able imaginatively to enter into the life of the one or to appreciate the work of the other. Barham was so much a part of a certain London milieu, with its thick and riotous atmosphere of semi-bohemian clubs, the Beefsteak and the Garrick, of smoke and wine and outrageous jokes and gossip, that he ought to be shown in this atmosphere. But Lane's biography can only dispel it. He does include a bleak enough chapter called "The Livelier London Days," and he has earlier made some effort to explain the peculiar prestige of Barham's special friend Theodore Hook, but he does not succeed in giving any real impression of this more or less professional entertainer who set the tone of the humor of the period by a series of popular novels and whose comic improvisations of operas were a great feature of up-

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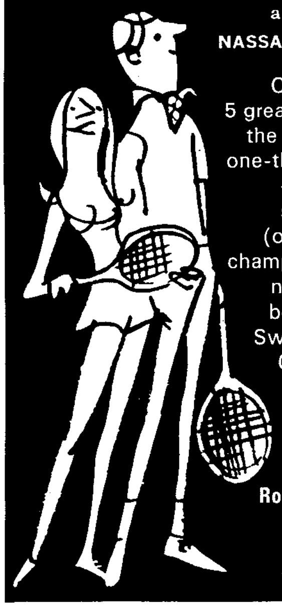

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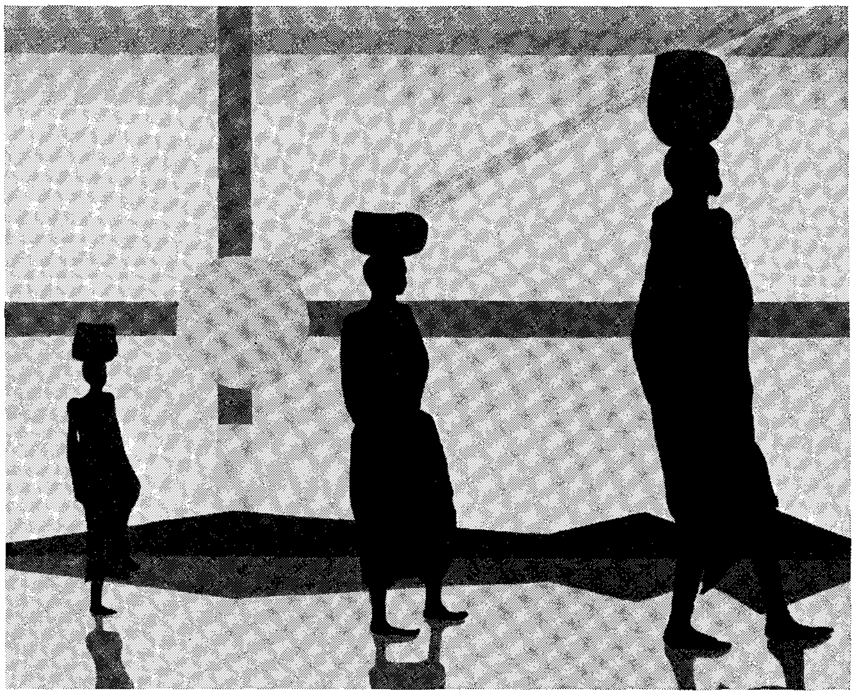

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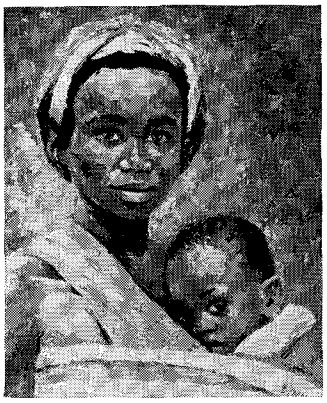

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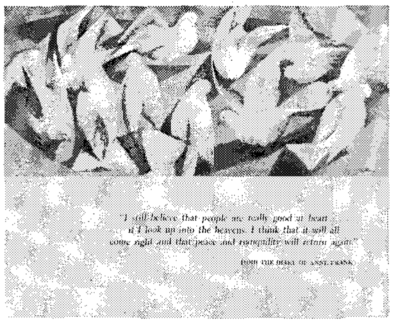
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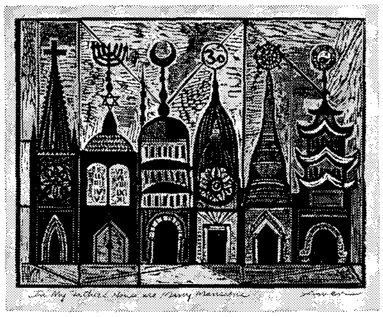

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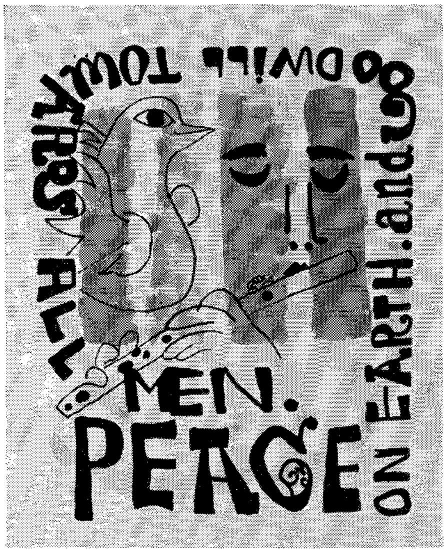
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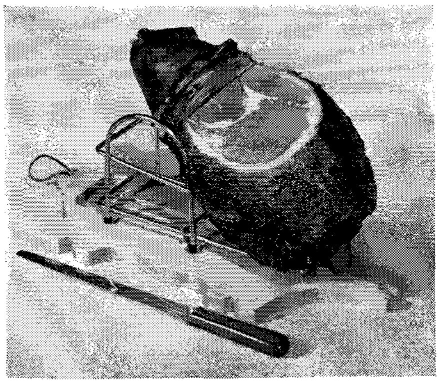
roarious evenings. He does not seem to understand exactly who and what were such other characteristic figures as "Father Prout" and William Maginn and John Forster: learned, convivial men, eccentric or underbred or careless of their literary gifts, the first an expelled Jesuit, best known for his poem on "The Bells of Shandon," who amused himself by translating English poems into Greek and Latin, French and Italian, and pretending that the originals were plagiarisms; the second, also a classicist, the perfect type of the drunken Irish journalist who displays intermittent brilliance; and the third called by Barham "a low scribbler and without an atom of talent and totally unused to the society of gentlemen," but the friend and biographer of Dickens, who is said to have used him in the creation of Podsnap, in "Our Mutual Friend"—the perfect pompous Victorian father, always fearful of the possibility of "bringing a blush into the cheek of the young person."

ALL this world, so much stripped and chilled and robbed of its peculiar flavors in Mr. Lane's academic exercise, is brought to life in the diaries and letters of Dalton Barham's memoir of his father—"The Life and Letters of the Rev. Richard Harris Barham," with its humorous rhymes and anecdotes, its practical jokes and conundrums, its ghost stories and stag dinners. (I have used the two-volume version published in 1870.) If anyone at this date should doubt that the London of Dickens once existed, this book, the record of a writer of quite different opinions and interests from Dickens's, will confirm the picture left by the novelist. Though Richard Barham was on good terms with Dickens, his politics were entirely conservative, and he evidently did not approve of the tendencies of Dickens's novels; he complains of "a sort of Radicalish tone about 'Oliver Twist' which I don't altogether like." (Mr. Lane seems to second the suggestion of another scholar that "the irreverent clergyman in Chapter V of 'Oliver Twist' may have originated in [an] underlying resentment." But in this chapter the only reference to a clergyman is in a single brief paragraph, which mentions an unnamed cleric as skimping the burial service of a pauper. Does some other text exist?)

Yet in the younger Barham's chronicle of his father's life all the horrors of the London of the period are present: the epidemics of scarlatina, influenza, and cholera; the lives of destitution and crime which Dickens brought before his



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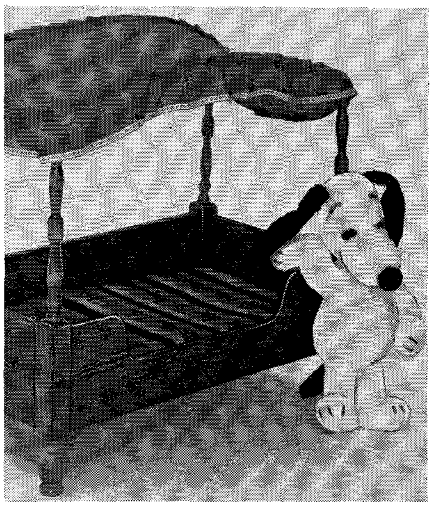

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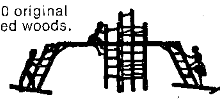

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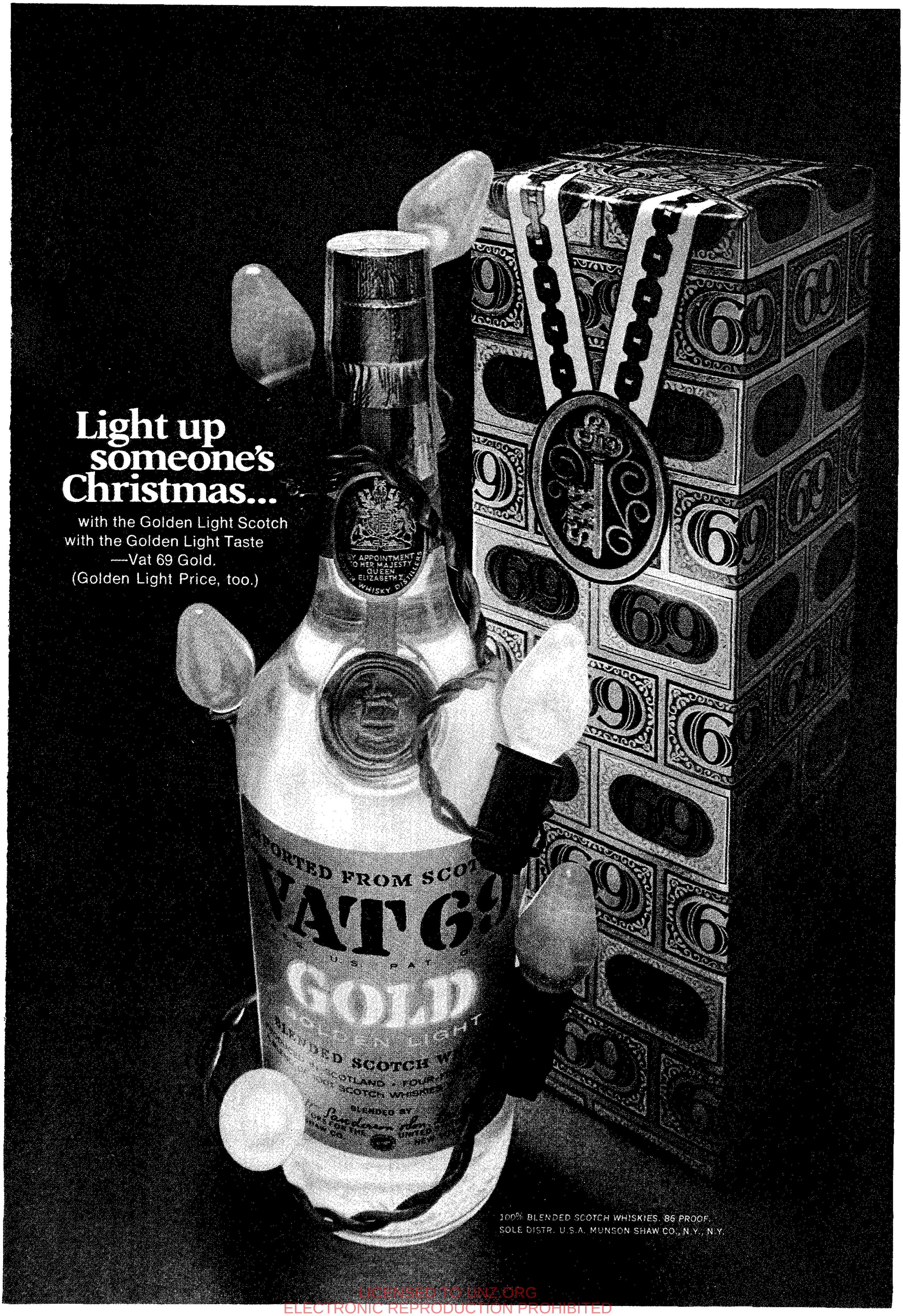

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readers. Canon Barham did the best he could for the miserable people of his parish: he got money for a "distressed author" whom he found in a badly furnished, unheated room, with his wife sitting on a tub as she tried to nurse a dying child. This woman was afraid that her child would die without being baptized, and Barham administered the sacrament. In the case of the wife and children of a "resurrection man," when the husband had been hanged for the murder of an Italian boy whose body he had sold to doctors for dissection, Barham furnished them with recommendations—the wife had worked for one of Barham's parishioners—at a time when women and children mistaken for the family had been attacked in the streets. He and his wife had suffered many afflictions. His right arm had been shattered at the age of thirteen when a Dover mail coach turned over, and the Barhams had lost five of their children—one boy, who had given promise of brilliance, had died in his thirteenth year, and his death remained a lasting grief. Another son died of cholera in twenty-four hours. Mrs. Barham, who had survived a lifetime of constant childbearing and child-rearing, died, her son tells us, after "six years of unceasing and at times almost unendurable suffering" caused by some ailment of the eye. One feels all through "The Ingoldsby Legends," for all the rattling jollity of the verse, an uneasiness of danger and pain. It is partly this undercurrent that gives the book its power. The compensation for the hardships of the time was the life of conviviality on which the Canon's letters and journals so constantly dwell: the dinners of port wine and punch that ended in topical songs, in burlesque impersonations and conundrums, the charades and the tableaux vivants, the inexhaustible humorous anecdotes about Lord M— and the Duke of Sussex, about popular writers and actors and the amusing Scotch and Irish peasantry. As in Dickens, the rude jokes and the cheerful glass drown the Marshalsea and Newgate in the background. "This elasticity of spirit," writes Barham in a letter, "which, in spite of nature herself, as it were, will rebound under pressure is one, and not the least, of God's blessings. That I do not encourage, but fight up against gloomy thoughts, you will see in the 'Mousquetaire,' a legend I am finishing for Bentley. The fact is I find work my best solace, and I do work incessantly, though I fear not to the same purpose as I think I could have done had my poor boy lived for me to have worked for"—though this

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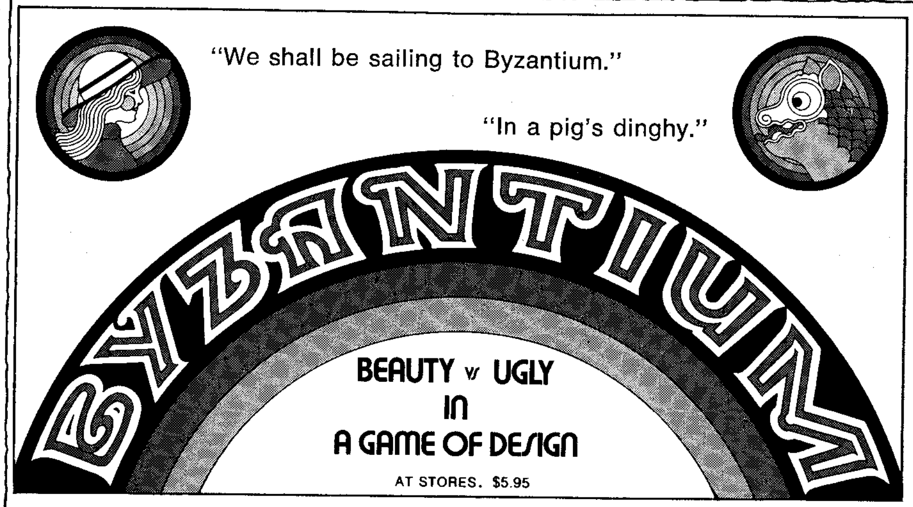

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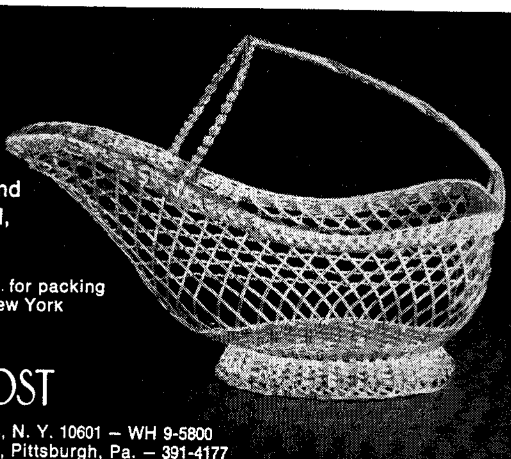

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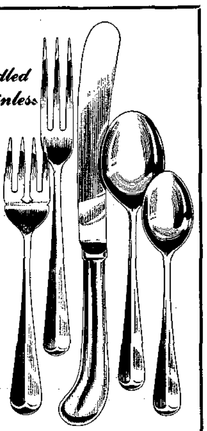

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"Black Mousquetaire" which is keeping him busy is itself a tale of morbid obsession. The note of the period is sounded in Barham's account of the funeral of Dicky Suett, a popular low comedian, who was famous for playing clowns, at which one of the mourners provoked laughter from tears by imitating the voice of the dead man: "Aha! Jemmy—O la! I'm going to be buried! O la! O lawk! O dear!"

A REREADING of "The Ingoldsby Legends" reveals the conflicting impulses in the mind of Richard Barham. All that I know that has been written about him has been occupied mainly with his grotesque imagination and with his skill in unconventional rhyming. In this latter capacity, as has sometimes been said, he was not inferior to Byron or Browning. He could, with apparently perfect readiness, toss off two- and three-syllable rhymes which one could not possibly have predicted—resorting, if necessary, to Latin or French pronounced in the English fashion. (Father Knox, in his paper on the "Legends," explains that this trick is easier than it looks: "You produce the far-fetched, the composite, the improbable rhyme *first*, and when its more reputable fellow appears at a suitable interval, the reader's ear is tickled by the occurrence of something inevitable.") Barham was gifted with some special genius which makes his metres and rhyming as catching as music, so that they run in your head after reading. But he exercises also another special spell, which I have not seen commemorated—a spell which is half diabolical. A fundamental feature of his Legends is the ever-reviving vitality and the ultimate invincibility of the Devil. In some of the interpolated prose pieces, which are written in the old-fashioned pompous-facetious style and in which the rapid juggling of the verse and the frequent distracting digressions do not come between the reader and the story, one is troubled by the fact that the victims of the invisible evil forces—the girl in the "Singular Passage in the Life of the Late Henry Harris, D.D.," the gardener in "Jerry Jarvis's Wig"—are quite innocent of any sin, that they do not deserve, in the one case, to be tortured to death at long distance by two young medical students practicing the black arts, one of them her fiancé, and, in the other, to be bewitched by a similar evil agent from a perfectly honest man into a robber and murderer who ends on the gallows. It should be noted that in such cases as these there is never any final

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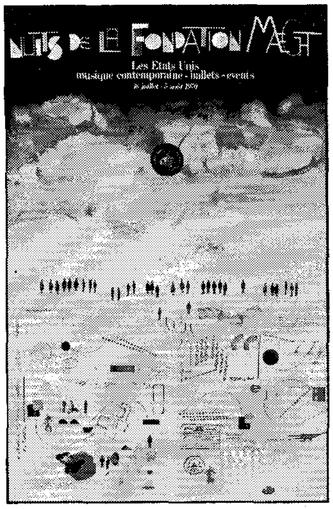
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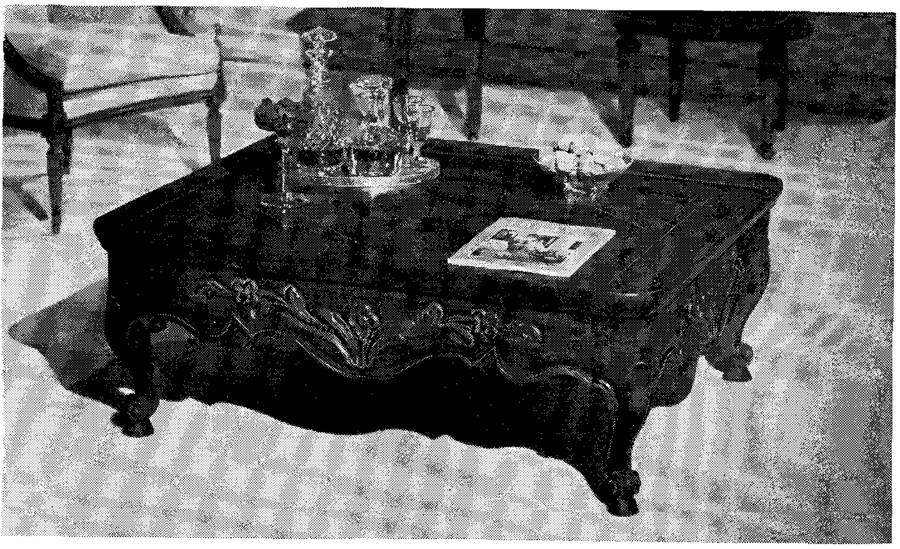
explanation of even a plausibly fantastic kind of what has happened and why. Barham's novel "My Cousin Nicholas" is a full-scale development of this theme of the gratuitously diabolical. Cousin Nicholas is a horrid young man, unscrupulously malicious and impudent, not unlike an Evelyn Waugh character, whose life is devoted to practical jokes on a more and more cruel and more and more disastrous scale. He has not one sympathetic trait. He is a spirit of perversity whom Barham has raised and who eventually seems to get out of hand. The story had been suggested by a youthful prank of Barham's father, who had stolen a magnificent and much-cherished brass knocker from the front door of his father's house. The son had declined to live with him, had set himself up in a bachelor's establishment, and had offended the older Barham so seriously that the latter cut him out of his will and for two years refused to see him. This incident occurs in the novel, but in the novel it is only the precursor of a series of so much worse offenses that the author at one point confesses in a letter to finding himself in perplexity as to how to get rid of Nicholas: "He begins to embarrass me cruelly. Like *Mr. Puff* in the *Critic*, I have got him on the stage, and how to get him off again with decency Heaven knows. He cannot, any more than Sheridan's heroes, make his 'exit praying;' and whether to break his neck out of a balloon, or blow him up in a powder-mill at Dartford, I am really, for the present, at a loss to determine." What he finally decided upon was to have Cousin Nicholas shot by someone who had reason for hating him, at a moment when the infernal young man was getting ready to rob and even perhaps to murder his father.

This spirit of malignant mischief is present all through the "Legends." The three little devils of "The Truants," who have escaped "from the National School below," are defying their Mentor himself, and one is so insubordinate that he never goes back to Hell. The Devil is always erupting, and though the saints usually succeed in curbing him it is sometimes a near thing. In the case of those devils who, in "The Lay of Saint Cuthbert," have, in a moment of profane fury, been invited to dinner by Sir Guy Le Scroope, the victim himself of a malicious hoax on the part of one of his friends, who has contrived that the guests shall not come, St. Cuthbert, in rescuing Sir Guy's little son, with whom the devils are playing catch, is nevertheless so little confident



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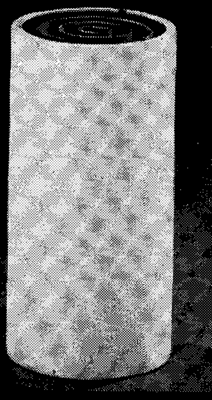

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as to how far his authority extends that he is forced to make a kind of deal with them by allowing them to remain and gobble up the dinner.

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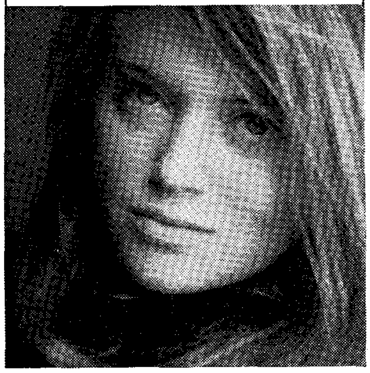

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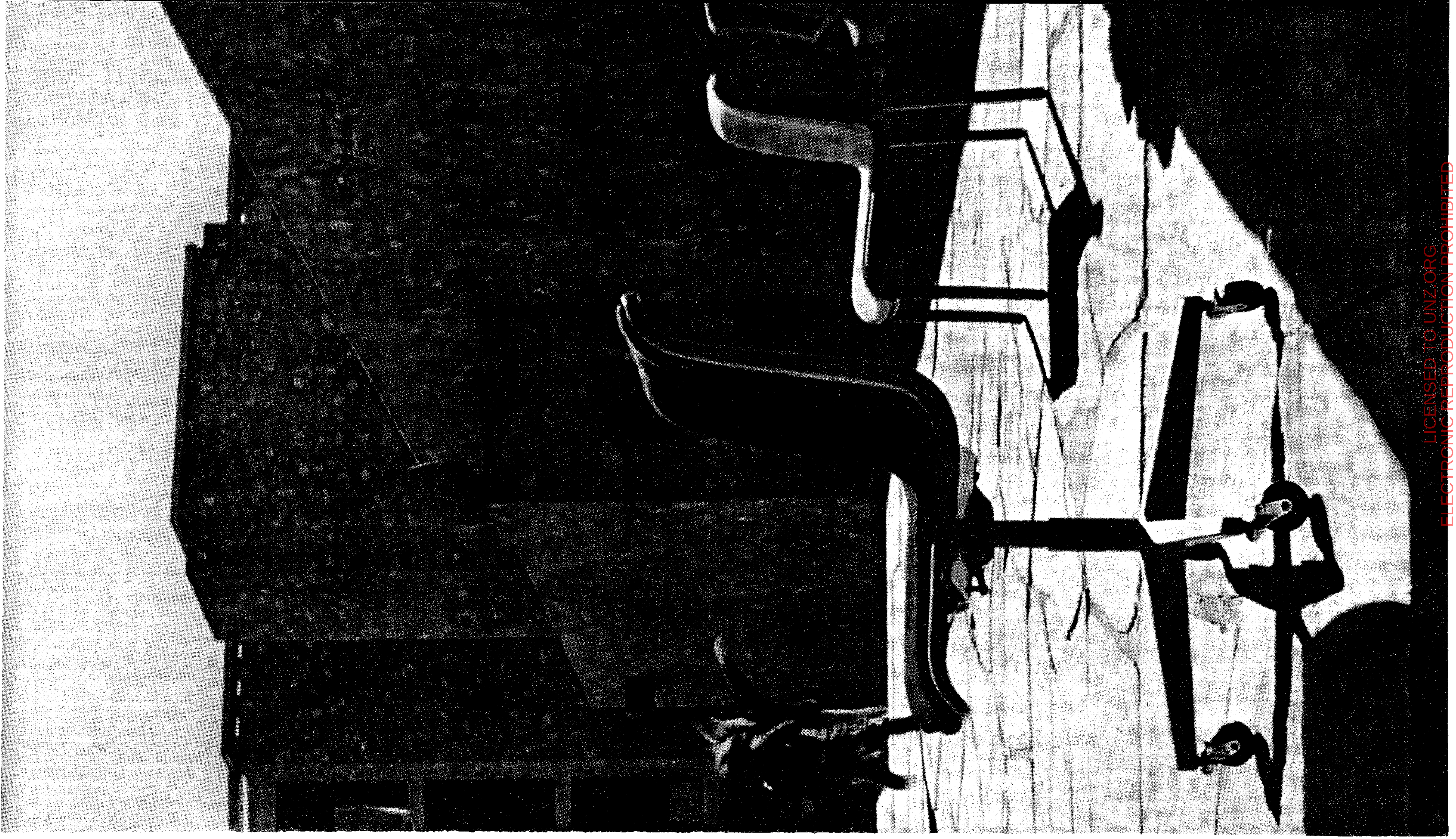

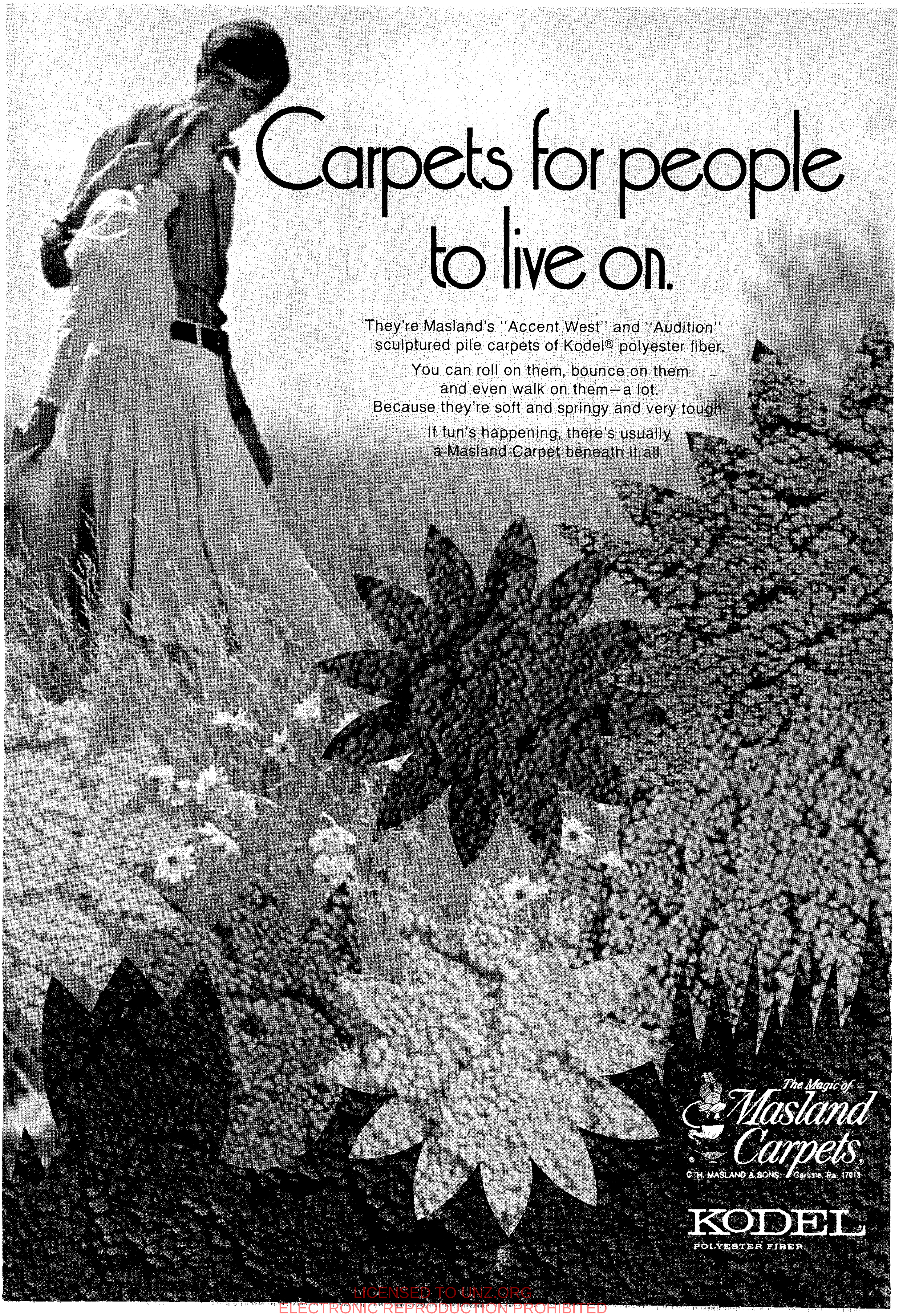

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which is to take place in the morning; but, as the result of a night spent in drunken revelry, they go to sleep and do not awaken till the execution is over and the body has been cut down and taken away. This, they realize, will make them a laughingstock, but they cannot do anything about it; even swells in their exalted position cannot have the man hanged again. Perhaps the most repellent of the "Legends" is the one called "The Knight and the Lady: A Domestic Legend of the Reign of Queen Anne," with its epigraph attributed to "Thomson—or Somebody": "Hail, wedded love! mysterious tie!" A handsome Lady Jane is married to a short-sighted and tottering Sir Thomas. He falls into a pond on his place in an attempt to capture a tadpole. He is drowned, and his body, half eaten by eels, is discovered only some time after. In the meantime—a kind of thing that is frequent in the Ingoldsby world—Lady Jane has consoled herself with the comradeship of an attractive young captain. She and her lover make an excellent supper on the eels found still clinging to the body, at the end of which Lady Jane observes, "with a pensive air":

To Thompson, the valet, while taking away,
When supper was over, the cloth and the tray,—
"Eels a many
I've ate; but any
So good ne'er tasted before!—
They're a fish, too, of which I'm remarkably fond.
Go—pop Sir Thomas again in the Pond—
Poor dear!—HE'LL CATCH US SOME MORE!!"

The author of the "Legends" was reprimanded, as I learn from Mr. Lane, by Horne, in the essay mentioned above, called "Poison in Jest," for his incorrigible "hideous levity," which was sure to have a "bad influence"—I quote from Mr. Lane's paraphrase—"on the younger generation, which was bad enough without such assistance." "Wherefore," concluded Horne, "an iron hand is now laid upon the shoulder of Thomas Ingoldsby, and a voice murmurs in his ear, 'Brother!—no more of this!'"

BUT to isolate this element in the Ingoldsby Legends would be rather to misrepresent them. The murders and mutilations, the ordeals and the outrages of life are real, but it is possible to laugh about them. So all-enveloping, in fact, is Barham's atmosphere of rollicking abandon that it is somewhat surprising to reëxamine the Legends and

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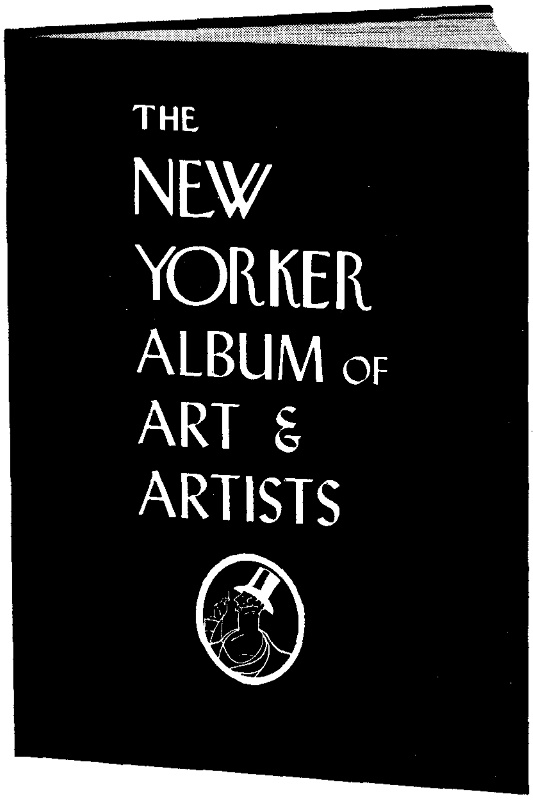

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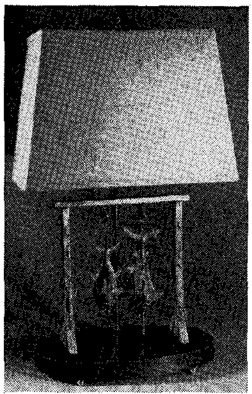

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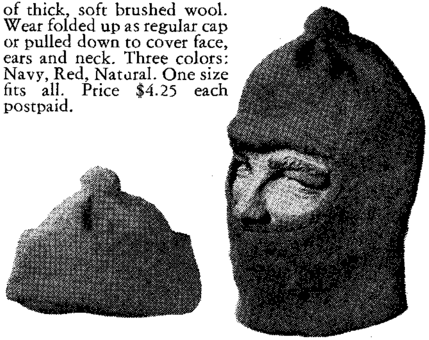

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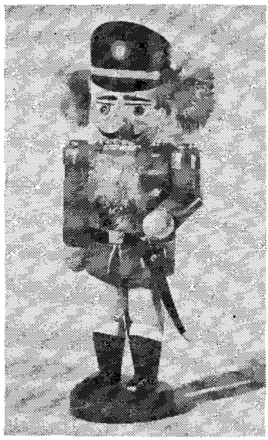

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take account of the unpleasantness of their subjects. It is significant, perhaps, that the most popular of them has always been "The Jackdaw of Rheims"—of which Barham said in a letter to his editor that it was "struck off at a heat and almost in despair, when I found it impossible to finish the other article in time," and of which, in writing to a friend, he expressed the unwarranted fear that "the poor 'Jackdaw' will be sadly pecked at. Had I more time, I meant to have engrafted on it a story I have heard Cannon tell of a magpie of his acquaintance." The "Jackdaw," however, owes its special popularity, undoubtedly, to its simplicity and brevity, and also, I think, to its assimilability as one of the few of the Legends that have nothing to shock mid-Victorian sensibilities, to its involving no malicious perversity that could embarrass the cheerful reader. The Cardinal's ring is stolen, and the Cardinal does not know that it is his pet bird who has stolen it. He lays on the thief a terrible curse, which is to blight him in every possible situation. When the poor little bird turns up, he is horribly racked and deplumed, and the Cardinal must take off the curse and try to make him amends by reinstating him in even more than his previous favor—which, however, the poet, with his cynical touch, lets us know made him rather obnoxious. The jackdaw dies "in the odour of sanctity":

> When, as words were too faint
> His merits to paint,
> The Conclave determined to make
> him a Saint;
> And on newly-made Saints and
> Popes, as you know,
> It's the custom, at Rome, new names
> to bestow,
> So they canonised him by the name
> of Jem Crow!

An entirely satisfactory ending, with no hanging and no lasting humiliation—though the instinct to punish cruelly as a penalty for moral turpitude has been carelessly indulged by the Cardinal. There thus finds expression in "The Ingoldsby Legends" a feeling both horrified and mischievous for the constant misfortunes of life, together with the impulse to make fun of them, to banish their horror from one's mind, as the song and the bottle go round, or as one sits at one's table in tranquillity reeling out one's amusing verse. These crimes and these accidents would cause us to shudder if we were not consoled by the poet's high spirits and left with gay rhymes and rhythms reverberating in our heads.

Richard Barham, not long before

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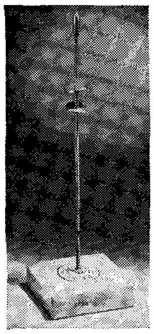

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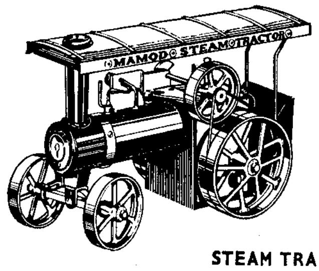

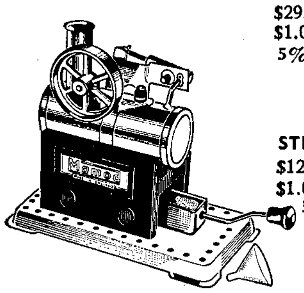

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his death, composed, in "As I Laye A-Thynkynge," an archaized but oddly moving poem which has haunted the minds of his posthumous readers as much as any of his comic pieces. A "noble Knyghte" goes off with a light, cheerful heart to the war, then is seen lying dead, his steed running away with broken rein; a "lovely Mayde" and her lover are seen, then the maid is tearing her hair "in sad despaire," evidently deserted by the lover; a "lovely Childe" is smiling at his father, then is seen pale in death. All the time a bird is singing, at first merrily but afterward sadly:

> As I laye a-thynkynge, her meaning was exprest:
> "Follow, follow me away,
> It boots not to delay,"
> 'Twas so she seemed to saye,
> "Here is Rest!"

Barham also wrote some verses to his dead daughter, these rather undistinguished, and some fragments of a queer ballad of which his son says that "the tone was to have been graver and the subject more pathetic than that of most of his stories." It is about a "Radiant Boy," who is apparently trying to come back to the earth from the other world of the dead. A living boy who can see him, although he is invisible to everybody else, is given the name Tom Ingoldsby, the pseudonym under which to the end Richard Barham published all of these comic writings, thus disassociating the conscientious priest from the products of his frequently profane and sometimes bawdy imagination. But this lyric, "As I Laye A-Thynkynge," and his still often anthologized "Epigram" on Horace's "*Eheu fugaces*" remain, in their characteristically whimsical forms, as his valedictories to his readers.

—EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE LION IN THE LEI SHOP, by Kaye Starbird (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). Miss Starbird maintains a light and level, almost a conversational, tone, but the story she tells is a tragic one from not so long ago. She writes about Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, and although the action moves forward to a New Hampshire farmhouse and other places, the events of that fatal Sunday remain the permanent background of the book. There are two narrators—April, the twenty-six-year-old wife, and later the widow, of an Army officer, and Marty, their

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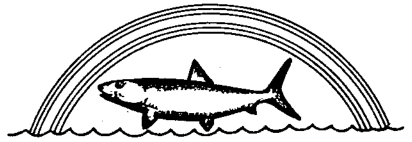

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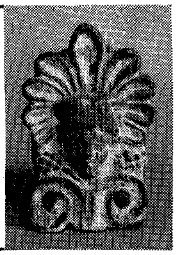

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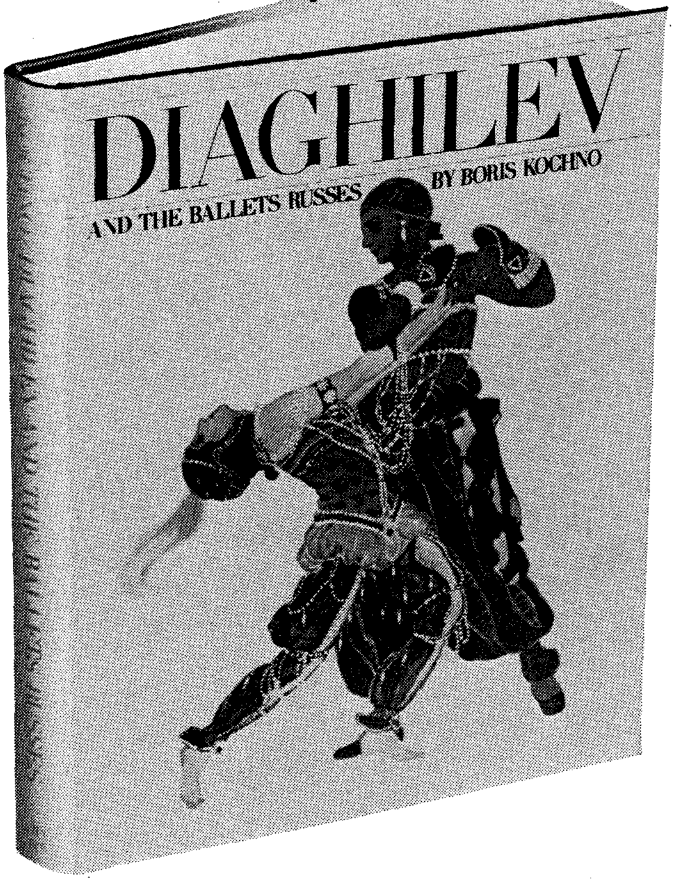
daughter, who is a tiny girl at the start of the story and a teen-ager when it ends. As Miss Starbird describes the first Japanese attack, the flight of the Army wives and children from their homes, and the sad voyage from Hawaii to San Francisco, she seems to have total recall, as though the sight of the American fleet burning in the harbor had left a perpetual flame in one part of her memory. The relationship between April and her growing daughter is very well managed. This is a completely feminine book.

NOTE: Dutton has published "The Aleph and Other Stories, 1933-69," a collection by Jorge Luis Borges, edited and translated by Norman Thomas di Giovanni. Many of the stories first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

GENERAL

GOOD-BYE, UNION SQUARE, by Albert Halper (Quadrangle). An honest, unvarnished memoir of the Depression in New York, by a veteran of that siege of the human spirit. Mr. Halper came to New York at the beginning of the thirties to try his hand at writing fiction for a living, and although he had a very thin time, he made it. His book, which covers the whole decade, evokes the ambience of that period without any crocodile nostalgia—the Communists in and around their Thirteenth Street headquarters, Harlem and the first emergence of the angry black writers, the war in Spain, and the proletarian movement in literature, which Mr. Halper became identified with, against his will, because he wrote about his own working-class background. This is a sad book, in a way, because at the end of the period, when he had come to full maturity as a writer, Mr. Halper found himself totally unprepared for the tangential course that America was to take after the war had erased all memory of the Depression, and he got lost.

THE EDWARDIANS, by J. B. Priestley (Harper & Row). An abundantly illustrated (paintings, photographs, drawings, posters) examination of the curious swan-song period of British supremacy, which began with the death of Queen Victoria (and the ascension of her popular son) in 1901 and ended with the outbreak of the 1914 war. "Ah!" the author exclaims. "Those wonderful parties in town, Season after Season, when we danced until dawn—those long



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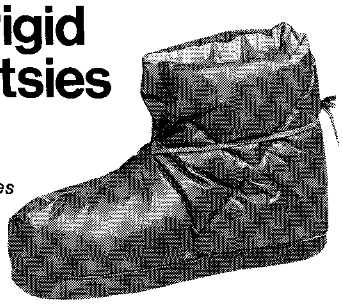

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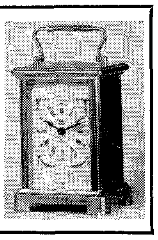

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summer afternoons, when we sauntered through the gardens of the great houses that entertained us in those days, those afternoons that somehow shrivelled, faded, then vanished from the world!" Or such, he adds, is the legend. Then he buckles down to the truth of rising prices and stationary wages, grinding poverty and governmental indifference, a plutocratic philistine society, the Vietnam-like Boer War, the phenomenon of the tramp, the suffragettes—and the accompanying truth of "Nostromo," "The Old Wives' Tale," "The Golden Bowl," "Howards End," "The Playboy of the Western World," Freud, Marconi, Max Planck, Einstein, the Wright Brothers, Elgar, Monet, Stravinsky, Nijinsky, Ravel, Pavlova, Cézanne, Caruso, and Shaw. Entertaining, levelheaded, and unusually attractive to look at. Fifteen dollars.

THE BLACK VANGUARD: ORIGINS OF THE NEGRO SOCIAL REVOLUTION, 1900-60, by Robert H. Brisbane (Judson). A sensible, readable, informative account of efforts by individuals and organizations to undo the dreadful post-Reconstruction arrangements and thus allow Negro Americans, North and South, the equal opportunities that the Constitution pledges. Dr. Brisbane, the chairman of the Department of Political Science at Morehouse College, is invariably fair-minded in allotting credit while he records how movements evolved and changed their emphases as men changed their minds. At some times and places, the vote has seemed the most important goal; at others union membership; at others a chance for a decent education. And a vein of separatism—self-segregation or black nationalism—has always existed alongside the will to integration. Mr. Brisbane's narrative closes in 1960, when the tactic of civil disobedience began to be applied. It would be a boon if at some later date the author were to bring to the past decade the judiciousness and skill he has brought to this earlier period.

STORMING HEAVEN: THE LIVES AND TURMOILS OF MINNIE KENNEDY AND AIMEE SEMPLE MCPHERSON, by Lately Thomas (Morrow). The noted American biographer here turns his attention to the famous American evangelist and her mother, a duo both sad and comic, pious and tough, financially shrewd and emotionally extravagant. Nothing

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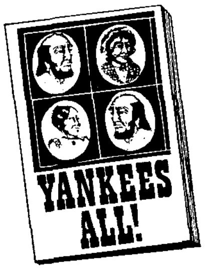

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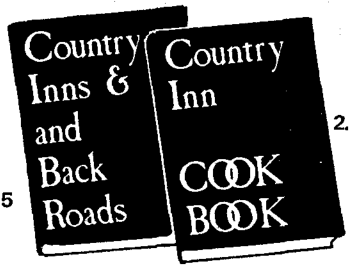

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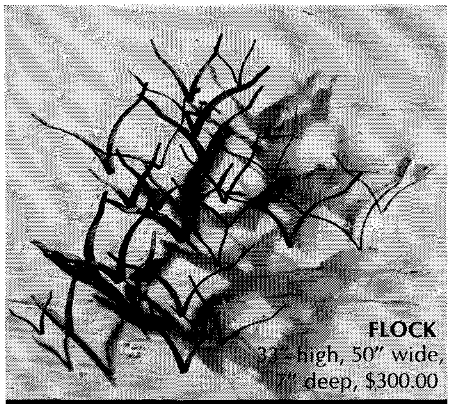

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that Mr. Thomas finds casts any doubt on the ladies' religious sincerity, but their battles with each other and with everybody else—their constant litigation, scandals, and scenes—do not seem conventionally Christian. To be sure, most female preachers do seem odd to the world at large. Yet it is possible to argue, on the basis of Mr. Thomas's account, that Mrs. McPherson's religious appeal was not odd but typical—of California in her time, and of frontier Protestantism, which preferred theological passion to theological discipline. Whatever she was—odd or typical—Mrs. McPherson fascinated one, and so does this book. Ten dollars.

OPTIMISM ONE: THE EMERGING RADICALISM, by F. M. Esfandiary (Norton). A perky, peppery book that, for a wonder, manages to be both argumentative and good-humored. The author, who used to work for the United Nations and now teaches at the New School, takes issue with the pessimistic critics who compare modern technological society unfavorably with pre-industrial, traditional societies. Mr. Esfandiary, who was born in Iran, insists that he has seen that past and that it does not work. He describes the brutally enforced conformity, the pervasive alienation, and the endemic as well as epidemic violence in pre-industrial societies, finding them far more severe than they are in up-to-date ones. He reminds us, too, that people who live close to, and depend upon, Nature do not like her much, for Nature is, of course, extremely destructive to men who lack the technology to defend themselves against her. Mr. Esfandiary's point of view is persuasive—or, anyhow, corrective.

NOTE: "Times and Places," Emily Hahn's recollections of her travels and adventures as a young woman, has been published by Crowell. All the accounts first appeared in *The New Yorker.*

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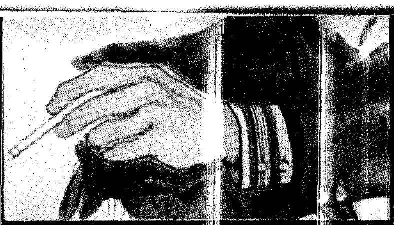

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